

Politics and
the
World's Fair

September
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Stories, Poems
Nature
and the Home



EDITED BY

Joe Mitchell Crapple



PEARS' SOAP

ALONE CONTAINS THE QUALITY THAT
MAKES WOMANLY BEAUTY RADIANT

An ideal addition to the toilet is Pears' Lavender Water.

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AMERICAN STAGE BEAUTIES: II—JANE OAKER, WITH WILTON LACKAYE, IN "THE PIT"



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SPEAKER CANNON AND THE REPUBLICAN NOTIFICATION COMMITTEE AT SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY,
NEW YORK, THE SUMMER HOME OF THE ROOSEVELTS
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Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN Secretary John Hay advised a thorough and systematic study of the World's Fair as "an education complete in itself," it was an expression of opinion of the greatest of living Americans. It was this suggestion, given in a casual and off-hand way, that seriously impressed upon me the deep, far reach-

ing, ethical, and educative import of the Universal Exposition in St. Louis. During these later days the glories and wonders have been revealed to the satisfaction of the most sanguine and wildest dreamers. The World's Fair has become much more than a mere exposition. Back of it we



NEW JERSEY STATE BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, REPRODUCING GENERAL WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MORRISTOWN



VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, OPPOSITE THE PIKE

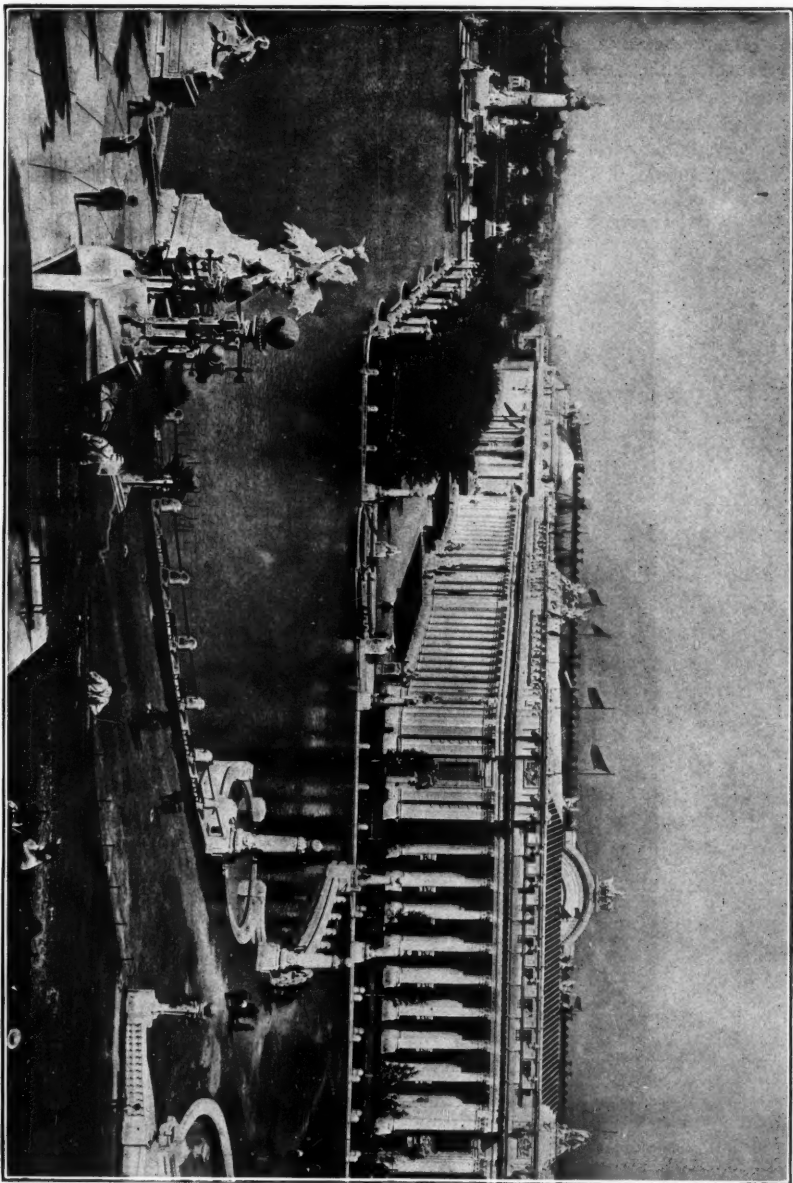
find not only our own national spirit, which has achieved so much in days past, but the universal Spirit of Progress which typifies concretely the advancement of arts and industries, com-

merce and labor. Love and appreciation for the beautiful, ambitions inspired by this event, will leave impressions on the minds of those who attend the Fair for pleasure, on the specialists who



IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF EDUCATION

A FAR VIEW, MANUFACTURES BUILDING ON THE RIGHT, LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT ON THE LEFT



are there to gather up the latest world information, and on those who stay at home. Here the hobbyist may find full details of his pet work or amusement.

The Fair presents new angles, different view-points, to the onlooker, and ideals of beauty and utility are born in the brain that were unthought of before.

The Fair is a succession of mental shocks, cumulative and educative. It presents to the world the new "seven wonders." Here we have marvelous new products, the discoveries of the decade—radium, wireless telegraphy, the X rays, automobiles, electricity applied

concrete form in the kaleidoscope of the Universal Exposition at St. Louis, which makes it a veritable visual encyclopedia.

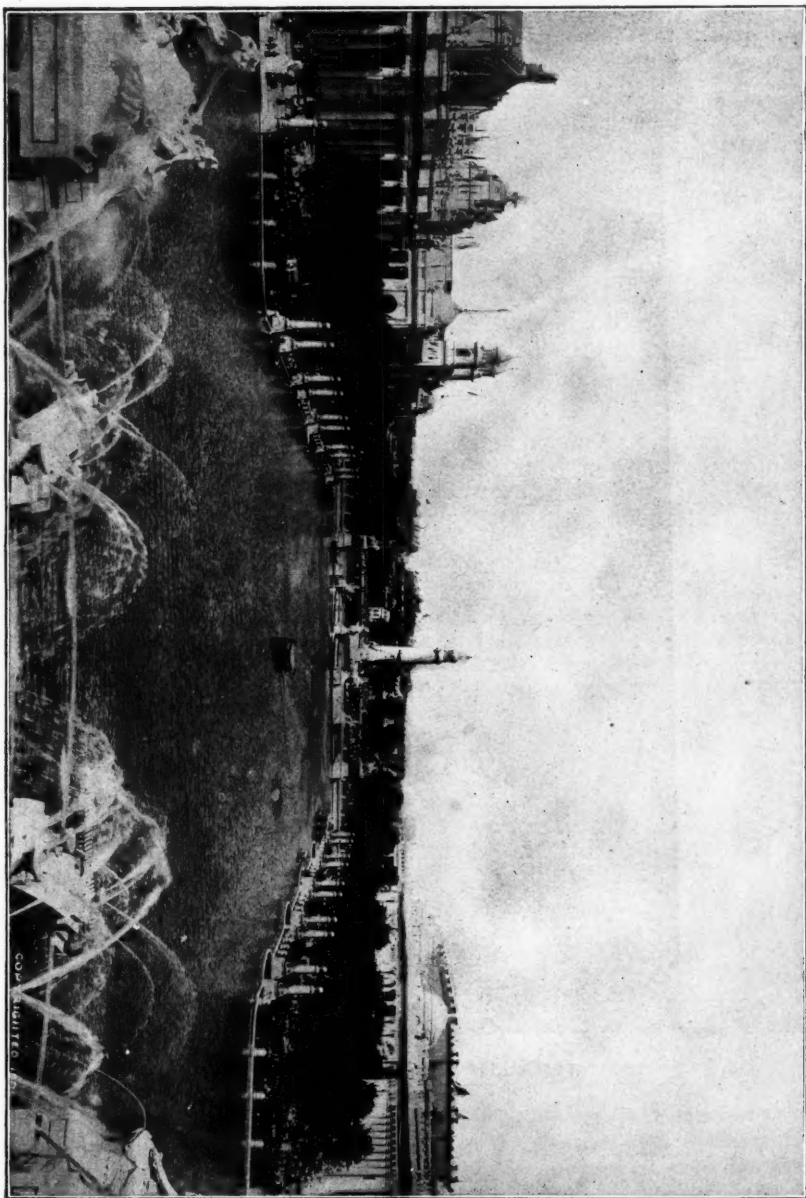
It was my privilege to preside at a banquet where we had as guests General



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: "MINER AND CHILD"

to practical uses, liquid air, and the human voice reproduced by means of the phonograph and its kindred. What an array of revolution these seven wonders present. Stop and think for a minute! All these were almost entirely unknown ten years ago and are now presented in

Cronje and General Viljoen, the one representing the veterans of the Boer trekking days and the other the younger element. Both were actual participants in the Boer war, and here they sat side by side with the enemies of former days, Major Stewart and other British officers.



VIEW FROM THE CASCADES TOWARD THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE MONUMENT

The foes who fought on the veldt a few years ago now met for the first time on friendly terms at the festal board, under

the unfurled stars and stripes of the United States, and joined in singing our national song, "America," which in



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: "THE SPIRIT OF THE ATLANTIC"

spirit includes, not only our own nation, but speaks for the brotherhood of all nations. Under no other flag could such a scene be possible. It emphasized the international and world wide import of this gathering of all the peoples of the earth at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

General Cronje was a picturesque figure as he sat crowned with his old straw hat, his tanned hands resting quietly, palms upward, on his knees, and his sturdy air bespeaking the true type of Boer pioneer. On his right sat General Viljoen, attired in dress suit, with carefully arranged moustache and



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: "THE SPIRIT OF THE PACIFIC"

imperial, speaking English with all the grace of post prandial oratory; on his left the British officers, attired in full regimentals with clanking swords—now peacefully sheathed—the very soldiers to whom the Boers surrendered at Paardeburg. What power was it that brought these conflicting elements together in

this perfect bond of friendship and bridged the chasm of bitterness engendered by war? It was the industrial Spirit of Progress exemplified at this exposition. What the Hague tribunal had failed to accomplish was here achieved.

The remarks by General Cronje

carried the sentiment that "the exploded cartridge" tied with a dainty ribbon on the menu bespoke the spirit of the occasion. In one gesture he graphically held the card aloft and portrayed the futility of warfare as he reverently looked up and proclaimed "Peace on earth, good will toward men" as the greatest precept of all time.

This banquet emphasized to me the great and incalculable returns which this nation has already received upon its investment in the World's Fair—even from an economical standpoint. Such a gathering of varied exhibits never has, and probably never again will be witnessed, because in its magnitude it has reached the climax—beyond which it seems impossible to go. Deepest of all is the educational, ethical and industrial value to our own people. The ideals of the whole world are here spread for the observation of the keen eyed Americans, and these ideals are quickly absorbed and adapted. For instance, art was but little understood in our country until after the Columbian Exposition had been held. The beautification of cities was little considered until we had been given object lessons from the older civilizations, but in no earlier exposition has there been such scope for educative forces in the study of those minor details which give the impulse toward nobler living. If the United States never realizes one cent from this investment, or even from the loan made, its money is well expended.

THE Philippine village tells a succinct story of the insular problem, which has done more to clarify public opinion than all the debates of congress or all the armed forces which may be maintained or sent there. It brings the islands and their people within the comprehension of the observer, so that they can grasp the situation more thoroughly than would otherwise be possible. In that village they come into actual con-

tact with many phases of every day life in the Philippines.

One is greatly impressed in talking with some of the intelligent Filipinos to hear them express in no uncertain way their love and appreciation for America which has grown since they have met us face to face and seen the land which seeks to bring them all the benefits and protection of civilization. No one can pass over the bridge, an exact reproduction of the historic bridge of Cavite, inspect the walled cities, look upon the thatched roofs and crude equipments of the Philippine boat-craft without feeling a thrill as he recalls the story of the exploits of Dewey at Manila.

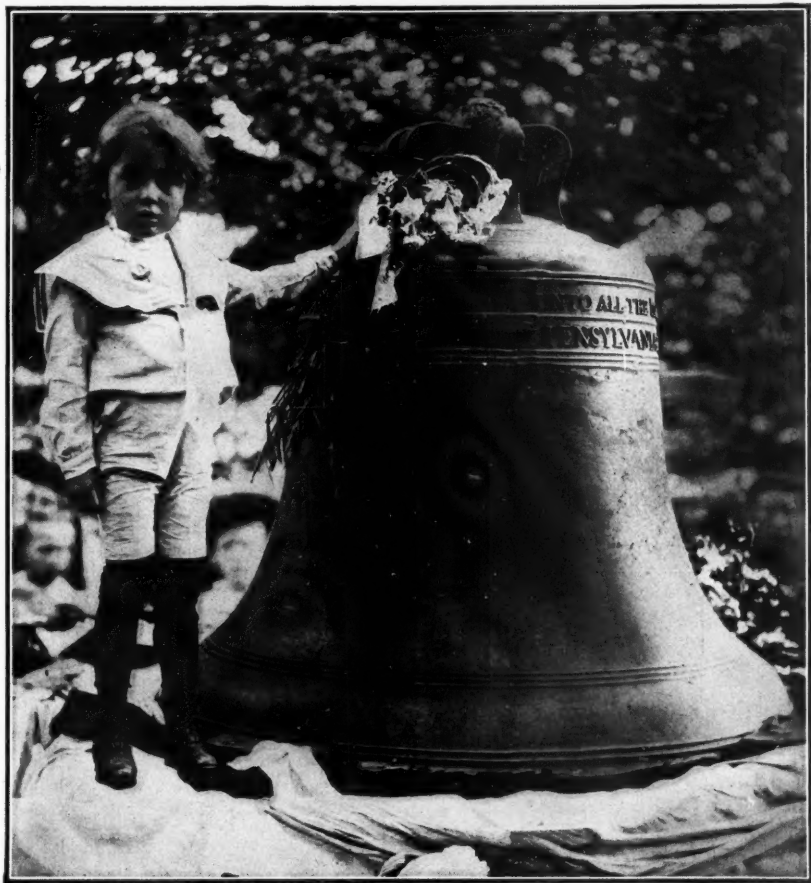
AN evening at the Alps, dining in the open air with the inspiring music of the orchestra, has something of the continental flavor about it and furnishes that fascination that European life is so renowned for, while yet one is within touch of all American activities.

The Tyrolean Alps is one of those places which must not be missed by the sightseer. Right on the level plain the wonderful contour of the Alps is reproduced with an almost absolutely faithful portraiture of Nature. The glimpse of Alpine chalets and snow capped peaks is indeed inviting in the sultry days of Summer.

The electric fountain near the entrance is a perfect piece of workmanship and every color of the prism sparkles in it, from the brilliant red associated with his satanic majesty to the most delicate, ethereal blue. The open air concert and dancing by the native Tyrolean girls are something superb in their way and compel the admiration of the scarce-haired gentlemen in the front row, who think to themselves that it might be good to be young again. The orchestra in the dining room transports the listener to "the continent," while the restaurant, managed by Luchow of New York, leaves

nothing to be desired. The whole exhibit is under the direction of Tony Faust and is a tangible evidence of what can be done by perseverance and energy.

is to be found the very heyday of gaiety. The people as they pass have a mirthful and fun loving expression and an air of enjoyment which cannot be found



THE LIBERTY BELL IN THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING, A CENTER OF ATTRACTION FOR THOUSANDS OF BOY AND GIRL VISITORS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

IT must be frankly confessed that the recreative spirit of the exposition goer finds its satisfaction in the fun loving atmosphere of the Pike. Here at night, with the barbaric drums, percussion music, the sweet siren song of the Irish village and the pealing of the varied instruments from all quarters of the Pike,

elsewhere; but even the Pike, with its glamor and its trumpets, its babel of noise and its never ceasing confusion, is a source of education. From the Temple of Mirth to the roaring of the Galveston flood, from the historic portrayals in Battle Abbey to the swift moving panorama of the naval exhibit, the tinkle of

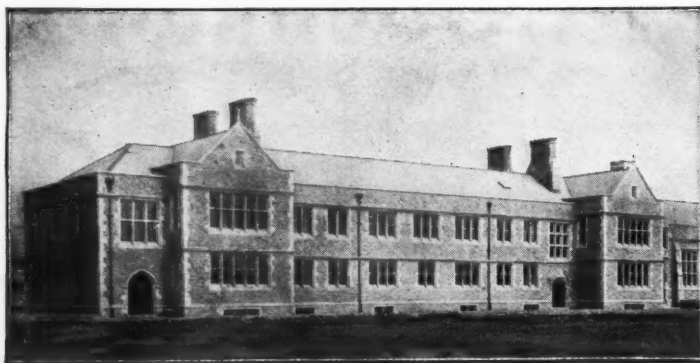
the water cascade, the plunge of the toboggan slide, "shooting the chutes," the constant, irrepressible, insatiable desire for amusement—real amusement—is apparent, and is a hopeful sign for the nation, for a people that has a lively sense of humor will not be slow to grasp correct conclusions.

It is on the Pike that you are likely to meet those fastidious and serious people whom you never would desire to meet—just there. You will probably find them gazing through the carmine curtains of the Parisian show. Here, too, you will

the heads of the crowd toward the Skinner road and admire the great cakes of imitation ice as they float on the bosom of the make-believe Arctic ocean. You instantly feel cooler, though there is no change in the atmosphere. Is it psychological?

At any rate you enjoy watching the boat moving from New York to the North Pole as the electric fans blow a gale upon your fevered brow.

ONE of the most interesting functions I have attended was the dedication



THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS' BUILDING

find the people walking five and six abreast, sweeping down the brick paved streets and having a good time, and the party may include the gray bearded patriarch, the stately matron and the young lads and lasses. The children delight in the quaint beauties of fair Japan, the sparkling of the fountain and the roar of the lions at Hagenbeck's.

"Into the depths of the Hereafter," is a truly Parisian novelty, and "Under and Over the Sea" is a creation replete with mimic glories.

If it is a particularly hot evening, and you have drunk of all the new syrups and continued to swelter in the humidity that is only to be found in perfection in St. Louis, you are likely to look across

of the agricultural display of California in the agricultural building, where the passing of the hours is marked on the face of the great floral clock in front of the structure, and where the click of the automobile harvester gives the sight-seer some idea of what the future of the "gentleman farmer" is likely to be.

Governor Pardee was at the opening of the Californian exhibit; the college boys from the university were there with their songs and their yells. President Francis was there, benign and patient, ready to be photographed again. It is not on record how many times he has assumed the correct pose, taken off his glasses and "looked pleasant," but the

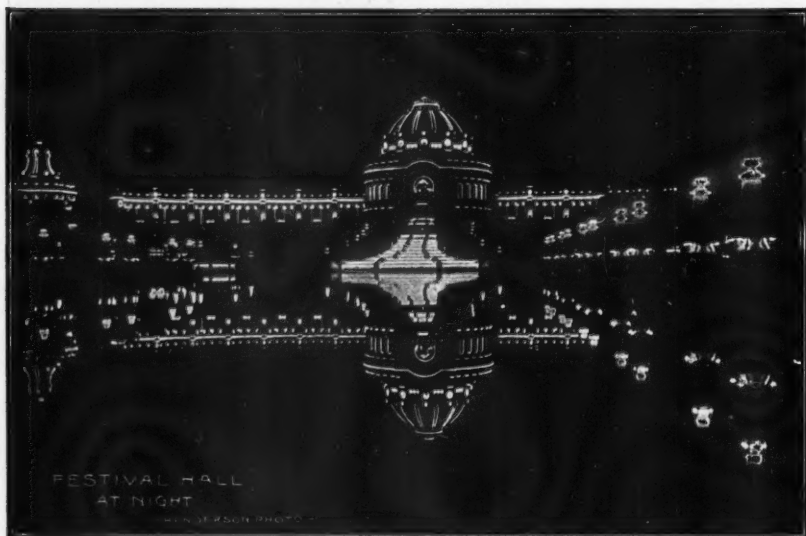


CARDINAL SATOLLI BLESSING FILIPINO CHILDREN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

turnstile records 174. Yellow badges were everywhere, and the presence of the native Californians was significant. California never does anything by halves, and her people have claimed world wide attention for the wealth and beauty of the Golden State, which are things that they are never tired of telling.

The decorations of fruits and cereals told their own story better than volumes of print can record it. There was music by the band, and the entertainment was

cation of the sites of the buildings to the completion of all the various functions which he has been through. If there is a man who has won his laurels it is President Francis. Perhaps in no other exposition has there been an official who has given himself so unreservedly to the work. From the interests of the working man and the conferences with the chiefs and assistants, to explaining in the courts of Europe, he has always been ready with a sympathetic ear and warm



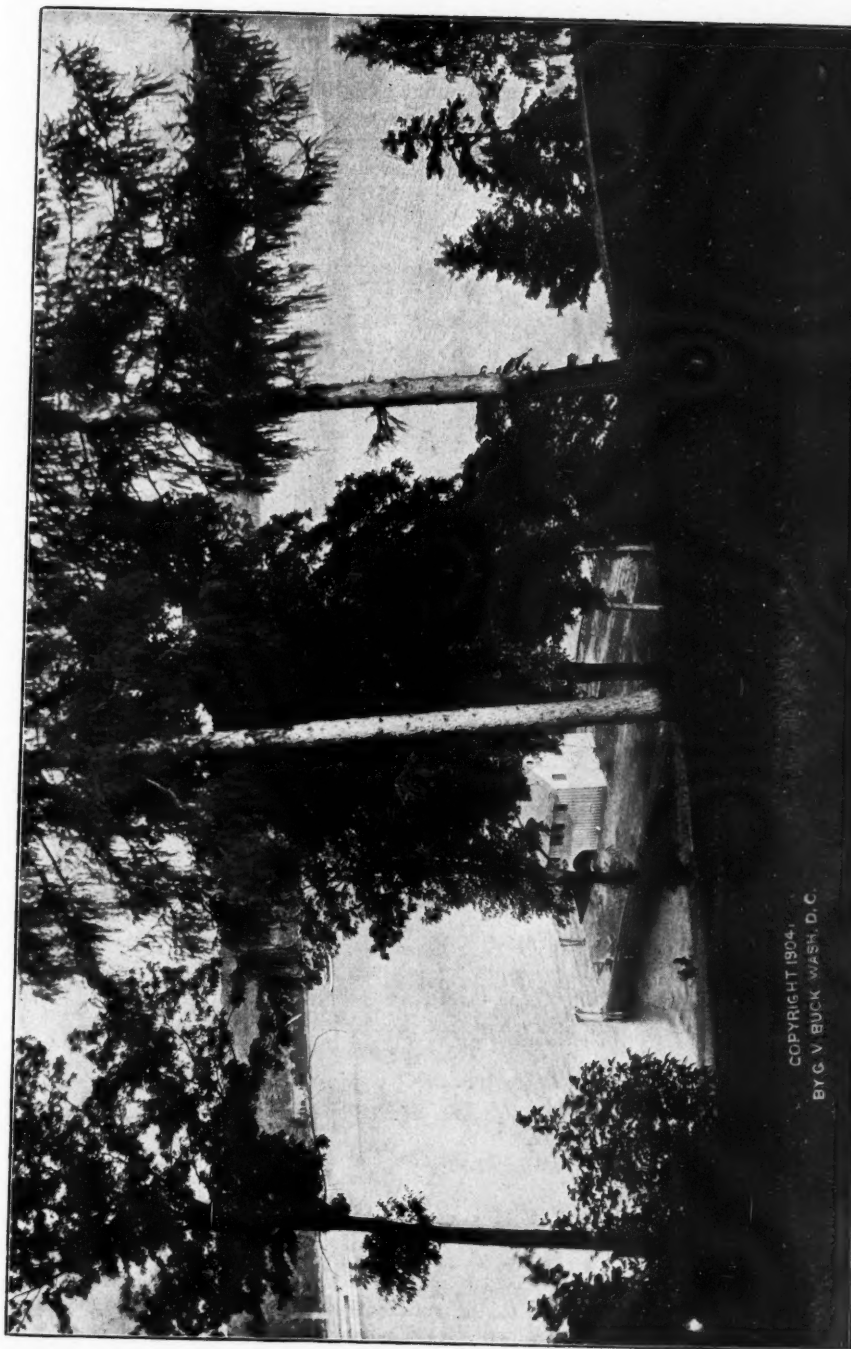
"THE WORLD'S FAIR IS A FAIRYLAND AFTER DARKNESS FALLS"

indeed worthy of the occasion, while through it all was a warmth, a cordiality, a hospitality that was truly expressive of the Sunset state.

At West Virginia's building Governor White was present, and the visitor felt honored by being, for the time at least, regarded as a Virginian. Of course President Francis was there—same photograph, same smile, all ready every time he is called upon, and always willing to give a speech. In fact, he is an unexampled president, for he has spoken on all occasions from the time of the dedi-

heart, and he will see justice done. When the financial worries and exasperating conditions of the stupendous enterprise might have been supposed to be overwhelming, he would take off his glasses and apparently get a new view of the situation, returning to the charge unruffled. For weeks he does not leave the exposition grounds even to visit the city of St. Louis, and no employe is more regular in attending to his work.

A Kentuckian by birth, and reared in Missouri, at heart he is cosmopolitan

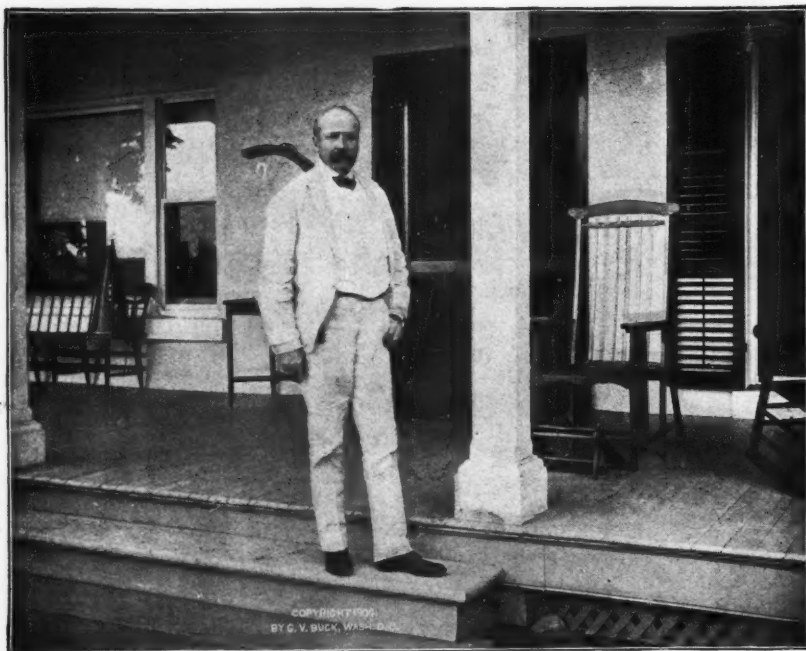


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BY G. V. BUCK WASH. D.C.

JUDGE PARKER'S BOAT HOUSE AT ESOPUS ON THE HUDSON, WHERE THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION WAS BROUGHT TO HIM

and is equally broad gauge in his views, whether he is urging the working man to be more considerate in his demands, or impressing the importance of some concession on members of the government. David R. Francis is a fine type of the Blue Grass state, and his career

The homelikeness of these state buildings has been greatly appreciated by the people of the various states, for if they are in search of a friend and cannot find him anywhere, it is likely that he will be discovered in the building of his native state, peacefully resting in



JUDGE PARKER POSES FOR THE NATIONAL ON HIS PORCH AT ROSEMOUNT

has brought new honor to old Kentucky in the eyes of the nation.

IN the cosy, homelike Wisconsin building there was a gathering of friends from all parts of the state, and hospitality beamed through its portals. The building was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and under the able management of the secretary, Mr. Grant Thomas, it was indeed the pride of the citizens and did credit to the happy and prosperous Badger state.

one of the comfortable seats so thoughtfully provided. The register is also a help, and its pages "welcome the coming and speed the departing guest." The function gave a social flavor that was refreshing to the "stranger within the gates." The spacious lawns in front of the building were thronged with people. Here were the university boys and the glee club from Milwaukee. Here were Governor LaFollette, Governor Odell of New York, who chanced to be present, ex-Governor Hoard and Kirby Thomas from Superior, all of whom gave



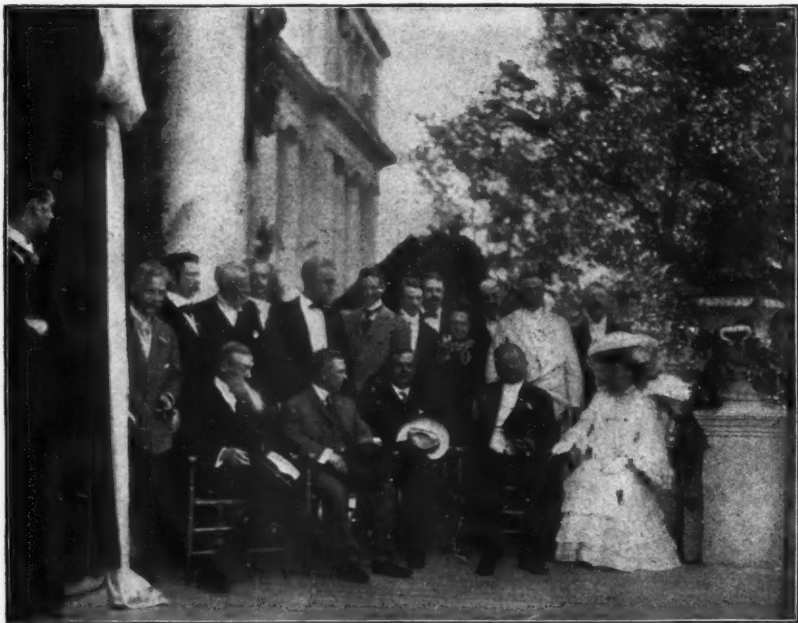
FORMER PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND AND MRS. CLEVELAND, A SNAPSHOT TAKEN
IN THE SOUTH STATION, BOSTON, IN MIDDLE JULY, 1904, BY T. S. REID
OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN STAFF

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addresses, to say nothing of a wandering editor who had come to pay his tribute to the state which he loved and honored. It was a pleasant and memorable occasion for at least one person I know.

On the day when state buildings are dedicated everybody feels that he ought to wear a badge, and it is confusing to the various foreigners to see that so pronounced a state pride can be main-

sippi's is a reproduction of Jefferson Davis' "Beauvoir;" Georgia has General J. B. Gordon's home; New Hampshire has Webster's birthplace, and Washington's headquarters at Morristown reappear in the New Jersey building. All are fitting monuments of the states' love and appreciation of famous citizens. In the Missouri, New York, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Iowa



GOVERNOR ODELL AND NEW YORK'S OFFICIAL PARTY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

At Governor Odell's left is President Francis of the exposition, and at Mr. Francis' left, Mrs. Norman E. Mack, the charming and brilliant wife of the Buffalo editor who is also New York's Democratic national committeeman. New York's building fitly represents the wealth and power of the Empire state.

tained where so much united patriotism is manifest in a nation. The brass band may blow, and state buildings rise and fall, but the unfurling of the old flag, or the playing of the national hymn, is always a signal for a united and heartfelt response.



EACH state building has, of course, its special feature of interest. Missis-

sippi's greater pretensions are made, and there is never a moment that something is not going on to entertain the visitors. In the Pennsylvania building is the old Liberty bell, visited by thousands of children.

In the Nevada, Utah, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Michigan, Kansas and other state buildings are the photographs of "home." Here one finds the marked



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN OF NEBRASKA, WHO PLANS A CAMPAIGN FOR HIS PARTY,
ADVOCATING GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS

Photographed by F. H. Wagner of the Chicago Record-Herald

and peculiar traits of the state, and each structure recalls some touch of home to the native of that state. "Cabildo," a reproduction of the structure in which the Louisiana purchase transfer was made to the United States, represents the Delta state. The state of Washington exhibit, with its representation of an old indian tepee with tall timbers, is one of the most unique on the grounds. California has suggestions of the old

teristic of the fourteen Purchase states.

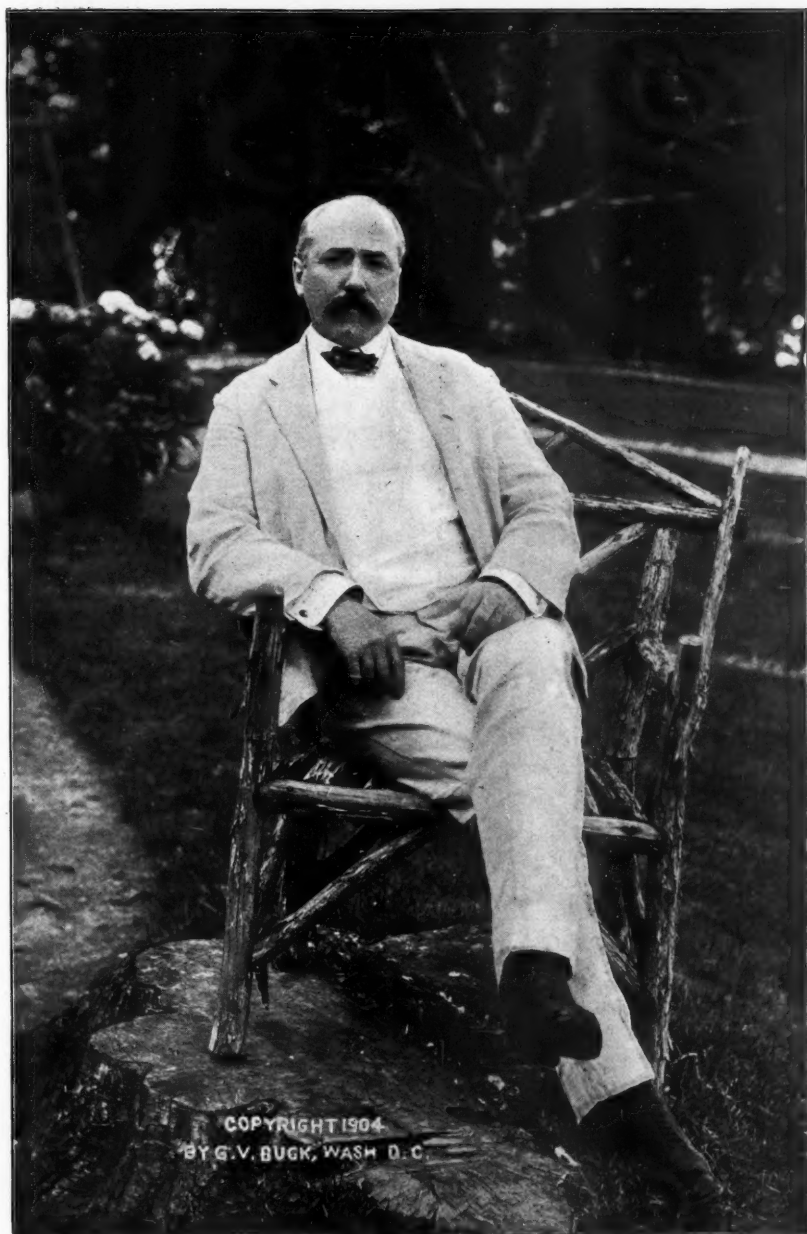
AMERICAN boys' day was July 5—"the day after" the natal holiday. What a thrilling scene the throng of boys gathered in Festival hall presented on that occasion. It was a great achievement for William C. Sprague, the editor of *The American Boy*, a man of energetic and progressive ideas. The salut-



ROSEMOUNT, JUDGE PARKER'S ROOMY, COMFORTABLE AND UNPRETENTIOUS HOME

missions, and Arkansas has a hint of where the "Arkansas traveler" would like to rest and dream of marble palaces. In fact the array of state buildings which grace the wooded hills overlooking the fairy landscape typify the home spirit of the nation. Those states which were so inert as to have no buildings of their own are generally provided with quarters by other states and everybody "goes visiting" with the good nature charac-

ing of the flag, the splendid orations and declamations by the boys from piping eleven to stentorian sixteen, the music by the Indian Boy band, the address by the Japanese boy, and the opening speech by little Jack Skinner, aged 11, were all of deep interest. The spirit of the occasion was one of wholesome inspiration, and the flag exercises, during which the audience arose and took the following pledge, was most impressive:



ALTON BROOKS PARKER, CHIEF JUDGE OF NEW YORK STATE'S HIGHEST COURT AND
DEMOCRACY'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE NATIONAL
MAGAZINE ON THE LAWN OF HIS HOME AT ESOPUS, NEW YORK

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union. I pledge my life, my heart, and my sacred honor to love and protect it. I pledge allegiance to my country, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

One of the most interesting numbers of the program to me was the singing of

land in the Louisiana Purchase, whose great art was the chase and warfare, here sang in a fashion which might have graced the court of the fastidious Isabella. Truly time doth work marvels, and the date of Napoleon's sale of their forefathers' lands they here celebrated in song, arrayed in white dresses, and all the grace and beauty of Caucasian civilization.



MRS. JOHN W. TIMMINS, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR FAIRBANKS

the Indian girls, the voices sweet and true as nightingales, well cultivated as the singers of fair Italia. They sang Sullivan's "Lost Chord," arranged as a quartette, in a manner which touched on the very heart strings. These girls, the grand-daughters or direct descendants of the red men of the great forests and prairies—the original owners of the

BABIES at the Fair? Yes, bless their little hearts, there are plenty of them. It is a pleasant sight to see the strong, cheerful, young American mother pass by carrying or wheeling her charge about the Fair. You cannot get the American mother to stay at home, and she will insist on giving her family all the advantages possible, so she takes them with her, and although she has to look after the flock of young boys and girls, and may have to carry the baby, she is always willing to sacrifice herself for her children, and would rather put up with these inconveniences than see the Fair without them. Laden with souvenir booklets, puzzles, trinkets of all kinds, they pass on with their treasures stowed away in a Ralston Food box.

There is a place provided where the mothers can go and carefully "check their babies" and return again for them. Perhaps the most pathetic thing in the fair is to meet some small waif wandering about at large, having lost his mother. One of these little strays came by the National booth not long since. He was in the deepest grief. The little fellow of golden curls was given a badge and held until taken to the baby quarters, where he was reclaimed by his distracted mother. The little chap got lost near the Fairbanks Soap exhibit, fascinated by the crystalline "bubbles." We could not resist the impulse to answer their adv. question, "Have you a fairy in your home?" by saying that we had one at our booth—at least for awhile—where we



JUDGE PARKER, MRS. PARKER, REVEREND CHARLES HALL AND MRS. HALL, THEIR SON-IN-LAW AND DAUGHTER, AND THE LITTLE GRAND-CHILDREN WHO ARE THE JUDGE'S PETS, AT ROSEMOUNT, THE PARKERS' HOME, ESOPUS, NEW YORK

From Stereograph Copyrighted, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood

made him quite at home with a World's Fair sandwich and a ball of popcorn. But he insisted: "I 'ike you—but youse not my—my muzzer—I want my muzzer." The little shower of tears would break out in the bursts of sunshine which that little lost child brought to our booth.



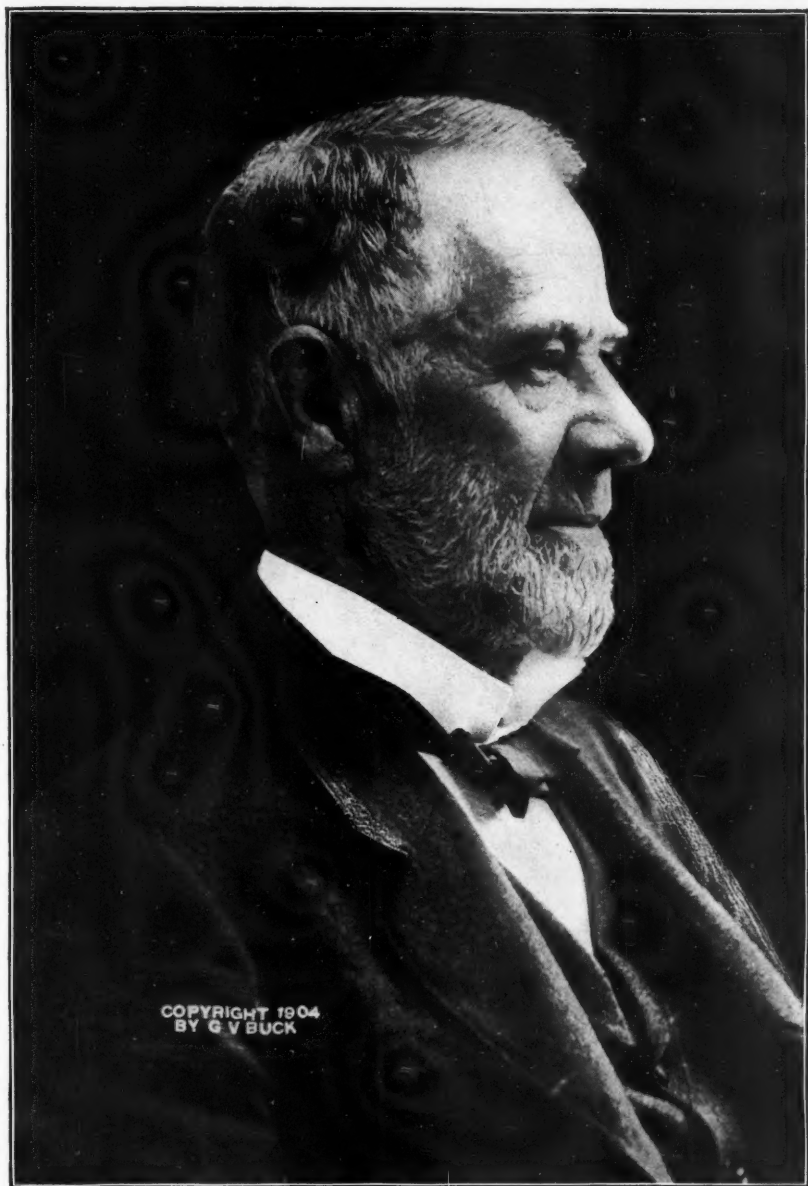
MRS. PAUL MORTON, WIFE OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

THE popularity of the Inside Inn continues unabated. Some people may scoff at the "Palace of Green Burlap," but the fact remains that it is so conveniently located on the grounds, saving the long trip to down town hotels, that few people care to go elsewhere who can be accommodated there. The hotel is managed by E. M. Statler, who won his

laurels in Statler's Staff Palace at Buffalo. The chief cashier, who is responsible for daily cash receipts such as have hardly been handled in the annals of any hotel before, is Mr. John B. Dame, who is a true type of the middle West, but now hails from New York and New Haven, and is never too busy to be hospitable. The great confusion that seems inseparable from an immense hotel is obviated by the splendid system inaugurated, which runs like a cash register. The rooms number up to 6,000 and it is curious to hear the shouting of the bell boy as he passes through the corridors calling, perhaps, for "5,411," which refers to the gentleman who occupies that particular room. "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Brown" is impossible among such a legion of tourists, and each man is known simply by the number of his room.

The service and accommodation are of a kind to satisfy the most exacting customer, and on the veranda at evening the guests look complacently through a tall wire screen fence and fancy it a beautiful ocean view.

ACROSS the aisle from our own exhibit I was much interested in looking over the complete production of a Japanese newspaper, published by Hajime Hoshi. Here are exhibited the intricacies of oriental printing. The paper is printed in both English and Japanese. The setting of the type, which varies from our side to side method, being done from top to bottom in a long "stick." The Japanese language is less complicated than Chinese, the former alphabet having forty-seven letters, while the latter has something like forty thousand characters, of which about ten to fifteen thousand are used in the average daily paper. This would be a truly stunning proposition for one of our modern printers, accustomed to our twenty-six letters. The



EX-SENATOR HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS OF WEST VIRGINIA, DEMOCRACY'S 82-YEAR-OLD
NOMINEE FOR THE VICE PRESIDENCY. THOUGH FARMING, RAILROADING,
MERCHANDISING, MINING, BANKING AND OTHER BUSINESS ENTERPRISES,
MR DAVIS HAS BECOME VERY RICH. GORMAN OF MARYLAND IS
HIS COUSIN, ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA HIS SON-IN-LAW

Japanese printers keep steadily at it and use pieces called Romanji, which are Roman letters or characters, which have been introduced into the Japanese alphabet and constitute an important reform movement in the learning of fair Nippon. The compositors bobbing here and there in search of various characters

periodicals are printed in Japan, and Mr. Hoshi insists that this fact, more than any other, accounted for the progressiveness of his people. The one thing lacking in this Japanese printing office was the irrepressible "devil," and the shadows of the familiar "office towel."

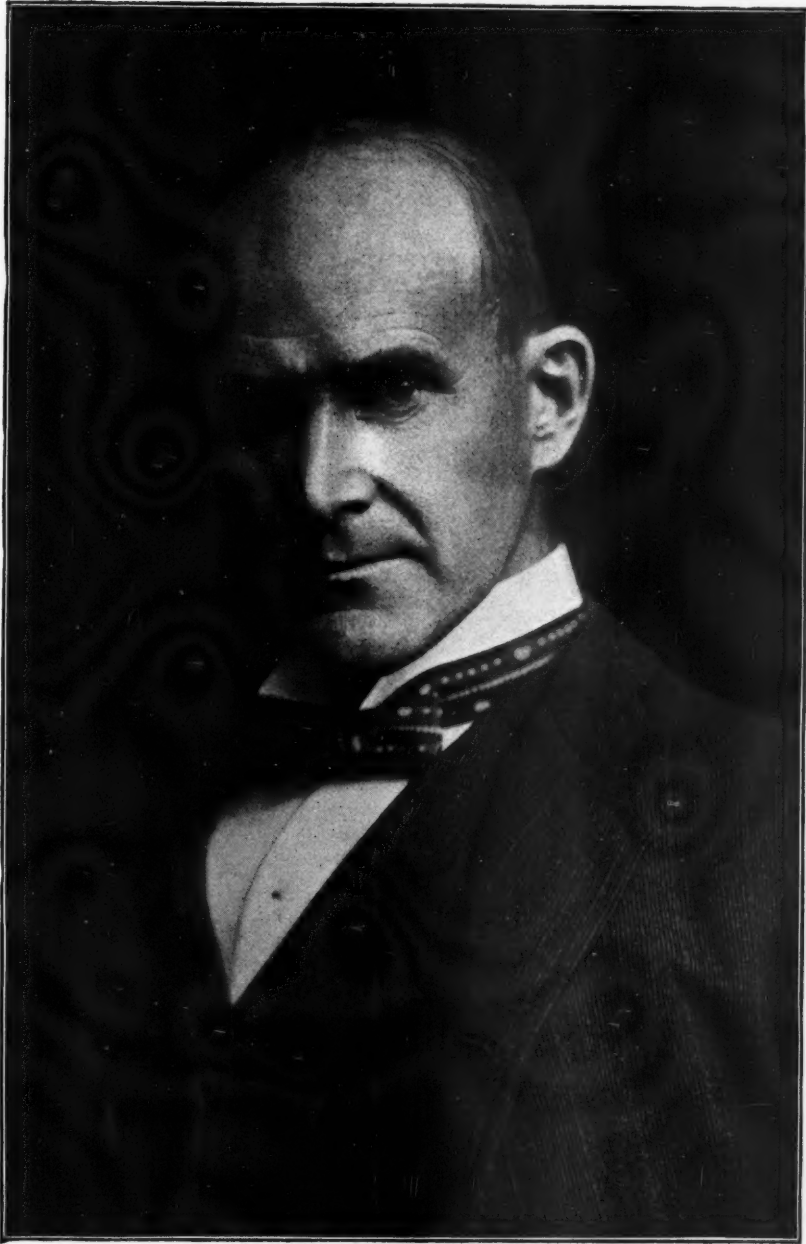


MRS. W. C. POTTER (CAROLINE MORTON), DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

were very different from our American typesetting machines, which operate so rapidly and smoothly, or the old time printer perched upon a stool. The latest issue of this paper contained a very complimentary reference to the National, and a great many subscriptions have been ordered for Japan. Over twelve hundred

THERE is a fascination in watching the people as they pass through the art gallery at the World's Fair. On one side you may see the skilled artist studying color and tone with all the discrimination of one familiar with technique; while on the other side may be a mother from the country, possessed of the rugged simplicity that might have inspired true art, but having little knowledge of those things for which the artist seeks. Here, too, may be seen the buoyant young American looking with wondering eyes upon the marvels of the limner's art during the past century. At the main entrance one is confronted with the majestic equestrian statues of Washington and others, about which there is something Homeric and grand that contrasts well with the soft tints of the galleries, through which I love to wander leisurely looking for those pictures that seem to speak to the inmost heart of the visitor, as they look down quietly from their place on the wall.

It will be remembered that "The Christening" at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago always held throngs, and at St. Louis I looked more for what interested others than for what suited my own taste. One picture hanging in the center of the room, high on the wall, seemed to rivet the attention. It was "On the Threshold," by Ernest Normand, and depicted a boy sitting on a chair in a garden, and just recovering from a severe illness. His mother was tenderly watching over him, and something in the expression of both faces won the favor of the masses—there was a thrill of interest to know



EUGENE V. DEBS OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, EDITOR, ORATOR AND NOMINEE OF THE
NATIONAL SOCIALIST PARTY FOR PRESIDENT

whether the mother love would conquer disease. Looking upon the pictures simply for the quiet personal enjoyment to be derived from them, I think I got as much profit out of the World's Fair gallery as any one. There was something in this array of canvas that broadened my ideas of life; something majestic in the varied conceptions reflected in



MISS PAULINE MORTON, DAUGHTER OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

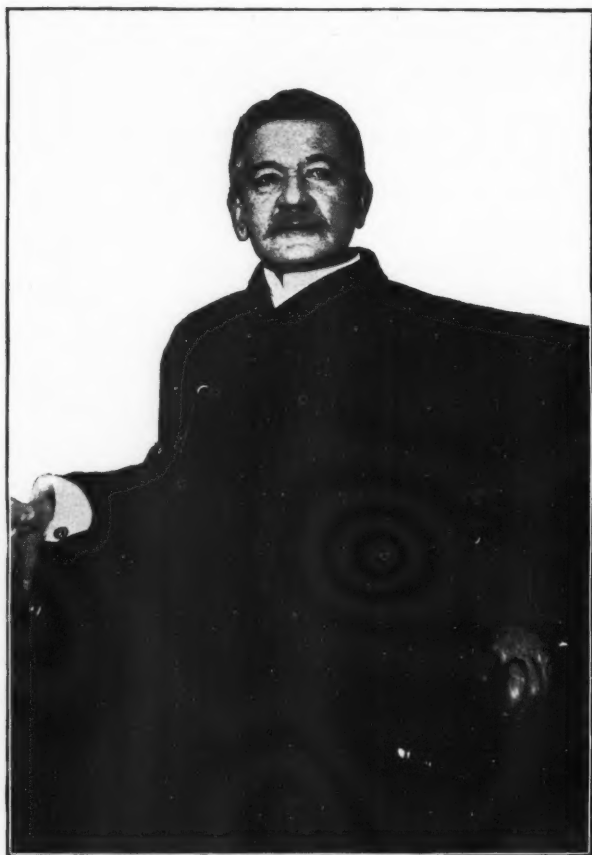
the foreign exhibits that afforded me a glimpse of a height we have not reached in our own country. The feeling expressed in the pictures was what appealed to me most. Among the works of American artists was the portrait of President William McKinley, which was something of a disappointment to those who knew him well, though it is difficult to say just what is lacking.

Perhaps it was because of an innate fondness for the career of Napoleon that a picture of him especially attracted me. It depicted him in his last days at St. Helena, with sunken eyes and sallow face, with the blonde locks sparsely scattered over that remarkable forehead. The wonderful eyes, that have been so often spoken of by those who saw him as Mediterranean blue, with red lids softened by suffering, seemed to burn with an unearthly, fading light. The expression of the chained eagle, despondent yet patient, told the sad story of what the confinement at St. Helena must have meant for the great emperor. It was the first time in all my conceptions of Napoleon that I realized the intense "humanness" of the man. For the moment he was off the pedestal on which all my history reading had placed him, and it seemed as though I could almost feel the touch of his hand as I stood for a time before the canvas, gazing into the mellowed haze of the blue eyes that had challenged Europe.

The art gallery is a composite of the achievements of the whole artistic world. Here are flaring Venetian reds, delicate blues, and the warmer tints of Italy, contrasting with the dashing French school, which again contrasts with the sturdy technique of the English and Scotch painter. Here are the portraits by Sargent, with their keen, satirical import and strong grasp of human nature; but the one picture that the boys and girls gathered about was Brown's group of boys at their antics, in which the dust on the soles of their bare feet was visible, and every detail was drawn with a fineness and faithfulness that appealed to all who looked at it. The crowd would press closer and closer, inspecting and marveling at the photographic accuracy of the artist. Brown catches the spirit of the boys and appeals to the fancy of the masses, touching a chord which will vibrate long after the boys and girls have become men and women. I suppose it



THOMAS E. WATSON OF GEORGIA, EDITOR, ORATOR, DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN AND
NOMINEE OF THE POPULIST PARTY FOR PRESIDENT



SENOR PAITANO ARLAMO, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE PHILIPPINE
SUPREME COURT AND A MEMBER OF THE ISLAND
COMMISSION TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

is heretical to say it, but I sometimes think this is the highest vocation of art. At least, it remains so until we are educated into the glories of the impressionist school, where four daubs one way and four more another way constitute a work of art, to be sold for great sums as a "Turner" or something equally queer.



THE bulk of the attendance at the World's Fair up to this date has been the annual meetings of the various na-

tional organizations. The fraternal spirit is strong. The Hoo-Hoo building, erected by the lumbermen and newspaper men, burned down, but with the prompt energy of America it was at once rebuilt. The Travelers' Protective Association has a building centrally located in which gather Knights of the Grip from all parts of the country. There never was an occasion in which this fraternal spirit was so well exploited as at the St. Louis Exposition. The visitors are more anxious to see their



SENORITA ROSE TORRES, DAUGHTER OF ASSOCIATE JUSTICE TORRES OF THE PHILIPPINE SUPREME COURT, AND A VERY ATTRACTIVE MEMBER OF THE PARTY OF DISTINGUISHED ISLANDERS VISITING THE WORLD'S FAIR

friends—a son, a brother or a sister whom they have not seen for years—than they are to see the exposition. It is here that brothers meet after a separation of years; mothers meet their daughters who have grown to middle age since leaving home, and brothers and cousins even to second and third removed affiliate once more after the long lapse of time. This is the reunion opportunity for scattered families in America and possesses the charms of “old home week” of New England. When one

comprehends all the subtle influences at work, and understands how the broken threads of life are reunited and welded together again, it is felt that the world is indeed better for the Fair. Tired faces indicate how heavy the work of sight-seeing may become in the sweltering heat; and yet when these people return home to the delights of the comfortable veranda they will read and reread with the keenest interest every detail connected with the Fair and forget the slight discomforts that they endured there.



REVEREND S. C. SWALLOW OF HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOMINEE OF THE
PROHIBITION PARTY FOR PRESIDENT



CHARLES HUNTER CORREGAN, PRINTER, OF NEW YORK CITY, NOMINEE OF THE
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY FOR PRESIDENT

THE LADIES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

By BEN BLOW

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



MRS. DANIEL MANNING OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS

WHEN the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—the World's Fair—was a mere plan, before its beauties were even thought out, a courteous gentleman—it was President McKinley—said: “The ladies, God bless them, shall help us make it a success.”

Last December the fair needed money. It had grown beyond all anticipation; grown to be a fifty million dollar show and its redoubtable president went to congress with a modest request for a loan of \$4,500,000 without interest. At Washington he met Mrs. Daniel Manning, president of the board of lady managers and ex-officio of the legislative committee.

“Delighted!” said the bland president

of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to Mrs. Manning.

“Delighted indeed!” replied the president of the ladies board. “Now Mr. Francis, if the ladies can be of any service to you in a business way I do hope you’ll call on us.”

President Francis didn’t say anything—he probably smiled, for President Francis has a habit of thinking that he can get along pretty well by himself; but when he smiled Mrs. Manning smiled too, for she knew some business facts that he did not. Business had brought Mrs. Manning to Washington—the same business that had inspired Mr. Francis to go East, for the ladies, sad as it is to relate it, and slangy though the relation may be, were “busted”—“busted flat,” but they didn’t intend to stay “busted” by any means.

Mrs. Manning wanted \$100,000 for the ladies and Mrs. Manning knew just how to get it; every prominent law maker in Washington is her friend and admirer. Mrs. Manning has a tower of strength in her friends.

“But,” said the senate to President Francis, when he asked for the loan, “we’ve already lent you five millions. Don’t you think that’s enough?” No, President Francis didn’t think so at all, but the senate did, so the imperturbable Mr. Francis was beyond his depth in trouble for once. Then he remembered Mrs. Manning and went to her with the story of his woes.

“Ridiculous,” said Mrs. Manning. “I’ll get Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Buchwalter”—the other members of the legislative committee—“and we’ll get it for you; but we need some money ourselves and you’ll have to pay it back to the government for us.”

To this Mr. Francis humbly agreed.

"How in the world did you get that much money, Mrs. Manning?" I asked her. Mrs. Manning smiled.

"I went straight to my friends in the senate and we didn't have a bit of trouble there. It was in the house where we encountered difficulty; the house didn't want to let President Francis have the money at all and didn't intend to either."

"But the house did finally yield," I said.

Mrs. Manning's eyes lighted up with an amused little smile:

"Yes," she answered, "it did. Why, the night before the bill passed, one of my friends, a very prominent senator, called me up by telephone and told me that he personally had secured fifteen votes for me, and my other friends helped me, too. So we got our hundred thousand dollars and President Francis got his four million and a half."

"It seems to me," I observed wisely, "that Mrs. Manning was the one who got the four million and a half."

"No," she said slowly, "but Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Buchwalter and I did. The first senator I spoke to said that the senate would give the board of lady managers two hundred thousand dollars if we'd promise not to insist on the four million and a half loan, but of course we couldn't do that, for we'd made up our minds to stand or fall with the fair—and we did."

After this accomplishment there is no need of saying that the board of lady managers is a business board. It is. It is made up of representative women from all over the United States. It is a business board of business women. They are actively prominent in club work, in charitable work, in political work and in business life. They represent not only women but men and progress. Their combined wealth is hundreds of millions; their combined prestige is vast beyond telling, and Mrs. Daniel Manning, the president of this

body of women—whose business it is to be hostesses for the United States to all the world—is worthy of the place, for undeniably she is one of the most forceful women in the world today.

I met most of the ladies at a reception—an afternoon tea. Now teas aren't exactly my custom in the afternoon, but I forgot utterly where I was and when I repeat some of the things I heard it is very easy to see why.



The most interesting woman on the board, by all means, is the former secretary, Miss Lavinia H. Egan, real estate agent and a bit of a promoter, too, of Shreveport, Louisiana.

"Do you like money, Miss Egan?" I asked her, and then she smiled. It was a reflective smile purely and didn't express the least surprise.

"Well," she said, "it's a good thing to have around the house," and then it was my turn to smile. "Money in itself," she continued, "gives me no pleasure, except in so far as it relates to the success of my plans. There is a pleasure in accomplishment that money testifies to but does not measure. When I have a hundred dollars I want all it will buy, and when I only have a dollar it will buy all that I want." This was so very bright and epigrammatic that Miss Egan ought to have paused and afforded an opportunity for appreciation, but she didn't; she went right on as if she hadn't said anything clever:

"It's very easy to make money—very easy. Why, I made two thousand dollars on my first deal. I bought a bit of ground on my own judgment; sold it on my own judgment, and,—I always do that, I never buy a pig in a poke. I have to see the property myself before I touch it. I've lost money sometimes and I've saved money a heap of times by not buying 'sights unseen' as the boys say."

This remark evidenced great wisdom,



MISS LAVINIA H. EGAN OF LOUISIANA

for it is my positive recollection that nothing but bladeless knives are ever swapped 'sights unseen,' but I wondered how Miss Egan knew it, never having been a boy.

"Do you know," she continued, "I think my newspaper training helped me."

"Oh ho," I said, "you were a newspaper woman."

"'Deed I was," said Miss Egan, "and I learned to judge men and things and to rely on myself for the values I gave them. When I make up my mind that a thing is worth having, I buy it and then I hunt up somebody who wants it

worse than I do and sell it to them."

"A bit of a promoter," I said.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Egan. "I've helped get up companies, but I really haven't much time to devote to anything outside of my real estate business and besides I don't like to take any chances. As long as my money is in real estate I feel that it is tangible, and even when I have to build on my property I deal with the contractors myself and draw my own contracts, too."

"Then what happens?" I asked.

"Well, once a contractor came in and asked for the 'Boss'; but," she added confidentially, "they don't do that any



MRS. JOHN MILLER HORTON OF NEW YORK

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more." When she said this she looked at me full and complacently, and my own opinion about the matter is that the man that asked for the "Boss" found that the "Boss" was in. Then Miss Egan talked to me like I was a capitalist, instead of the contrary. She almost made me sorry that I didn't have money to invest in the Louisiana oil fields and the long leaf yellow pine lands and the rice fields, and finished by describing a wonderful sand well, where a two inch pipe is sunk inside of a four inch pipe and the sand literally blown to the surface, and the thing that impressed me most was the matter of fact way in which Miss Egan said: "And the sand is high grade

building sand and sells at the well for a dollar a barrel."

"Miss Egan," I said, "you must pardon my getting a bit slangy, but did you get any of your sand there?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I always had it. It's the best thing for a business woman or a business man to have."



Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery of Portland, Oregon, is thoroughly representative of the best type of the conservative business woman of today. When you ask her a question she thinks deliberately, studying you with level, cool eyes, and when she speaks her words

are well chosen and convey the impression that she means everything she says and is willing to abide by it. She is one of the very wealthy women of the West and her interests are all under her immediate personal control. I asked her if her investments weren't quite varied, and watched her reflect before she replied:

"Not nearly so much as they were," she said seriously. "I don't believe in having too many irons in the fire at one time. In order to have a thorough grasp of one's affairs, it is necessary that there should be absolute familiarity with each smallest detail, and that is not pos-

far from wise for her to do so. I am courteous to others, and it is my right, independent of the fact that I am a woman, that others should be courteous to me."

"You haven't had any difficulty?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Mrs. Montgomery. "I inherited a lawsuit, which when it reached the supreme court had been pending for twenty-one years and the principals, the witnesses and the lawyers who were involved in the first trial were all dead when the final decree came down. That is the only litigation I have ever engaged in and I am firmly



MRS. MARY PHELPS MONTGOMERY



MRS. FANNIE L. PORTER



MRS. MARGARET P. DALV

sible when the interests are rambling. I can't remember when I wasn't a business woman, for my father believed in the practical education of girls. Before his death my husband became an invalid and placed his business entirely in my hands, giving me the benefit of his experience when I needed it, of course."

"Don't you find that business men deal with you in a different manner than they would if you were a man?" I asked her.

Mrs. Montgomery smiled. "I don't let them," she said. "The fact that I am a woman doesn't enter into the matter at all. A woman has no right to rely on her sex in business matters and it is

of the belief that litigation is profitless indeed, even if I did win in the end," womanlike putting most important facts in postscript form.

"So you don't believe in litigation?" I asked rather lamely.

"No," she said, "I believe in the ounce of prevention that lies in sound business method. I am always sure of what I am doing before I involve myself in any way, and leave nothing unprovided for.

"Can't you give me some axiom for the business woman?" I asked her. She thought a moment, weighing her words well before she answered.



MRS. VON MAYHOFF OF NEW YORK, THE MISTRESS OF "MONTICELLO"

"I believe I can." "The business woman should forget her sex and demand no consideration that a business man is not entitled to. Her office should not extend to her drawing room, nor should her social life be an element in her business affairs."

In all her conversation Mrs. Montgomery was conservative to a degree, and while she talked freely each word was well weighed. Her interests are very extensive, but her plan is consolidation in order to reach the maximum of result with the minimum of detail, and when she plans it is quite evident that she directs her efforts always along the line

a girl twelve years ago and really it was forced upon me by my brother-in-law, who insisted that I must learn to manage my own affairs after my husband's death. We weren't a national bank then, but our little bank has grown so that now we are, and we have a capital of \$50,000 and a surplus of \$62,000. Of course you know that puts us on the roll of honor."

I didn't know that at all, so I said: "Why, of course. Certainly. Yes—but what is the roll of honor?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Moores, patiently, "when the surplus of a national bank exceeds its capital it receives com-



MRS. JOHN M. HOLCOMBE



MRS. LOUIS B. FROST



MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG

that she has mapped out, for she is deliberate of speech and her manner tells that she is always sure before she undertakes anything that she is fully prepared to carry it through.



Now I have always wanted to know what it felt like to be a bank president, so that was the first question I asked Mrs. Annie McLean Moores of the First National Bank of Mount Pleasant, Texas. Mrs. Moores, who is a very pretty young woman, smiled.

"Well," she said, "really, at first it's rather awkward. You know I was such

mentation from the bank examiners and really that is quite a distinction. I'm awfully proud that our little bank stands so well, but even with our surplus we are dreadfully pushed for ready money in cotton moving time. But we've paid a ten per cent. dividend each year and we're still piling up the surplus, so I think we're doing pretty well."

"Do you worry over business, Mrs. Moores?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh, dear no," she replied, "not now, but in the panic of '93 we all of us were nearly worried to death." Mrs. Moores emphasized the last word so perceptibly that I could see that the

president of the First National Bank of Mount Pleasant must have had a very distressing time of it during the panic of '93.

"Of course you understand the routine work of the bank," I ventured doubtfully.

"Why, of course I do," said Mrs. Moores. "Of course. I've made myself familiar with the details by practical experience. I've done all the work—and that reminds me of a very funny little joke that one of my friends played on me when I was in the receiving tellers' cage. He brought in a thick package of bills to deposit and said he sup-

was good enough for me to take in, so really I did turn the joke a little."

It has always been my impression that bank presidents owned lots of other things besides banks, so I asked Mrs. Moores about it.

"Oh dear, no," she replied. "Of course I'm interested in other things, but the only practical business knowledge I have is of banking, and I really haven't much time for anything else."

Being thoroughly convinced that all women are more or less inclined to be sympathetic, I ventured to ask Mrs. Moores if she mixed sentiment with business, and I noticed that she smiled



MRS. E. L. BUCHWALTER
Byrnes Photographic Co.



MRS. W. E. ANDREWS
Byrnes Photographic Co.



MRS. ANNIE MCLEAN MOORES
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posed it would take me a week or two to count them. Just like a woman, I ran over the bills hurriedly and that evening my brother-in-law came to me with a very grave face and said: 'Somebody has taken in a fifty dollar Confederate bill.' I remembered it like a flash, and told him that I had done it and told who gave it to me and described the package it was in, and all the time I was busy thinking up some good excuse. At length I remembered that my father was in the Confederacy, and I told my brother-in-law that any money that was good enough for my father to fight for

a little reminiscently before she replied:

"Not now. I used to be inclined to, but not now. Why, when I first sat on the discount board I believe that I would have loaned our entire capital and surplus out every day, but of course I was in the minority and couldn't and it's a good thing that I couldn't, for you know the bank examiners are dreadfully strict. No, I believe I shall say that there isn't any such thing as mixing sentiment with business. When we make a loan we demand ample personal security, for we are not only responsible for our own money but also for the

money deposited with us, and we have to be careful indeed, and we are. Why, we've got the best cashier that ever was—" and then she started to tell me all about him and wouldn't talk about herself any more.



When I asked Mrs. Finis P. Ernst of Denver if she wasn't a politician she looked at me a trifle indignantly and said:

"No, I'm not, I'm a home maker. Why, I've raised nine children, and how could I find any time for politics when I was doing that?" When one considers the amount of detail that is inci-

total vote was cast by women? Our organization differs in no way from any other political club. We have city committees and county committees, ward organizations and precinct committees, and we have accomplished a great deal of good for women and children in the ten years that we have had the right to have a voice in state affairs. The club of which I am president has 3,000 members in Denver alone, and the members vote and see that others vote when any vital question is involved."

"Why don't you elect a woman governor, then?" I asked Mrs. Ernst out of pure curiosity.



MRS. FINIS P. ERNST
Byrnes Photographic Co.



MRS. BELLE L. EVEREST
Byrnes Photographic Co.



MRS. W. H. COLEMAN
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dent to the proper handling of even a single baby, the truth of Mrs. Ernst's rather indignant remark is very apparent. But Mrs. Ernst is the president of a political club and I knew it, so I observed with a very apologetic air: "You're the president of a political organization, though, aren't you, Mrs. Ernst?"

"Ye-es," she said, hesitating a little. "If women are entitled to suffrage in Colorado, they should be interested enough to vote. Why, do you know—" Mrs. Ernst was beginning to get interested herself—"that fifty per cent. of the

"Why," she said, with apparent surprise, "we haven't ever thought of that, really we haven't. We're all too busy with our home affairs to give up the time. Now I really believe that a woman's first duty is to be a home maker, and I believe that she can do more good by raising a small family like I have than in any other way. But the women of Colorado have accomplished real good since the right of suffrage was given them, and don't care for office except in a few instances where abuses needed correction. I have never let politics interfere with either my home

or my social duties, and home always come first; but when I do interest myself in politics, I do so in a matter of fact business way and ask no favors that are based upon the fact that we are women instead of men."

Mrs. James Sullivan of Providence, Rhode Island's member of the board, is the daughter of James Bannigan, the "rubber king." She maintains an office and is actively engaged in business, also operates in Wall street. She is charitable and is mentioned as a possible papal countess. She does much good from sheer

have been represented at a World's Fair, and the fact that they are represented is due to Mrs. Fannie L. Porter of Atlanta, who is naturally on the board.

Mrs. W. E. Andrews, the wife of the auditor of the treasury department, was self supporting before her marriage. She filled the chair of music at the Presbyterian college in Hastings, Nebraska.

Mrs. John Miller Horton was a member of the board of lady managers at the Pan-American Exposition and a representative at Charleston. She is regent of the D. A. R. at Buffalo.

Mrs. Helen Boice Hunsicker of Philadelphia was a singer before her marriage.



MRS. FRED HANGER



MRS. HELEN BOICE HUNSICKER



MISS ANNA L. DAWES

love of doing good—but she declines to permit her portrait to be published.

Mrs. William H. Coleman of Indianapolis, treasurer of the board, is a club woman. She devotes much of her time to charitable and philanthropic work and raised \$1,000 for the Continental Memorial Hall to be erected in Washington, District of Columbia, by the D. A. R., by means of a minuet given at her home.

Miss Anna L. Dawes is the daughter of former Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts. She is a club woman and writer—author of the book "How We Are Governed."

This is the first time Georgian women

have been represented at a World's Fair, and the fact that they are represented is due to Mrs. Fannie L. Porter of Atlanta, who is naturally on the board.

Mrs. Edward L. Buchwalter of Springfield, Ohio, is one of the committee that founded the Ohio State Federation of Woman's Clubs, the largest state federation in the country, having 313 clubs.

Mrs. Fred Hanger of Little Rock, Arkansas, says that she has never had a great deal of business experience. She is a thorough club woman and bright as a new button. She is the parliamentarian of the board, having had a wide experience in woman's clubs.

Mrs. John M. Holcombe of Hartford,

Connecticut, is practically philanthropic. Through her a huge sum was raised to improve the old Colonial burying ground in Hartford.

Mrs. Everest of Atchison, Kansas, writes a bit and paints a bit, but doesn't take her efforts too seriously.

Mrs. Richard W. Knott writes for her husband's paper in Louisville. She also declined to give the National her portrait—a circumstance we regret—for who has not heard of the charm of Kentucky's daughters?

Mrs. Louis B. Frost of Winona, Minnesota, is prominent in club, philanthropic and educational work in her state.

Miss Helen Miller Gould of New York also is disinclined to permit her portrait to be published. She is the wealthiest member of the board, of course, but is

justly distinguished for her charities.

Mrs. Von Mayhoff of New York is also immensely wealthy, and as the sister of bachelor Mr. Levy, the present owner of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson in Virginia, she presides over one of the most famous old mansions in the country.

Mrs. M. H. De Young of California and Mrs. Margaret P. Daly of Montana are respectively the wife and widow of two of the best known men the far West has ever produced—the San Francisco editor and the Montana copper miner, Marcus A. Daly, whose long and bitter political and business warfare with Senator Clark ended only with Daly's death. Both are women of strong character and were large factors in the successful careers of their distinguished husbands.

THE OLD SOUTHERNER

By MRS. STEVENS

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

THE Bible old between its leaves full many a precept shows;
And this guides one to do the right,— by that another goes;
But to the Southerner who lived before the Civil war,
"Be courteous, be kind" was all the gospel and the law.

He ceded very freely that philosophers are wise,
And listened to the preachers talk with calm, respectful eyes;
He gave them chicken dinners and 'coon and 'possum stews,
But in all that time he never said a word about his "views."

He gave the young folks dances in his house upon the hill,
And never danced a step himself—they tell about it still—
But sat and smiled and listened to the folks he wined and dined,
And thro' their fool behavior he was courteous and kind.

Come visit now the lonely house upon the lonely hill.
A lonely man sits on the porch and all about is still.
His land and slaves, the pillars of a once deserved renown,
The burden and the tyrants of his broken life have grown.

And all his fine estate's decayed and dignity departed,
His folks are long since dead and gone—some dying broken hearted;
His glorious day has faded out; 't will never rise again,
But courteous and kind he is and ever will remain.

HIS HIGHER OBLIGATION

By F. G. MOORHEAD

DES MOINES, IOWA

It was an off year in politics and little interest in the state campaign was manifested in the beginning. The republican plurality had been 90,000 when Governor Black was elected to his first term, and the democrats had not expected to work a miracle sufficient to reduce that very materially. But in politics it is the unexpected that happens, only a politician, that is, a genuine one, is too shrewd and astute to admit it was unexpected. So when the last week of the campaign found the lines so closely drawn that Black's reelection was in serious doubt the central committee was worried.

"It's the farmers," said State Chairman Roberts to the secretary of the committee as they sat in headquarters just a week before the election.

"It seems absurd," replied the secretary, as he pulled thoughtfully on a long, black cigar. It was not a campaign cigar; those were in the outer office. "The idea of this state, of all others, going democratic."

"About as soon expect hell to turn Methodist," whispered the chairman. He was known as "Whispering Jim," because of his low voice. He had two failings: he would use profanity inordinately and he dearly loved to sit in at a game of poker. His detractors claimed it was his poker proclivity that made him low voiced. A gambler is always a quiet, low talker. There is a story that "Whispering Jim," meeting a friend in a court room, beckoned him aside, noiselessly, and taking him over by a window pulled his friend's head down and whispered in his ear, "It's a nice day, isn't it?" "Whispering Jim" was a state notable.

"Something's got to be done," replied

the secretary. "It's up to us and it's got to be done quick."

"There's one man can save us," announced the chairman, after a minute's reflection.

"And that is—"

"Judge Baily."

The secretary laughed.

"Hell will turn Methodist then." He used the chairman's words. "You'll never get Baily into a political fight."

"Why not?" asked the chairman. "Why not? That's what I'd like to know. Hasn't he been elected time after time, and yet we always say, 'Oh, leave Baily out, we can't count on him.'"

"He's a political purist," sneered the secretary. "He doesn't believe in politics and the bench mixing. He takes his drinks straight."

The secretary was safe: Judge Baily was miles away. Had he been nearer the secretary would have carefully eschewed such familiarity.

But the conference that night had been fruitful. To the surprise of every one on the committee the judge consented to make three addresses in the district where he had been reared. This was the doubtful district; if the republicans carried it the state was safe for Black and would stand by Roosevelt in the next presidential election.

"I never believed we could cut it," whispered the chairman to the secretary the night Baily consented. "We're safe now, but how'd we ever work it?"

The secretary laughed. He unfolded a copy of the Journal before the chairman.

"There's an interesting little item about Baily," he said.

The chairman read the item through carefully, a light breaking over his coun-

tenance. First he whistled, then he laughed.

"I guess the judge never forgets an enemy or a friend," he remarked.

"Judge Baily was a roommate at college of Tim Donnelly, the republican candidate for representative in Decatur county," announced the item. "There is a pretty story to the effect that Donnelly once assisted Baily at school by loaning him money when Bailey's enforced retirement from college seemed imperative. Since then the two have seldom heard from each other, but it is undoubtedly Donnelly's candidacy which sends Baily to the eighth district, rather than any friendship for Governor Black, with whom Judge Baily has not been on good terms lately. Donnelly's election will save the eighth district to the republicans and swing the next assembly to Boynton to succeed himself in the United States senate."

"No one ever accused the judge of not being perfectly fair and square," commented 'Whispering Jim.' "Well, no matter what the reason, I'm glad we've got Baily. Three speeches by him will save the district and the state."

So it was with the hopes and the fate of the republican party of the state on his shoulders that Judge Baily swung himself from a Great Western passenger coach one morning of early November. But it was of his old roommate, Tim Donnelly, the judge was thinking, rather than the fate of the party. As a member of the judiciary, he did not believe in a judge taking an active part in political campaigns; but this was outside of his own district and county, and it was for old times' sake, and that made a difference.

The little station was deserted. The judge had missed the train on a neighboring road which would have taken him direct to the town where he was to speak that night, and had taken the Great Western, expecting to drive across coun-

try in the bus which usually met the train. But the bus was not there.

It was a beautiful, crisp day, however, and the judge was not dismayed by the prospect of a five mile walk. He knew the road thoroughly. He had been born and reared in the little town to which he was going. All about him were haunts familiar to him. On the train, Baily had been studying the political situation. He agreed with the state chairman. It was the farmer who was threatening the republican party. Black had been elected governor on a platform of railroad reform, the increase of railroad taxation. Instead, the railroad taxes remained the same and the farmers' taxes had increased. Indignant, they purposed defeating Black and electing a democrat, the first since "Uncle" Hiram Thiel.

When Judge Baily passed the corn fields that lined the railroad track and entered the woods stretching unbroken almost to his journey's end, political thoughts were routed. The call of the woods reached him. It was twenty years since he had been there, but the same old familiar, lovable odor came from the trees, nodding in the breeze as if they recognized him. They were always good friends, they never asked questions and they never told tales.

As the judge trudged along he came to a clearing. The ground was covered with bright colored Autumn leaves. A frost had denuded the trees and sent the brilliant leaves fluttering to the ground. Then warmer weather had come, leaving the trees stripped but the ground carpeted with brown and red foliage. As the judge passed the clearing the wind sent the leaves skurrying across the road before him. On they swept and tumbled, looking for all the world like a regiment in khaki charging along, with now and then a red leaf playing the part of an officer, urging the khakis to renewed effort. Some fell by the wayside, but

others took their places, and so they rattled and charged past the judge.

It was good to sniff the air, to smell the odor of the Autumn leaves, to see the squirrels dashing about, garnering their Winter store of nuts. Before a mile had passed the judge had forgotten all about Black, railroad taxation and even Tim Donnelly. There was the creek where he used to go fishing and swimming. The last time he was there he had been taken with cramps and almost drowned. There was the wood where he had been nutting when solemn word came to him and he went to the darkened home and there was no father to welcome or chide him.

Suddenly the sound of whistling came to the judge's ears. Blithe, happy and carefree the notes pierced the air. "Hiawatha," the judge guessed, simply because all the boys at the capital city were whistling that. The state house seemed so far away now.

"Let me see, it was 'Ben Bolt' when I was young," whispered the judge to himself. "'Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt; sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,'" he hummed. The tune was sadly out of joint; it sounded more like "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but the words and sentiment survived.

Nearer came the lad, he had an old gunnysack slung over his shoulder; he was going nutting. Why, the last time Judge Baily had been in these woods he had been nutting.

At a convergence of the roads the judge and the boy met. The boy smiled a greeting.

"Fine day," he said cheerily.

"It is, indeed," and Baily smiled. Few people in the city had ever seen that smile.

The lad started on ahead of the judge.

"Going nutting?" asked the judge, quickening his pace to match the boy's.

"Yes sir, there's a great crop this year."

The two walked in silence a moment. Finally the judge asked, shyly:

"Where's the best place?"

"I guess you know," he added, "but what's the matter with Widow Tompkins' lot?"

The boy gazed at him.

"Why, how do you know? that's the best of all. But we've picked all those. How'd you know?"

"Oh, I used to live about here."

The judge was noncommittal. At home he was reticent to the verge of impoliteness.

The pair proceeded in silence again. At a branching of the little stream the judge stopped.

"Let's go through here," he said, "it's shorter."

"How'd you know? Who are you? Are you going this way, too?"

The judge stood still and looked about him. The smell of the trees was so good. The call of the woods again rang in his ears.

"What's your name, boy?" he asked irrelevantly.

"Bob," replied the lad.

"Well, Bob, my name's John."

"John what, sir?" asked the boy.

"Oh, John's enough for today," the judge said.

"All right, sir."

"And, say—Bob—"

The judge hesitated.

"Yes, sir," suggested the boy.

"Couldn't two get those nuts easier than one?—you shake 'em down and I'll help gather them."

"You don't mean you'll go with me, Mr.—"

"Yes, that's it, Bob; I'm going with you, and my name's John."

Five hours later a man and a boy emerged upon the road. The boy clutched one end of a well filled and heavy gunny sack with both hands and walked sidewise, while the man upheld

his end with effort. Both were dirty, dusty and stained with the nuts. Both were hungry, but both were happy. The call of the woods had been answered. Railroad taxation had been forgotten by the one and a possible chastising for so long an outing had ceased to worry the other.

"I guess we're pretty late, John," puffed the boy, as he tugged with the load.

"Yup," said the man, "but we got 'em all, didn't we?"

"You bet," and the boy's eyes glistened. "Gee, nobody knows about that tree but you. Say, you're great."

The two toiled along the dusty road in silence for several minutes.

"Where you goin'?" finally asked the boy.

"Where am I—why, I was—well, I declare—" the judge awoke to his duties.

"I was a-goin' to say, John, you'd better come home with me an' clean up an eat, an' then you can go wherever you was a-goin'."

"I guess that's best," replied the man.

Judge Baily, city jurist and savior of the state, in nut stains and dirt, was not a very presentable or convincing sight.

"Got any doughnuts at home, Bob?" asked the judge. The day's outing could not be dispelled so suddenly by recollected duty.

"Yup," answered the lad, "plenty for both."

By dint of much toiling and puffing, the pair arrived at the boy's home. It was on the outskirts of the little town, where Judge Baily was to deliver the first of his three addresses that night.

"There's ma a-waitin' for me," said the lad. "Gee, I'm glad you're along."

"Well, I'll take the licking, Bob, while you get the doughnuts."

Both laughed heartily.

"I'll get 'em all right," said the boy.

"Yes, I think you'll get them both," answered the judge.

The woman held a whip in her hand. Afar off the lad raised his voice diplomatically.

"Ain't you glad, ma?" he cried. "Me and John've got 'most three bushels of nuts."

The woman had not noticed "John." She had been waiting three hours for Bob.

"You take them to the barn and come here; I'll settle with you," she said.

The lad knew the tone; there was something coming to him, something distinctly unpleasant.

"If you please, madam," began the judge in his most suave tone of voice. It did not sound much like the voice which he used on sentence day, when he had earned the sobriquet of the "Hanging Judge." "If you please, I guess I'm to blame. I talked Bob into staying."

The lad saw his advantage and pressed it home.

"Ma, this is John, and say, he's a bully fellow." Then he skurried for safety.

"Yes, madam, I want to take the—"

Judge Baily and the woman looked at each other at the same moment.

"John!"

"Kate!"

The names pierced the air simultaneously.

Neither spoke again for fully a minute.

"Won't you come in, Judge Baily, and be seated?" The woman was the first to speak. Hospitality had recovered her wits for her. The judge was still perturbed.

"And is Bob your—"

"Yes," the woman nodded her head and spoke slowly. "Bob's my youngest."

The judge entered the sitting room in silence. It was a modest little room: a center table, a few chairs, a sewing machine, rag carpet, cheap lithographs from the Sunday papers on the wall, and a few books scattered about.

"I had no idea," the words came from the judge slowly. "I had no idea. I met Bob in the woods and we went together. I didn't ask him his name and didn't give him mine."

The statement seemed to call for no response and the woman made none.

"I might have known, though," said the judge quietly.

"Why?" asked the woman, her face aglow.

"Bob said his mother was the best woman on earth."

The woman smiled wanly.

"Bob's a good boy," she said.

"I always said the same, but I wasn't good enough."

The judge could not repress the remark, it came too quickly.

"John," and there was a sob in the woman's voice.

"Kate," cried the judge quickly, "I'm sorry; forgive me, but it all came back so sudden. I thought of it in the woods today, with Bob, but it was only a memory then and didn't seem to hurt so much. Now it all comes back."

The two sat silent a moment.

"Poor John," said the woman.

Bob could be heard whistling blithely, happy for the nuts, the supper awaiting him and the vanished whipping.

"Tell me about yourself," whispered the judge softly.

The woman crossed to the window and called: "Come on, Bob, supper's hot for you and—"

She hesitated.

"John," prompted the judge.

"And John," added the woman in a soft voice.

"Now tell me," he repeated.

"There's not much," she said. I married Nick Scott after you left, when we quarrelled, and he's been a good husband. There's Bob and three others and Nick and me, and we're getting old.

"But just as pretty as—"

The woman shook her head.

"No, no, John," she said, "I know better."

"And you've prospered," asked the judge, looking about him. The very room answered.

"Nick's had a hard time," replied his wife. "He's always hoping, but it doesn't seem to turn out as he plans. Something seems against everything he tries."

"What's he doing now?"

The judge was recovering his equanimity.

"He's running a little feed store."

Then a proud look came into the woman's eyes.

"He's a candidate for the legislature, you know, representative from this county."

"Nick Scott—a candidate—for what!"

The judge sprang to his feet.

"What's the matter, John, didn't you know? Nick is a candidate for the legislature, and he's so hopeful of winning."

"Nick Scott, Nick Scott," whispered the judge. "Why, it never occurred to me it was the same Nick, your Nick."

"Yes, my Nick," the woman's voice was low again.

The judge studied the rag carpet intently. Suddenly he looked at the woman before him.

"Is Tim Donnelly his opponent?"

"Yes," she replied. "The Tim you used to room with. But it's going to be close, and if the state committee doesn't send somebody down to work against Nick he'll be elected sure; he's popular around here."

"If the committee doesn't send somebody?" asked the judge.

"Yes, Nick'll win if it's only a matter of popularity, but if Tim gets somebody from up the state to work with him he may get it. We're so anxious. Some man was to come for a meeting tonight; I didn't hear just who it was," she continued, "but Nick went to the south-bound train and there was nobody, so

I guess he'll be elected now all right."

"And do you want him to be elected, Kate?" softly inquired the judge."

"Yes," replied the woman, without hesitation. "It means everything to us; we need the money, and I want to send Bob to the city to school if Nick goes there this Winter, and then it's my Nick, you know."

"It's your Nick, yes, it's your Nick—"

"Whoopee, John, ain't you hungry?"

Bob burst in through the kitchen door.

"I guess I'd better be going," was the judge's only reply, as he arose and took his hat off the sewing machine.

"But, John, the doughnuts!" broke in Bob.

"John, you'll stay till Nick comes and see him?" asked the woman.

The judge looked dazed for a moment.

"No, Bob; no, Kate," he said. "I'm going back."

"Back," they cried together. Then the woman asked: "Aren't you going to town, aren't you going to stay and see the folks; what'd you come down for, John?"

"What did I come down for," the judge laughed, a little hysterically. It reminded him of many a scene in his court room when he had sentenced men to the penitentiary, and instead of crying they had laughed hysterically, with indrawing breath.

"Oh, I just came down to gather nuts with Bob," he added and his voice was stronger now. "I intended going back on the night train, anyway."

"Goodbye, John," said the woman. She had divined the lie, but, womanlike, shielded the man.

"Goodbye, Kate."

There was a handclasp, then the pair parted. Bob ran after the judge and forced a doughnut into his hand.

"Goodbye, John," he cried, "you're a bully good fellow."

"Am I?" asked the judge.

"Am I?" he asked himself all the long road back to the Great Western station.

"Am I?" he asked himself as he clambered upon the returning train. The wheels sang it to him, from the clinking rails, as he was carried back to the city and the headquarters which had sent him out to snatch victory from defeat.

"Am I?" the hackmen seemed to call as he left the train and walked slowly away from the station.

"I will be," answered the judge, involuntarily, as he paced the streets. Entering a cafe, he called for paper and pen. A short note to "Whispering Jim," the state chairman, was soon written.

"I find I am not able to fill my speaking engagement," he wrote. "I tried to go to Leon, but was not able. I regret this very much. Respectfully,

J. Baily."

He sealed the note and dispatched it by a messenger. Then he walked slowly homeward.

"I paid Tim all I owed him long ago," he said as he climbed slowly to his lonely room. "But Kate—I owe her all I am."

And as the judge sat and stared at the cases of law books and the cheerless room he smiled a wee, wan smile.

"I believe I would do it again," he whispered. Then his lips puckered and he whistled, shrilly, out of tune:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt;

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?"

But down town the political reporters on the morning papers were writing their first page stories from the little Leon dispatch and the Baily note, and at the state headquarters "Whispering Jim" consigned the judge to all the torments of Dante's inferno.

WOODS AND FIELDS IN LATE SUMMER

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

WHEN one desires to study nature it is better to become well acquainted with the birds and flowers of wood and field by visiting them in their homes.

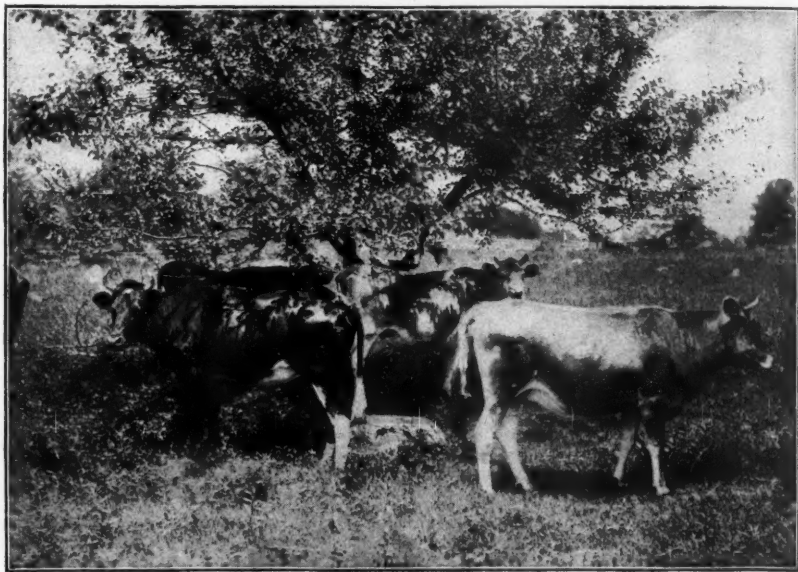
The fields, the orchards, the lawns and the woods about my home are called "a great bird locality."

Nearly all of my experiences with birds have been in and about this neighborhood. Just behind an old barn on a low stone wall, I sit and watch the robins in the meadow beyond "listening" for worms. From a branch overhead, the brilliant blue indigo bird told me plainly one day that his somber colored little wife was sitting on her nest in a bush just the other side of the wall, and another day a brown thrasher led me a long chase, by his glorious song, to a corner of the meadow where there was a nest a-building.

In the springtime the bobolinks abound here, and often in the morning I have heard them plainly and emphatically saying: "When! When! Bobolinkum, Bobolinkum, spink, spank, spink!"

One June day there was silence, and I knew that the baby bobolinks were hatching, and when I carefully pushed aside the tall grass, there, down on the ground in a soft nest, were the pink babes just out of the grayish white egg shells lying near.

In this same meadow, and on that same bright day, I saw a night hawk quietly sitting on a rock. Her coloring was the same as the rock, and to one who had not eyes for birds and their ways, she would have looked like a part of it. For about a minute she looked at me suspiciously, and then in fear flew up about a foot from the rock; then,



"AUGUST"

thinking, perhaps, to blind me, pretended to be "so lame," by falling down into the grass and fluttering about as if in a helpless condition. But when she saw that I knew her tricks, and had come to look at her treasures, she flew at me with wide open mouth and angry cries. There was no show of nest building, but on the hard, bare rock lay a baby night hawk; its markings were pink and gray, and the empty egg shell looked like a "pepper and salt pebble."

A year ago a pair of brilliant black and orange Baltimore orioles built their nest in an elm tree on the south side of our house, and raised a large family. Last Spring they returned, but the robins had taken the branch above, and drove the orioles away. A new site was chosen in another elm on a limb which hung over the front walk, and soon a long, gray, silky nest hung down below the leaves. Strings were pulled from last Spring's nest, fine grasses, hair and plant fiber were ingeniously woven together, and

bits of the lining of the old nest were carried to the new. I think this lining must have been of very choice material, for there was great chattering over it by Mr. and Mrs. Oriole.

By and by the young ones came and for several weeks there was much noise in that cradle home, especially at feeding time — which was nearly all day.

Early one morning, I heard a great commotion in birddom. The young orioles were preparing to fly away from the home nest to seek their fortunes. I found them perched on the edge of the nest, with Mother Oriole fluttering over and around them in great distress, while Father Oriole sat on the topmost branch of the elm tree and sang joyfully, as if to cheer them on; the curiosity shown by the catbirds, robins, wrens and sparrows was amusing.

August is called the "resting time of the birds," for it is during this month our feathered friends choose the shadiest spots by river banks for resting and



"A COUNTRY ROAD"



"WHERE THE FORGET-ME-NOTS GROW AND THE TURTLE SUNS HIMSELF"

moulting. But in the early morning and late afternoon, if you walk quietly into the woods you will find many birds hopping about in the bushes and undergrowth as lively as they were during the earlier part of the season, and here you may discover new bird history if you watch closely.

A musical little bird of this month is the yellow throated vireo. We find him high up in the tree tops, and he might be taken for one of the warblers. As he flits with great rapidity from tree to tree, his sweet song leads us on into the depths of the wood, down to the river bank, where dwells the

blue-gray gnat catcher, with a tiny voice well suited to his tiny body.

This month, too, the catbird sits in the hazel bush and with a seemingly impudent assurance imitates the cry of your pet cat, following it with a wonderful musical performance.

I saw a scarlet tanager hanging head downward from an elm branch the other day.

The "Bob Whites" are about the field. One whistled to me yesterday, while he sat on a low shrub not ten feet away, and at sundown last night a pair of the pretty speckled things fearlessly strode up our front walk, and then, half flying and half running, disappeared in the grass and bushes at the side. A little later a screech owl perched himself on the top of my hen house and nodded his head at me sociably.

I love all the wild things, and when they come so near I feel that it is because they know no harm will come to them or their little ones on our place.

As the sun goes down over the western hill-tops the night hawks dash through the air, uttering their harsh hunting cry as they chase the gnats and mosquitoes on which they live. The swift winged swallows, both the "barn" and the "chimney," are skimming in and out among the shadowy trees.

The wood thrush is still singing in the shrubbery near the overgrown meadow, where the strawberries have blossomed, fruited and been eaten by children, such as you and I. The blackberries are running wild over the old stone walls and the rich coloring of the late Summer flowers is dotting the landscape. The white alder sheds its perfume along the lanes. The white everlastings arise from the ground like small ghosts. The rare white asters border the shaded waysides.

The goldenrods, of which there are nearly a hundred varieties in the United States, are standing upright in their golden glory. The wild bean is clam-

bering over the low underbrush at the roadside, bearing its purple and cream blossoms in thick clusters.

"Joe Pye" weed, boneset, the milk weeds, are all abloom, and the insects are buzzing about the purple, yellow and white blossoms. The "butterfly weed" is well known, and its orange red flowers, in large flat clusters, add a brilliancy of rich coloring to a field of heavy green foliage where cat brier, Virginia creeper, and the white blossoms of the boneset abound. Often I have seen the tops of this variety of milkweed covered with tiny butterflies.

After dark the fireflies dance over the lowlands and meadows, and we can imagine them to be myriads of lamps lighting the fairies to their midnight revels. These nights the locusts and crickets come out in full force. Soon the cheerful "katydids" will add their voices to nature's Fall orchestra. We all like to hear them contradict each other, although some weatherwise prophet has said that they predict an early frost; but if they did not come to us each season we would sorely miss their welcome voices.

So with our birds: what would life be without them? And what would the farmer do? The red winged black bird, whose "Ok-a-lee! Sanga-ree!" rings out over the marsh, devours innumerable insects and is of untold benefit to the farmer. The rose breasted grosbeak, although he enjoys our cherries, is surely entitled to a few, for he helps the robin to keep the garden clear of injurious worms and bugs. The yellow and the black billed cuckoo, in spite of their many faults in household management, are the "early birds that catch the worm." Last Spring, every morning as early as half past five, I saw a yellow billed cuckoo in the apple trees pulling the caterpillars out of their nests, and when not eating them she would give them a twist with her bill, and they would fall lifeless to the ground.

HER PINK WRAPPER

By STELLA BELDING

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

THERE is a place where the leaves grow more profoundly green in Summer, redder and more golden in Autumn, and where the brilliant eternity of sky is of a deeper sapphire hue. Thus is slumbrous Greenton Valley.

Here a tiny cottage stood, white and rose embowered, idyllic, poetic, and charged with the gentle Virgilian grace of ancient Italy. It was set in a garden laid off with academic primness. Yellow dwarf roses reared their idle, creamy heads beside such lurid effects of nature as red and white chrysanthemums; a sisterhood of passionate red dahlias flaunted away in the sunshine opposite nunlike lilies; and an infinity of little ox-eyed pansies made for borders. It was a most delectable garden indeed.

Sweet Ernestine Tebbs looked up from her gardening, prettily perplexed, as Colonel Sam Raphael Bell shut the absurd toy of a white gate with an announcing click. Everything was on a doll-like, miniature scale.

Ernestine's fingers were buried in the rich, clean loam. By her side a huge pair of shears lay, the only thing of consequential size about the place. She raised her hand and pushed back her hair from her forehead, and settled the flapping proportions of her garden hat on the crown of her head. The colonel thought gardening such a pretty, pretty pastime.

"I see you've had your shutters painted," remarked the colonel with originality.

"Um-um, yes," faltered Ernestine, with a streak of the same element. Then she added softly, "I did it."

The colonel laughed his hearty, regimental laugh, and flushed rather under the healthy tan of his skin.

"I must confess you made a striking success of it," he said, letting his eyes wander over the six gingerbread windows of this doll house. Everything was so delightfully, ridiculously, absurdly neat and tidy and clean and prim. And the girl before him was remarkably pretty, with her fresh morning face, her silky fawn-brown hair, and her long, flowerlike hands that now lay loosely clasped over her dimpled knees.

The morning wrapper she wore was worthy of being called an invention, and it was a product of her own imagination. It was crisp and very pink and clean, with an infinity of loops and bows and ruffles, and last, but not least, a honeycomb yoke and peekaboo sleeves. Ernestine was also the author of her hat.

This delicious precision and tidiness about the doll house was balm upon the cleanly, order loving soul of Colonel Bell.

"I'm really just curious enough to want to know how you managed, Miss Ernestine," he said, expanding his military chest with the clean, fresh air of Greenton Valley, as he seated himself beside Ernestine.

She bit in her under lip. There was an almost dangerous sweetness lurking about the corners of her round mouth.

Suddenly she laughed outright, and drooped her head, burying her charming, dimpling face in her rosy hands.

"Oh! I'm almost ashamed to tell you," she said, hardly audible. "It's so ridiculous, but then it seems to me that everything that happens during these Summers here is ridiculous."

"Miss Ernestine," said the colonel with unction, "I promise to keep perfectly sober."

"Well then, I'll tell you."

She sighed a delectable little dirling sigh that thrilled straight through the colonel and finally lodged in his heart.

The yellow, impalpable sunshine beat down upon them, and over them brooded the eternity of lustrous sapphire sky.

"You see it's just this way," began Ernestine, "there are only two of us, of course, and my sister, being past mistress of expedients and strategy, suggested that we make a step-ladder of our household goods. So we piled chairs and tables up from the ground and down from the windows, and I stood on these and held to the frame while I painted."

The colonel glanced up at the trim, muslin curtained, gingerbread windows that looked out of the wall like three staring eyes slightly askew.

"But why didn't you take the shutters off to paint them, Miss Ernestine?" exclaimed the colonel inspirationally.

Ernestine extended her pretty hands in a tender little movement of appeal to the colonel. She pressed her glowing morning face down among the cool leaves and blossoms of the chrysanthemums.

"Oh, don't tell me, at this late day, dear colonel, that shutters come off!"

She was very tempting as she sat there in her trim little garden, her bright head catching and holding the sunlight like a jewel. She herself was like a rare gem, on which one discovered new and beautiful facets at every turn. Her charms were very penetrating, very many, very appealing.

The colonel took counsel with himself. He intended telling a falsehood, he also intended giving it away with the great white light of truth.

"No, Miss Ernestine," he said, "I think you were quite right. It has always been my theory that shutters look better afterward when painted on the house. I do not know why; but that has always been my experience."

She looked up at him gratefully, and he felt repaid.

Presently the colonel left, followed by his Irish setter Lodusky. For quite a few minutes after on the homeward walk he could see nothing very distinctly but sweet Ernestine's graceful figure, the peculiar poise of her head, the charming gestures of her hands, the dreamy, Germanic sweetness of her face. And this delightful picture was framed in a border of dancing light and shadow, chrysanthemums, drawf roses, and delectable, inspiring cleanliness and order.

The colonel had attained a certain age. He had often seen his sisters in the matutinal hours display themselves in, well, perhaps picturesque disarray one might call it, if one were disposed to be lenient. The colonel wished to commit himself not swiftly. He desired his future wife to be his most dainty, his most beautiful, plaything and idol. There was, perhaps a dash of Bagdad and the Far East in the make-up of Colonel Bell. He would call on Miss Ernestine very early tomorrow morning; and then, perhaps—if—

"Is it eight o'clock yet?" yawned Ernestine, turning over in bed and presenting a white rampart of back to her sister's sleepy face.

"Yes," came the muffled answer.

Ernestine rose, yawned again, pressed her hands to her frowzy head and stretched herself luxuriously, blinking hard to open her eyes. She sent out one small foot to feel about on the floor for the badly down-trodden slippers that lay hidden under the pile of ruffled bed-clothes that had slipped to the floor during the night.

Ernestine groaned audibly, the room was so intolerably, deplorably untidy.

"Oh dear!" sighed Ernestine crossly, then stopped suddenly as a rather sick looking wrapper came down over her head and shut off utterance. "Do get up, Anne, everything is in such a nasty mess."

She kicked a roll of soiled towels into a corner, and threw a bunch of withered roses into the brimming slop basin. When the shutters were flung open she stepped for a moment before the mirror. In it she saw a most dowdy little figure. She nearly laughed out loud. Her beautiful hair was tumbled about her shoulders and standing absurdly at sixes and sevens. Traces of yesterday morning's chocolate adorned her wrapper front.

"I certainly am a little—fright!" she laughed.

She thought languidly of the transformation that would take place when she donned the fresh pink wrapper now lying across the back of a chair in the next room, and of the effect of a knot of young blush rosebuds at the belt.

The beat of footsteps sounded in the hall. The girls stopped short, and their eyes met. They came upsettingly near, then ceased. The sisters still stood transfixed, looking at each other.

An inquiring, long, brown nose was softly protruded within the crack of the door.

"Lodusky!" screamed Ernestine Tebbs, running to him and beginning to pat his head vigorously.

"Colonel Bell!" ejaculated her sister.

Ernestine had long since raised quick costuming to the level of a science.

Very shortly she emerged distractingly

pretty, captivating, immaculate as the morning, and in time to gather a few blossoms for her throat as she tripped down the gravel walk to meet the unregenerate colonel. She was as fresh and sweet as one of her own favorite blush roses that bloomed at her feet, as she faced the colonel in that most delectable of pink morning wrappers. She looked up at him, archly, coyly, from out the shadow of her great garden hat.

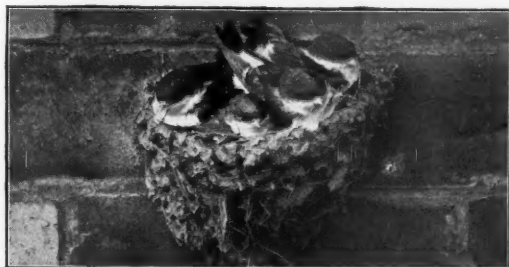
"Good morning," he said abruptly. "Miss Ernestine, pray pardon such an early morning call, but—"

She put out her soft, white hand quickly and laid it on his, pressing it gently.

"Dear colonel," she said, "I find the early, early morning the most beautiful part of the day. Why apologize?"

She let her hand drop. His own still tingled, he felt her little fingertips resting in his palm. The colonel's face was overspread with a not conventional beatitude, for had she not stood the supreme test, and come out with not only flying, but scrupulously clean, colors. He twined his arm about her, drawing her into the shadow of a tree near by, and whispered a few hurried words in her ear. Lodusky lay on the gravel and stared at them with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

It was very quiet, not a leaf stirred in slumberous Greenton Valley.



NEW DAWNS OF KNOWLEDGE

By MICHAEL A. LANE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AUTHOR OF "THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION"

V.—THE EARTH

PHILOSOPHY consists of speculations about matters not susceptible of positive demonstration. Thus, men will speculate concerning the age of the earth, the shape of molecules, the possibilities of life in other worlds than this, and other possibilities and probabilities of existence quite interesting to those in whom the struggle for wealth has not dulled or destroyed that large and natural curiosity that is born with all normal persons.

The scientific man is a man in whom this large curiosity has been cultivated to an extraordinary degree. He may not be curious about the personal history of his neighbors, or about their domestic relations, but he may be quite intent upon finding out the conduct of nerve cells or the time required for the laying down of chalk deposits on the floor of an ancient sea. However large scientific curiosity may be, it is none the less curiosity; and curiosity, too, without the slightest trace of utility or practicability. Use may be found for knowledge when knowledge has been acquired; but this is only a secondary purpose of scientific investigation. The primary purpose is always the acquisition itself.

For example, geologists, with much gravity, discuss the age of strata, astronomers calculate the motions of remote stars, astrophysicists labor to determine the constituents of stars, chemists speculate on the ultimate nature of matter, and physicists on the nature of gravitation. But if you ask them why they devote themselves in such a whole hearted manner to researches of this kind, their answer will not commend

itself to the views of the "practical man."

And yet the knowledge won by science becomes quite practicable when the curiosity of the practical man moves him now and then to ask some "childish question," such as the probability, for example, of a race of human beings on the planet Mars, or the probability that the city of New York may one day be destroyed by volcanic action.

LIMITATIONS OF LIFE

The earth is a great globe of solid matter almost wholly covered by a liquid envelope, and completely covered by a gaseous envelope many miles in thickness. Within these fluid envelopes, and limited by them, is that kind of matter we call living matter. Living matter cannot exist apart from the substances contained in the fluid envelope of the earth, nor can it exist even within these envelopes when the temperature of the matter of which the envelopes consist is raised or lowered beyond definitely determined degrees. The physical sphere of life upon the earth is therefore seen to be very small, as compared with the volume of the earth itself; whereas the sphere of human life is quite insignificant when compared with the sphere of life at large.

From all this it may be gathered that if human beings, or animals like them, exist in some other planet, the physical and chemical conditions of that other planet must be just like those we find upon this earth.

In the discussion of this very interesting matter, physics and chemistry have the most important dialogic parts. Let

us say, for example, that if free hydrogen were necessary for the existence of living creatures, we would know that there could be no life upon the earth. The question of gravitation is paramount here. Free hydrogen cannot remain upon the earth's surface. When hydrogen is freed it flies off into space. The power of gravitation does not attract hydrogen to the center of the earth. That is to say, the attractive power of the earth is not great enough to hold hydrogen (in a free state) to the surface of the earth, as atmospheric air is held to the surface of the earth. Hydrogen flies off into space. So it is seen that the mass of a planet may have everything to do with the possibility of its supporting life.

WHY MARS HAS NO LIFE

There is yet another aspect of habitude—the degree of heat present in the liquid and aeriform envelopes of a planet. The vital changes of which life consists, namely, metabolism, requires certain definite limitations of temperature. Metabolism ceases when the temperature rises above or falls below certain definitely established limitations. The mechanism of living matter is destroyed in comparatively high temperatures, and the quantity of heat required for metabolism cannot be conserved by the organism in comparatively low temperatures.

If, now, these two simple tests of gravitation and temperature be applied to the habitability of the planet Mars, for example, it will be seen that it is futile to discuss the kind of life that may exist upon Mars, for the reason that the physical conditions necessary for the existence of life are not present in that very interesting planetary neighbor that revolves around our sun between the orbits of Jupiter and the earth. It has been calculated that the temperature of Mars is too low to support metabolic change. In

other words, Mars is too cold for life to exist upon it.

But even were this objection surmounted, the small mass of Mars would still stand in the way. It has been calculated that the mass of Mars is not great enough to exert an attractive power capable of holding the vapor of water to the surface of the planet. The vapor of water would fly off into space from Mars, as free hydrogen flies off into space from the earth. If this be true, there is no life on Mars.

The other planets of the solar system are not seriously to be considered in this respect. If Jupiter is not yet cool; if Venus looks with but one face to the sun; if Saturn is a molten mass; if Mercury's temperature is above the boiling point, why imagine, then, that life of any kind can exist on these planets?

It is idle to speculate upon a kind of life other than that with which we are familiar. Such speculations can be indulged in, but they are quite as fanciful as the tales of a Munchausen. We can fancy a figure with a skin of iron, muscles of steel, a copper brain and copper nerves, hair of asbestos fibers, bones made from limestone, and eyes made of crystalline carbon. We can fancy such a figure in the act of eating clay and assimilating it, but the entire conception is a monstrous folly. Life is a very different kind of category, and our definition of life excludes all such monstrous conceptions.

OUTSIDE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM?

But what of planets other than those found in our own solar system? It is reasonable to believe that other suns have other satellites, and that among these there may be a planet somewhat similar to our own earth and quite capable of supporting life. This is a rational assumption, and probably true. Life may exist somewhere abroad in the universe. And yet, even admitting

that this very interesting conclusion is true, the interest is made quite remote by the consideration that life apart from our earth cannot have taken the forms which have been assumed by living matter produced by the earth itself. It is surely known that no other world has forms of life like those of this earth. Living creatures like man do not exist elsewhere. To suppose that species of animals like those of our earth exist in other worlds would be to assume that all the physical and chemical changes of the two worlds were precisely the same. It would mean that the other world had passed through the very "concourse of atoms" ("fortuitous" or otherwise) through which this earth has passed; that the two worlds were precisely similar in age, shape, chemistry, physics, distance from their suns, and what not of the infinite number of large and minute operations that have produced upon this earth the forms of life we see. All this, of course, is quite impossible. So that it is seen that the "infinite variety" of nature is no mere figure of speech, but a sober and literal fact.

HOW OLD IS EARTH LIFE?

Speculation upon matters such as this is very quickly dispensed with. Nobody can construct from rational conceptions a living world unlike our own and have the slightest assurance that his imagination is not playing him false. Our own planet, therefore, has claimed the almost exclusive attention of scientific men who speculate upon the age of worlds; and the speculations thus indulged in are necessarily quite limited in their range. There is no way of finding out how old the earth may be, for the reason that even were the age of geological strata determined, this knowledge would only inform us of the age of the earth during its strata-forming stage. It would give no key to the age of the earth calculated backward from the strata-forming state.

A considerable gain would be made, however, were it found possible to determine the time required to lay down fossil-bearing rocks, or the time during which this great globe of ours has been in a state to support life. The problem is one of scientific interest only, and it is one that is causing no end of speculation among astronomers, geologists, zoologists and physicists. The calculations of these various sciences are checked against one another, and some rather interesting results are to be noted.

Fortunately the problem is narrowed down to measurable limits by a consideration of the temperature necessary for the phenomena of life. Plants cannot respire (that is, take in oxygen and give off carbon dioxide) at 0° Centigrade, or very much above 50° Centigrade. Water freezes in the first temperature and boils at 100° Centigrade. So that if the temperature of the earth's atmosphere, or of its water, be not considerably above freezing and considerably below 50° Centigrade, plant life cannot exist. The temperatural requirements for plant life are therefore seen to be quite delicate. Plant life is here the principal consideration, for the reason that animals cannot make their own protoplasm but depend upon the plants for their nourishment. This, either directly or indirectly. Carnivorous animals depend for their proteids upon animals that depend for their own proteids upon plants. Animals must have proteids; either proteids manufactured in the bodies of other animals, or proteids manufactured in the bodies of plants. Thus a temperature that would be fatal to plants would be fatal to animals by indirection; and all life would vanish in a very short time.

Is there a method of determining how long the earth has existed between these nice extremes of temperature which make life of any kind possible? The answer is that there are several methods

quite distinct from one another and all of which seem to converge toward the same general results. Geologists, however, are disposed to extend this life stage of the earth much farther back than do the astronomers and physicists. The conclusions of eminent geologists, based upon the time required for the laying down of fossil-bearing strata, seem to indicate that the life age of the earth must be somewhere between 100 millions and 600 millions of years.

These conclusions are far from satisfactory owing to their extreme indefiniteness. The range is so very great as almost to deprive the problem of real interest. But fortunately astronomers and physicists have reached comparatively definite conclusions, and have vastly reduced the tremendous stretches of time which geologists seem to consider needful. Then, too, some notable weaknesses in the reckonings of geologists have been recently pointed out, and thus the solution of the problem has been shifted from its obviously appropriate science.

Looking at the earth broadly, the physicist notes that this globe has been losing heat. Volcanic action is comparatively insignificant at present. This is proved by the large number of extinct volcanoes. Again, it is well known that the temperature of the earth increases regularly from without inward, which proves that heat is given off into space. In other words, the earth is growing colder. Now, physicists have calculated how much heat is given off yearly, and they are thus enabled to state, in terms of years, the length of time required for the earth to have given off a quantity of heat which, had it been retained, would have made the earth insupportable for life. The calculation shows that this time is considerably less than 100 million years.

Another method of calculating the life-supporting age of the earth involves the

radiation of its own heat by the sun. The earliest inhabitants of the earth, it is claimed, must have had sunlight. How long has the sun been shining as at present? Physicists reply: Not more than 500 millions of years; probably less than 100 million years.

There is yet another method. Tidal action is constantly checking the velocity of the earth's rotation. The sun and the moon, by their attraction upon the earth's water, hold back the rotary motion of the earth. The result is that the day is growing longer. The earth-tides on the moon have, as we plainly see, increased the length of the moon's period of rotation until it is now twenty-eight days. The axial and orbital periods of the moon are coincident. That is, it turns once about its axis in the same length of time that it completes a revolution about the earth.

But the moon is doing for the earth what the earth has already done for the moon. Today is twenty-two seconds longer than was this day a century ago. Every succeeding day is a little longer than the day before. The earth is losing time. If today is twenty-four hours long, this day one year hence will be one-fifth of a second longer. This is a small quantity, it is true, but it is calculable; and it is useful in determining the life-supporting age of the earth.

EARTH'S INTERIOR NOT MOLTEN

It is now admitted by physicists that the earth is not a molten mass interiorly. It has been established by Lord Kelvin (and by the younger Darwin, I believe) that the earth is perfectly solid to its very center. The calculations used in demonstrating this fact are the refinement of fine mathematics, but they are sufficiently understood by physicists generally to have caused a complete surrender of the old "molten interior" theory. The earth, therefore, is rigid. Now, if this be true, the earth must have

solidified at a time when its rotary movement had modeled it into its present oblate spheroidal shape; so that we can say that the polar axis has not become shorter, or the equatorial axis longer, since that time. At that critical time the day was not much shorter than it is now, and physicists, in fixing that important crisis, do not go as far back as 100 million years. But life could not have existed upon the earth previously to the solidification of the earth because of the high temperature of the earth. Indeed, life could not have existed for a very long time subsequently to the solidification. It is thus seen how physicists by several methods, each of them distinct and each of them based upon facts of an order entirely different from that of the other, have reduced the estimates of geologists. Lord Kelvin's recently expressed estimate of the length of time during which life can have possibly existed upon the earth fixes that time at about 20,000,000 years.

It must be noted, however, that this conclusion is only a negative one. It does not mean that life has actually existed for that length of time. It may be quite true that it was possible for life to have existed on this planet 20,000,000 years ago; but life may have originated at a much later date. On the other hand, if the simplest form of life we know, that is, the simplest form of cell, was itself the product of a long evolution, it is perfectly rational to assume that the cell itself has a long line of ancestry behind it, all of the forms of which have of course disappeared to be irrevocably and forever lost. When it is said that the ancestor of man was a cell, and that the ancestors of all other forms of life were cells, it is not meant that all forms of life are the descendents of one and the same cell. Races of cells and races of the ancestors of cells must have been formed simultaneously. The cellular ancestors of man and of the

amoeba were coeval—that is, if we assume that amoeba and man are not descended from the same stock of cell.

As to the length of time during which life has actually existed on the earth there are no means of positively telling. Although physicists have lately come into the discussion with powerful and convincing arguments in the establishment of negative conclusions, geologists were the ones to broach the question and to disprove the popular belief that the earth was created in a few hours. The estimates of geologists, especially the earlier ones, were as wide of the mark in one direction as was the popular and theological belief in the other direction. It is almost as certain that life was not produced 600,000,000 years ago as it is that it was not produced 6,000 years ago. Some of the earlier and most distinguished geologists were firm believers of the creation hypothesis and accepted what has been called the "catastrophic theory" to account for fossil-bearing strata. But no geologist now conceives that the earth is as young as 6,000 years, and very few cultured Jews or Christians attach more than an allegorical importance to the figures in Genesis.

Zoology and physics, however, are a very long way from knowing precisely the length of time required for the evolution of living forms as we see them. Environment has everything to do with the slowness or rapidity with which life forms change, and environment is a matter of very great delicacy. Although it is positively known that the pedigree of the horse goes back in an unbroken line to a geological ancestor about the size of a fox, with a number of distinct phalanges instead of only one, as in the case of the horse of today, nobody has the slightest notion of the length of time actually consumed in the evolution of the equine race. We can imagine a very rapid evolution of forms being set up by a very

slight change in the environment, and it has been recently suggested that the development of man from pithecoïd was due to the advance of the glacial climate toward the equator.

It is more than doubtful that men will ever know precisely how long the earth has been inhabited or that they will ever know the age of the earth itself.



SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PET DOGS

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BY ROYAL WARRANT PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA



QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND AND HER FAMOUS BARZOI HOUND, GIVEN HER
BY THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA



HER MAJESTY PLAYING WITH HER SIBERIAN DOG AND HER CHINESE SPANIELS



THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTERS IN THE GARDEN AT SANDRINGHAM



MISS HELEN KELLER,
Copyright by Whitman Studio, Chelsea, Mass.

HELEN ADAMS KELLER, A. B.

THE MOST WONDERFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD SHOWS HOW
DETERMINATION CAN OVERCOME OBSTACLES

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

IT is Commencement Day at Radcliffe College. Sanders Theater is already crowded to the doors, but still capped and gowned girl graduates of a few years standing are bustling cheerily about trying to seat the throngs which continue to come. "There is no more room," they are soon obliged to say to the people surging in. But to the eager public it matters not that chairs are exhausted. For something the like of

which has never happened before in the history of the world is to happen here today; hundreds are glad to stand, if only they may be within the sound of President Briggs' voice when he bestows upon deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller the degree of bachelor of arts cum laude.

High up in the balcony sounds a fanfare of trumpets, and now the dignified Harvard faculty enters, slowly escorting

the lady members of Radcliffe's governing board. Then comes the long line of seniors, stately and reverend. Fresh and attractive girl graduates these in somber black gowns over crisp white duck dresses, and very charming certainly do their sweet young faces look under the severe mortarboards. But upon one girl only in that long capped and gowned line is the public eye fixed. That girl is Helen Keller, whom the crowd soon discerns walking alertly forward with a happy smile upon her delicate face. At her side on this occasion, as on every other important one, is her faithful friend, Miss Annie Sullivan. She wears a frock of soft black stuff and a hat instead of an academic cap. Some colleges would have recognized, by the bestowal of an honorary degree at least, such devotion to scholarly aims as Miss Sullivan has for four years been showing in the shadows of Fay House. But not Radcliffe. The Harvard tradition is against sentimentality in the matter of degrees. And Radcliffe must be governed in these matters, of course, by the older college.

HER ENJOYMENT OF IT

Soon all the girls are seated, a prayer is offered and the Commencement program proceeds. But many there are who listen with only half an ear to what is being said on the platform, for from their seats in the balcony they can see Miss Sullivan interpreting the addresses to her radiant companion. And nothing that they have ever witnessed interests them so much as the waves of delight which sweep across that sweet, sightless face as something of wit or wisdom penetrates by means of the sign manual to the acute mind behind the barriers of arrested senses. Just now, as they watch, these interested observers see that face fairly glow with animation. The president is speaking of the marvel that has been accomplished at Radcliffe during the past four years, "a thing that

seems like the veritable fulfillment of that prophecy in Isaiah, 'Then the eye of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.'"

The time has come for the conferring of degrees, and amid a thunder of applause Helen Keller, with Miss Sullivan, mounts the platform to get hers. Miss Sullivan takes the precious parchment first and pressing it gently into Helen's hand confides to the warm grasp of her who has so nobly earned it a degree "equal to the degree of bachelor of arts in Harvard University." I was looking full into the blind girl's mobile face as her sensitive fingers first touched the sheepskin, and I shall never forget the utter happiness there reflected. That moment, as I well understood, crowned Helen Keller's life.

BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB FROM INFANCY

It was with amazement amounting almost to incredulity that the newspaper reading public first learned, some six years ago, of Helen Keller's determination to enter college. She had long been, of course, the most wonderful girl in America, not to say the world. Blind and deaf and dumb from infancy (and hence with only the senses of smell, taste and touch to help her to knowledge) she had been, up to the age of seven, absolutely without means of communication with her fellows. Then, however, a course of private instruction was begun, and this continued until 1897, at which time she announced that it was her greatest ambition and her firm intention to go to college. She was then but ten years old intellectually. Yet she succeeded in preparing herself for the very difficult Harvard entrance examinations and in June, 1899, went through the preliminaries with entire success, aided only by Mr. Arthur Gilman, who read the papers to her in the sign manual.

Naturally there were great difficulties to be overcome in these entrance examinations, difficulties more stupendous—

Helen Keller's handicaps being just what they are—than have been encountered even in work for the academic degree. Long after Mr. Gilman had been able to see his way to supplying most of the necessary instruction, he could not hit upon a plan for teaching Miss Keller experimental physics. And this is one of the entrance requirements at Radcliffe. Then it suddenly occurred to him that by substituting for this subject its alternative, text book physics and astronomy, the necessary preparation might after all be accomplished.

IN THE LABORATORY

That his pupil could be taught the principles of physics without any great difficulty, the following little incidents had made clear to him. In reading, she ran across a reference to mercury. Of course she did not understand the allusion, and so was taken to the laboratory to "have a look at mercury for the first time." She took some in her hand and soon comprehended that the stuff had been well named quicksilver. When some was spilled on the floor and she tried to pick it up she found that it was extremely elusive. Then she weighed a bottleful—with almost absolutely accurate results. As for astronomy, when provided with a planetarium upon which she could feel the position of the heavenly bodies, all went well enough.

With mathematics, to be sure—geometry and algebra are both required entrance subjects at Radcliffe—she had great difficulties, because she is by no means clever in these branches. But history, English, Latin, French, Greek were all mastered by dint of hard work, so that what had seemed absolutely impossible really proved not to be. Her translations have always been done into beautiful English, giving a clear and accurate picture of any scene described. In ancient history, she could easily write booksful, and she had to be stopped in her dissertations upon Pericles and

Cicero. So all in all she was pretty well prepared for the preliminaries. The final examinations, taken in June, 1900, would have been her Waterloo, had such a thing been foreordained as part of her experience. Yet through these, too, she came with flying colors.

TESTS WERE SEVERE

The natural method of communicating the questions to her on this second trying examination occasion, would have been to make use of the fingers of her old time teacher and interpreter, Miss Sullivan. And inasmuch as Miss Sullivan did not know Greek or Latin or the higher mathematics in which Helen was now to be examined, she could not have given her charge the slightest assistance in answering the questions, even if she had been so disposed. But it was deemed best by all concerned to avoid even the remotest suggestion or possibility of assistance on this occasion. For these tests, as for those which must come when she should be in college, it was decided to have Helen work entirely by herself.

Accordingly a gentleman was found—Mr. Vining of the Perkins Institution,—who had never met Helen Keller and who was quite unknown to her and unable to speak to her; it was arranged that he should take the examination papers as fast as they were presented and write them for her in Braille characters, the system of punctured points now much used by the blind. The questions thus transcribed by him were put into Helen's hands in the examination room, in the presence of a proctor who could not communicate with her; she wrote out her answers on the typewriter.

AN EXTRA HANDICAP

Just here, however, came one of the trying additional points of this brave girl's handicap. There are two systems of Braille writing, the English and the American. And between these two

there are just such marked differences as there are between the two principal systems of shorthand writing. Helen Keller had been accustomed to the English system in which nearly all the books which have been put into Braille are printed, and Mr. Vining wrote her papers in American Braille! Thus the anxious girl had not only to answer the questions in the time allowed, but she had as well to puzzle them out in an unfamiliar method of writing, much as a writer of the Pitman stenography might, by using his sense of logic and general intelligence, read the Graham shorthand. To add to the difficulties of this last entrance examination, Helen's Swiss watch made for the blind, had been forgotten at home. So on neither of those two days of her "finals" was she able to tell how much time might be left to her before the papers should be collected. But she passed the examination triumphantly in every study—in advanced Latin "with credit," and in advanced Greek "with honor." More than that, she anticipated freshman English.

HER VIEW OF COLLEGE LIFE

Now at last she was in college, living the life and doing the work to which she had so long been eagerly looking forward. Just how it all struck her she has herself told us in one of her themes published in the *Radcliffe Magazine*, March, 1901:

"There are disadvantages, I find, in going to college. The one I feel most is lack of time. I used to have time to think, to reflect, my mind and I. We would sit together of an evening and listen to the inner melodies of the spirit which one hears only in leisure moments, when the words of some loved poet touch a deep, sweet chord in the soul that had been silent until then. But in college there is no time to commune with one's thoughts. One goes to college to learn, not to think, it seems.

"When one enters the portals of learning, one leaves the dearest pleasures—solitude, books, imagination—outside



73 DANA STREET, CAMBRIDGE, WHERE HELEN KELLER LIVED WHILE IN COLLEGE

with the whistling pines and the sunlit, odorous woods. I suppose I ought to find some comfort in the thought that I am laying up treasures for future enjoyment, but I am improvident enough to prefer present joy to hoarding riches against a rainy day.

"It is impossible, I think, to read four or five different books in different languages and treating of widely different subjects, in one day and not lose sight of the very end for which one reads, mental stimulus and enrichment. When one reads hurriedly and promiscuously, one's mind becomes incumbered with a lot of choice bricabrac for which there is very little use. Just now my mind is so full of heterogeneous matter that I almost despair of ever being able to put it in order. Whenever I enter the region that was the kingdom of my mind, I feel like the proverbial bull in the china closet. A thousand odds and ends of knowledge come crashing about my head like hailstones; and when I try to escape them, theme-goblins and college-nixies of all sorts pursue me until I wish—oh, may I be forgiven the wicked wish,—that I might smash the idols I came to worship."

SHE EXCELLED IN ENGLISH

That the "theme-goblins" were not able really to terrify her, however, may be seen by the fact that in the middle of the term that freshman year at Radcliffe, Miss Keller was promoted from what is known as English 22 class to the English 12 class. This promotion is

never made save on the recommendation of the man in charge of the course, and on account of extraordinary progress. Above the forty students who, with Miss Keller, were doing the daily theme work English 22 calls for, her productions alone stood out so preeminent as to permit proceeding to the small and select course for girls who have shown decided ability in writing. A good deal of the work in Miss Keller's autobiography was accepted in manuscript as counting toward this higher composition course.

Of the subjects offered by Radcliffe some, of course, were absolutely impossible for any blind person, and still others were shut out from one both deaf and blind. What she has done, however, were regular Harvard courses in French, German, English composition, Latin, government economics, history and English literature, including two courses in Shakespeare, one on Elizabethan literature, one in the English Bible and one in prose writers and poets of England during the nineteenth century. Still another course was that in the history of philosophy which produced the essay on "Optimism" published by Miss Keller last Winter.

HOW SHE TOOK LECTURES

In every college a large part of the work is done by means of attendance at lectures, where, as the instructor talks, one takes down in one's notebook wisdom which one later adds to one's own mental furniture. Naturally Miss Sullivan had to be the ears of Miss Keller at lectures. As fast as the instructor talked her nimble fingers would spell into Helen's hand the utterances from the platform. But there could be no taking of notes in class. Only the memory was available for this student. Each day after lectures Miss Keller wrote out on her Braille machine all that she could recollect of what had been said. In translation courses, or in such a course as that in Shakespeare, Miss Keller

would follow with one hand the text on the big book in front of her while with the other she would learn from Miss Sullivan the instructor's comments. One very great need was of books in the language of the blind. Many of these were made especially for her use, but by no means all the volumes on advanced subjects such as she has been studying in college are available in Braille. Such books, too, are very expensive. But for the generosity of William Wade, who gives to the deaf-blind a large part of his time and his fortune, Helen would often have been sadly in need of the books her classmates had as a matter of course. For one subject alone—English literature of the nineteenth century—Mr. Wade provided this past year books which fill a large case and which it took a number of people many months to transcribe. Yet always by dint of hard, heroic work on the part of everybody concerned the necessary labor was accomplished.

AN ADVOCATE OF THE BLIND

With such appalling tasks to perform, it would not have been remarkable had Helen Keller utterly neglected outside interests during the past four years. But this she has never done. Whenever the cause of the adult blind has been up for discussion, she has gone to the legislature to make a speech, and last Winter, at a meeting of the association to promote agencies helpful to this afflicted class, she delivered in Perkins Hall, Boston, a very remarkable address, part of which was spoken. Not only because of the appealing figure she then made standing by Miss Sullivan's side in a dainty crepe gown, and enunciating with evident laboriousness the words she had so hardly learned to speak, but also because of the keen mind reflected in the paper she had prepared, was the affair a notable one. She argued eloquently on this occasion for an organized method by which the adult blind may be appren-

ticed to trades and helped to places after they have learned a way of support. "Once the people learn what should be done in this matter," she asserted in a burst of that high optimism that makes all who know her love her, "we need not fear that those whose authority is law, and those whose authority is charity, will neglect the sacred duty to raise the adult blind from dependency to self respecting

of the columns that have been written of her, the fact remains that she has not in all her student life granted more than half a dozen interviews. I was so fortunate as to have one of these. Very enthusiastically Miss Keller talked to me about Radcliffe, about her joy in study and about her hopes of future usefulness. She speaks in a pleasant, well modulated voice, which, after a few mo-



PARLOR OF FAY HOUSE, RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WHERE HELEN KELLER TOOK HER B. A. EXAMINATIONS

citizenship. Therefore I have faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause."

MISS CRAWFORD'S INTERVIEW

With such a gracious pleader as this at their service, it is small wonder that blind people the world over turn to Helen Keller for sympathy, encouragement and help. Her correspondence is simply enormous. It goes almost without saying, all this being true, that Helen Keller has not been able, during her course, to receive journalists. In spite

ments, one is able quite easily to understand. She "hears" by placing the fingers on the lips, face and throat of the person speaking to her, putting the forefinger on the lips, the second finger on a little muscle adjacent to one of the nostrils, the third finger on the hollow part of the cheek and the thumb under the chin close against the throat. She gets the labials through the forefinger, the nasal tones through the first finger, the gutturals through the thumb and the other elements of a word through a

combination of all the fingers. When she listens her hand seems to be carelessly spread out over the face of the person who is talking to her.

A FAVORITE SOCIALLY

To Helen Keller, as to other college girls, the companionships and the social intercourse of college life meant much. Many charming incidents punctuated her undergraduate career. One of the prettiest of these was the way in which she acquired the dog Sir Thomas, whose custom it has been to escort his mistress to lectures and wait for her in the hall of Fay House until she should be ready to go back home. Sir Thomas' was a case of love at first sight. About two years ago Helen with Miss Sullivan and a group of her Radcliffe friends went to visit some kennels at Newton. There they were shown a number of high bred dogs, all of whom made friends easily with the callers. After a while, however, the owner of the kennels announced that he would now let out a dog different from all the others.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "is gentle and affectionate in a way and perfectly harmless, but he won't approach you as the others have done. He never 'takes' to anyone."

HOW "SIR THOMAS" ADOPTED HER

Thereupon he opened the door and an extra large and very handsome specimen of his kind came bounding out. For only a moment he hesitated. Then without further delay he walked up to Miss Keller and laid his head upon her knee. After he had stood motionless for some minutes, looking up into her large, sightless eyes as she stroked his head and talked to him, his master spoke. The dog however, paid no attention. Repeatedly the man called him by name and invited him to come for a romp. But still the dog stood fondly by Helen Keller. Even a piece of dog bread did not tempt him. His master was at last

obliged to take him by the collar, put his arm about his neck and lead him away.

The Radcliffe girls, who had seen this and had observed also the deep impression Sir Thomas had made on Miss Keller—she is very fond of dogs, and her own cocker spaniel, given her by Miss Sullivan had just died—resolved to purchase the animal if possible and present him to their classmate. A circular letter was sent to all the girls of 1904, and a good sum, which was still, however, not quite large enough, was secured. The dog was two years old, finely marked and bred, thoroughly registered and house-broken. His master had already refused \$125 for him. But when the college girls stated their case he reduced his price to \$100 and Sir Thomas was promptly presented to Helen Keller with the warm love of her entire class.

VICE PRESIDENT OF HER CLASS

Immediately after entering Radcliffe, Helen was elected vice president of her class, and in this last, her senior year, the same honor was once more bestowed upon her. She had long been a graceful dancer, and no student apparently has enjoyed more the many little informal dancing affairs at the college. A number of her classmates soon learned to talk with her in the manual language and through their aid she was able to participate too in the excitements and pleasures of inter-class basket ball contests. Yet her chief joy all through the undergraduate years—during which she and Miss Sullivan lived together quietly in their little flat on Dana street, Cambridge,—was in her work. Very well did she know that only by the most arduous toil could she successfully pass the examinations that came every five months in Fay House parlor, each of them three hours long, with only as much extra time allowed to her as it would take to put the first paper into Braille.

In a very real sense, therefore, that

degree was the end of all. To this girl college meant emancipation, and of that emancipation the degree was the crown. Now she is looking forward to a life of helpfulness. Something of the radiance of her hope and the joy she anticipates in service can be gleaned from these paragraphs of a speech made by her not long ago before the Radcliffe alumnae:

"College has breathed new life into my mind and given me new views of things, a perception of new truths and new aspects of the old ones. I grow stronger in my conviction that there is nothing good or right which we cannot accomplish if we have the will to strive. The doors are flung open before me and a light shines upon me—the light kindled by the thought that there is something for me to do beyond the threshold.

"And indeed for all earnest college graduates there is a great work in the world—work that can be done in sweet, unaggressive ways. There are harsh customs to be made sweet with love; hearts in which a kind, tolerant, brotherly love must be awakened; time hallowed prejudices that must be overthrown.

"One evil that must be checked is the ignorance of the learned, who have never learned the simple, honest language of the heart, which is the most vital of all languages and is more satisfying than all the Greek and Latin ever written.

"I have groped my way through college, reaching out on the dark pathway for wisdom, for friendship and for work. I have found much work, abundant friendship and a little wisdom; and I ask for no other blessedness."

WHAT SHE HOPES TO DO

Miss Keller is now living with Miss

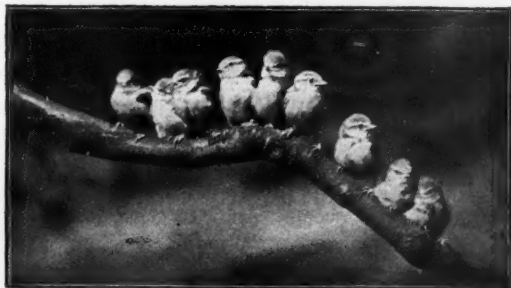


MISS HELEN KELLER'S HOME IN WRENTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Here, in a house recently purchased for her occupancy with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, Miss Keller took up her residence immediately after being graduated from Radcliffe college.

Sullivan in "Arden," the pleasant home at Wrentham, Massachusetts, where several of their Summers have already been passed. The house here is a large, roomy, old fashioned one, with broad lawns, a barn and an orchard. It has been purchased as the permanent abiding place of the two friends and has recently undergone extensive repairs in preparation for them.

While Miss Keller has not yet definitely settled what branch of work she will undertake, it is altogether probable that she will write a good deal, and barely possible that she will edit a periodical of high class for the blind. That it has long been her ardent desire to see the blind of America provided with a magazine of high quality and varied interest, like the best of periodicals published for those who see, she has frequently asserted.





The Blue Angel

By MARGARET SHIPP

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

PATTY was returning from dancing school. On her right was a sturdy, freckled faced lad, on her left, a handsome boy in immaculate white. The tail of Dod's eye kept wandering from his rival's white suede vamps to his own stubbed toes au naturel. Hugh's uneasy glance rested upon Dod's comfortable cap, and he wondered if the broad brimmed hat, upon which his mother insisted, made him look like a "Miss Nancy." Patty, happily ignoring any cloud in the atmosphere, chatted unceasingly, so full of the joy of life that every little while her feet twinkled into a light dance step.

Gardiner, stretched out on the other side of the box hedge, watched the trio as they approached.

"Patty's eyes are blue as gentians," he thought, "and she's forever laughing. It's fortunate there are no more quiet, hazel eyed girls in that family.

"Oh, didn't we have the best time!" Patty was saying. "Isn't it fun to cake-walk? Let's try it here, Hugh, on this nice flat place."

Himself unseen, Gardiner enjoyed the pretty picture that Patty made,—advancing, retreating, unfurling and closing her tiny blue fan, taking her steps daintily, poising as lightly as a butterfly.

Hugh danced in evident ecstasy, pausing at last to exclaim:

"O Patty! Mother wants you to come and spend the day with me tomorrow."

"What fun!" said Patty, dimpling. Then she caught sight of Dod's wistful face. The grandmother with whom he lived could hardly be expected to think of all the little pleasures that suggest themselves to a mother.

"I 'most know mamma will let me. You run ask her, Hugh, won't you, please? Then you'd better run home to let your mother know I can come. Goodbye. I'll be there early!"

Hugh, altogether delighted and altogether unaware that he had been dismissed, ran toward the house.

"I wish I was a boy, so I could go barefooted," Patty nodded positively. "I would wade in the branch, and wiggle my toes in the nice warm sand, and I wouldn't even look at a stocking till the weather got icy! And I'd try to be brave like you, Dod, and never mind when I stumped my toes. It would take a long time to learn, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, no, you'd get uster it in a little while," responded Dod, restored to self esteem.

"What made Mr. Regnier scold you and Charlie Horton?" asked Patty.

"Caught us fighting."

"Oh Dod!" Patty's inflection was admiring and reproachful. "Dod, did you really fight Charlie? He's a heap bigger than you."

Now if Patty had inquired into the cause of the fight, Dod's inborn stubbornness would have made him obsti-



"PATTY WAS RETURNING FROM DANCING SCHOOL"

nately silent. As it was, he was drawn into further speech.

"Don't care if he is bigger. I knocked him flat and I was sittin' on him punchin' him good when that old dancin' teacher came out and called us 'young rufyans.'"

"Did he hit you first, Dod?"

"No, he didn't. He—called you 'the blue angel,'" Dod burst out; "he said all the boys in dancin' school called you the blue angel, and I knocked him down for it."

"Why, Dod!" the ejaculation was all reproach this time. "I like for people to say nice things about you."

She glanced at his polka-dot blouse while she tried to think of the masculine synonym for angel.

"If Charlie had called you a red spotted seraphim, I shouldn't have knocked him down."

"You couldn't," grinned Dod.

"And why should you fight Charlie, if everyone of them called me—that?"

Dod caught the note of pleasure. He flamed into anger.

"I'll fight everyone I hear do it. You oughtn't to let 'em."

"How can I help it, Dod? Mamma doesn't like for little girls to wear anything but white or blue, and if I begged hard and she let me have a pink dress, they might call me 'the pink angel,' and you wouldn't like that any better, would you, Dod?"

There was an ingenuous quality about this question that appealed to Gardiner as familiar. Patty's grown-up sister was wont to use what might be classified as a grown-up edition of this same argument.

Patty was laughing softly. The friendly blue eyes were appealing to Dod to stop sulking. Dod, cross, jealous, determined not to be appeased, was an ugly, contrasting picture.

"Heavens! I wonder if I looked like that this afternoon to—Hazeline?" pondered Gardiner. "I wish I hadn't been such an ass!"

"Here comes Carroll Hunter. Somebody's always hangin' 'round. Goodbye. I'm goin' home. I ain't never comin' back, either."

"Then I'll make my doll some new clothes. That po' child needs some dreadfully. Ellie Meade will spend the day with me, and we'll sew and have tea parties, and do all the things I like the best."

Patty was as serene and unruffled as Hazeline had been that afternoon, when Gardiner had made practically the same threat.

"I wish you would stop being in love

with me," she had said quietly. "It gives you so much annoyance that the condition can't be any pleasure to you—or to me."

"I hate playin' with girls!" exploded Dod as he moved off. When they make you mad, you can't lick 'em or sass 'em, just got to stand 'em!"

"I know how it is, old man," thought Gardiner, with fellow feeling.

"Patty was smiling a welcome at the new comer, who approached slowly on his crutches. He was a quiet little boy, and Patty, who was sometimes capricious with her other playfellows, was always her gentlest self to Carroll. Poor Carroll, whom fate had shut off from dancing and running! He had looked on so yearningly at a game of prisoner's base that morning, that Patty had stopped playing and had talked to him instead. She had even assured him that "it wasn't half as much fun as it looked,"—a kindly prevarication that her angel could not have had the heart to record against her, when her active little legs were fairly aching to get back into the game!

As the children chatted away, Gardiner's thoughts strayed from Patty to Hazeline.

Sisters are possessions that have obvious merits, but there is one distinct disadvantage. A brother is apt to plume himself upon his knowledge of woman's nature, though the truth is that Sir Joseph Porter, with "his sisters and his cousins whom he reckons by the dozens," is not apt to be any wiser than the son who is an only child. For woman's nature is a diamond of many facets; one man catches the reflection of every prismatic color, flashing and changing; another sees only a smooth surface, clear as a pool, and wonders where others find the mystery and the bewilderment.

Hazeline was a different type of woman from Gardiner's sisters or their friends, and he had measured her by their standards. Quite as sensibly he might have tried to gauge a dancing

stream by standard time, or heartbeats by a yardstick! He came back to his surroundings to hear Patty say:

"Last year I went there after goldenrod. I meant to get a great big bunch, and just as I got to the meadow, a little wind blew over the goldenrod, and it looked 'xactly like it was bowing to me. Every little yellow head bobbed down. You 'most thought they said, 'Howd' ye do, Patty?' And I didn't have the heart to pull any. I just bowed back, and came on home!"

The boy nodded appreciatively. Gardiner almost gasped aloud.

"How does she know? There isn't a boy around here who wouldn't have considered that arrant nonsense except this quiet, thoughtful chap. Is it instinct that makes Patty know he'll understand?"

"I've something for you," said Carroll. "I made it myself, and I hope you'll like it."

It was a willow whistle carefully fashioned, and Patty's initials were cut on it. She was enchanted, and blew until she was quite out of breath. The best part of the whistle was that her mother wouldn't groan over it as she did over Dod's offerings—a ground squirrel having followed hard on the heels of a pair of white mice.

"I'll have to go," said Carroll. "Mother gets worried if I stay out after the dew falls, because it makes my knee hurt. Are you going back to the house now?"

"Not right now. Come again soon, Carroll. She was busy tying her whistle to the blue ribbon that held her fan, but she had seen, what neither Carroll nor Gardiner had observed, that Dod was skulking on the outskirts of the laurel lane. It was evident that he wanted to "make up," but he couldn't if Patty were on the piazza with the grown people, so she sat still and waited for him. As he came nearer, half anxious, half ashamed, she broke into a merry, contagious laugh.

"Dod, you're xactly like the goat I had last year. Mother thought he liked me, because all the time I was at school, Bill would baa and seem so lonesome. But as soon as I would come home, he'd try his best to butt me. He missed me while I was gone, and he'd butt me when I came back! You want to play with me, when I ain't here, and when I am you fuss with me!"

The boy saw the parallel and grinned sheepishly.

"That hit me, too, dead shot!" thought the man.

"See if you can catch me, Dod!" In a moment the little white slippers were fairly flying over the grass, and Dod followed hard after.

Gardiner, quite shameless, rose from his hiding place and looked after them. Patty was fleetest, and had ten times the dexterity in dodging and doubling, but Dod had endurance and a dogged determination to catch her that argued well for ultimate victory.

Across the wide lawn went Gardiner in search of Hazeline. It was almost dusk, but he caught the gleam of a white skirt. Something long and dark was lying on the grass at her feet; as he came nearer the something slowly reared into the perpendicular, developed into a biped, and strolled away.

"How in the world did she get rid of Young?" speculated Gardiner. "She couldn't send him to ask her mother to let her spend the day with him, as Patty did."

But he felt thankful that she cared enough for his coming to dismiss the other man; and he realized, with a grateful humility that was new to him, that the shy, soft light in her eyes was reserved for him.

"I have come to eat humble pie,—the entire pastry."

"It is a homely dish," she murmured. "I have thought it little to your liking."

"I have been all sorts of a fool. I don't see how you have had such divine patience with me."



"I WONDER * * WHY YOU NEVER TOLD ME ALL THAT BEFORE"

Perhaps the girl saw reasons, for her eyes rested very gently on the clean cut, strong face.

"To begin at the beginning: When my work brought me South eighteen

months ago—well, there's no use to go into that, you know how it was with me from the very first moment I met you. I was head over ears in love with you before I discovered that everybody else

was too! One day Tom Despard and I were chatting of old days at Lehigh, and he said, 'You've gone back on your theories. Don't you remember how you used to declare you would never marry a belle?'

"I wouldn't," I answered.

"He stared at me. 'Then why are you courting the belle of the state?'

"Honestly, I was paralyzed. I had never thought of you in that light, and I said so.

"You don't mind hearing my opinion of Hazeline?' went on Tom. 'You know we are cousins, and I'm engaged to her dearest friend. I tell you frankly that I think it is enormous conceit in you to fancy that you could come down here and be the only fellow to discover a girl like that. I know your idea of a belle—you mean a conscious beauty who makes eyes and flirts, and skilfully drives a masculine four-in-hand, or dozen-in-hand, according to her ability. Now Hazeline isn't that sort at all. She isn't beautiful' (but you are, dear, there never was such sweetness in the mouth and eyes of any other woman) 'she is just restless and gentle and sympathetic, and she understands you better than you know yourself. She never parades a man—that's a great point! A man can lavish every attention upon her and follow her like a spaniel, yet she'll never say or do anything that seems to tab him as her property. It's a mistake many women make. And she cares for everybody's feelings. I'll give you an instance. The first Winter she was out, Mansfield played here one night. It was the theatrical event of the season, and somehow little Ted Billings had the news first, and secured the engagement with Hazeline. He was the proudest chap you ever saw. Semple wanted to give a theater party to Hazeline. He secured an option on all the boxes, and planned an elaborate supper afterward, and altogether it was a compliment that would delight any debutante. When

he found out she had an engagement, he said it could be arranged by including Billings among the guests. But she knew that wouldn't be the same thing to Billings, and she not only refused the party, but never spoiled Ted's evening by letting him know she had sacrificed anything for him. As for Semple, he was furious and paid attention to other girls for a while, and then went back to Hazeline, more in love than ever. That girl is a belle because she is sweet and true and companionable, and it does men credit that so many of them see what ideal qualities those are for a wife.'"

"I wonder," mused the girl, "why you never told me all that before?"

Gardiner colored slightly. "Because it justified and praised what I hated—the admiration so many men give you. I was a fool who wanted to cut you into a narrow pattern of my own, instead of realizing with infinite thanksgiving that you are you! I wanted you to have every gift and grace that is yours; I didn't want the tiniest wave of your hair or the least inflection of your voice to be changed; I merely wished all men except myself to be blind!"

He drew a little nearer to her, daring to hope that the averted face was hiding a shy confession.

"I understand as I have never done before how the charm you have is an inborn quality, not an acquired art. Oh, I have been such a blockhead!" he thought of Billy, "such a goat! But Patty has opened my eyes to many things."

"Dear little Patty." There was a ripple in Hazeline's voice that gave him courage to touch her soft palm to his cheek.

A starving family had decreed that supper should not wait a moment longer for Hazeline, while that recreant and her lover, unconscious of the wrath bottled up for them, still sat under the great oaks.

She was pleading prettily for delay,

and he, with masculine insistence, was giving innumerable and incontrovertible reasons why "it" should be consummated speedily.

"Think of your mother!" he said severely. "Have you no mercy upon that most angelic woman? Hasn't she had men swarming around her home for three years? Don't you think she needs a rest before beginning with—Patty?"

"Perhaps she does," admitted Hazeline with becoming meekness.

So it was that some months later Patty saw the realization of her fondest dream.

She was a flower girl! A flower girl who wore a dress of softest blue, and little, twinkling slippers to match, and her hands were filled with gentians no whit deeper than her eyes!

A vision of girlish loveliness was passing up the opposite aisle, but Carroll, Hugh and Dod turned their backs squarely upon her. Patty caught sight of her playfellows out of the corner of her eye; the irrepressible dimple was for a moment in evidence, and each boy settled back in the pew, happily confident that The Blue Angel had smiled at him!

GYPSY HEART

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX

DES MOINES, IOWA

I LOVE you, ragged lady—I guess
you're naughty, too.

You don't stand straight and proper as
tidy flowers do.

You won't stay in the border; you creep
out in the path

And bloom in funny corners and rouse
my Gran'ma's wrath.

She says to keep me 'spectable is 'way
beyond her powers!

I wish, dear ragged-lady, she'd let me
grow like flowers.



"I'D LIKE TO BE A FLOWER"



" * * * LIKE ME TO GO TO BED "

You do not climb the staircase like me
to go to bed;
You only look your prayers up, and nod
your sleepy head.
You do not have to wash your feet—you
stay outdoor at night,
And droop your curly petals, all sweet
and pink-and-white.
I'd like to be all tattered and tossed by
storm and shower.
Oh happy ragged-lady, I'd like to be
a flower!

Dear pretty ragged-lady, you're most as
tall as me!
If you'll just stand on tiptoe we'll meas-
ure quick and see!
Your hair's like mine, all tousled,—does
either of us care?
Do flowers and bees and birdies care
ever what they wear?
Do they get combed, and scolded, and
kept for hours and hours
From play? Oh ragged-lady, I want to
be a flower!

There's clouds and wind and sunshine,
and dripping silver rain,
And robins in the cherries, and black-
birds in the grain,—
And—us, dear ragged-lady! I wonder
if it's true,
What Gran'ma says, that I have a gypsy
heart like you?



"DEAR PRETTY RAGGED-LADY, YOU'RE MOST AS
TALL AS ME"

I wish a fairy'd turn me to you for just
an hour.
I love you, ragged-lady, the most of
any flower.



THE GERMAN MILITARY SYSTEM

IN ITS RELATION TO CIVIL LIBERTY

AND AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY," ETC.

WE call ourselves a peaceful people, but we come of fighting ancestors and are quick to resent an injury. From the time that the first pious pilgrim set his foot on Plymouth Rock our people have never let the Gospels get very far from the shotgun. Our earliest organization was a blend of civil, religious and military. The American citizen has never repudiated his original and inalienable obligation to step into the ranks whenever called upon to defend his village, his state or the national government. We may proclaim peace as the ultimate goal of our statecraft—we may preach it from every pulpit—we may encourage peace congresses—we may disband our regular army—but the lessons of the past go for nothing if we flatter ourselves that by these means we shall accelerate the day of universal good will on earth.

Personally I am a man of peace—almost at any price. My Quaker and Puritan blood makes me regard war as a brutal solution of national differences. Benjamin Franklin once remarked that there could hardly be a just war or a degrading peace; yet Franklin did not shrink from a war with the mother country which lasted seven years.

If today I am opposed to protectionism—if I believe that for this country the wisest commercial policy is a tariff for revenue only, it is because free trade amongst nations is a means of removing many causes of war.

II

In 1776 our Thirteen Colonies, like the Boers of South Africa, were to some extent a "nation in arms"—each Ameri-

can of that day was prepared at a moment's notice to saddle his horse, shoulder his musket, fill a bag with food, and set forth to hunt for the enemy. But at that time the United States was very much more advanced in civilization than the Boer republics of today. We had many excellent colleges—our elementary schools were in every township, we had roads and bridges, our towns were well built, our farm houses were comfortable, the wares of Europe came to our doors at a dozen different ports—we were two millions to the Boers half a million. The average intelligence of the United States in 1776 was higher than that of the mother country at the same time. No one could say that of South Africa in 1896. Compare Paul Kruger with Thomas Jefferson and we realize the gulf between the statesmen of the Transvaal and the fathers of the American constitution.

Our war of independence lasted seven years. It must be a careless reader who does not realize that the length of that struggle and the great losses we suffered were largely the result of our own unwillingness to surrender our personal liberty for the good of the whole community. Over and over again did George Washington bear sad witness to the difficulty of keeping his small army in the field—an army which one day might be 50,000 and at a critical moment would dwindle down to 10,000. Congress could not pay the troops and discipline had to be composed largely of persuasion. It is our way to talk of that war as though no nation had ever made such sacrifices before, but such a view does not bear examination.

If we placed 20,000 men in the field and kept them there it would represent but one man to each hundred of the (then) population—surely no great personal tax on even a manufacturing nation. It is the ordinary peace tax of the principal nations of continental Europe today.

Roughly speaking, the Boers put into the field at least ten men to every hundred of the population. At that rate Washington should have commanded 200,000 men from start to finish. Had he done so England could never have penetrated beyond the range of her ships.

In another generation the veldt of South Africa will be intersected with railroads like our western states, the lion and the antelope will have disappeared, irrigation will have brought land under cultivation which now is fit only for cattle ranges; towns will grow where today only Kaffir kraals are seen—in short a generation hence the young Boers will have become like ourselves—dwellers in towns—men of commerce—the poor will work for a living—only the rich will be able to afford the luxury of shooting trips. When that day comes the Boer will have to learn his duties as a soldier just like the rest of us today. In other words, the Boer from now on will be passing through the same social transformation that has affected the United States since the "backwoods" has disappeared—since the rifle has ceased to have any significance save for purposes of sport—or war.

III

Our great Civil war was the first overwhelming demonstration of the fact that popular levies are of little avail unless the whole people is habitually under arms. Before that war closed the United States had to have recourse to conscription in order to keep the ranks full—large bounties had to be offered in order to induce volunteering; it was a war that lasted four years, although

waged against an enemy inferior in numbers and infinitely weaker in mechanical and industrial resources. Without threshing out the matter here, it is easy now to see that the advantage which the Confederates enjoyed in the first half of that struggle arose from the fact that they placed in the field, and moved rapidly, a relatively larger number of troops who could shoot well, ride well and were familiar with the essentials of outdoor roughing it. The extraordinary rapidity with which "Stonewall" Jackson moved from one end of Virginia to the other, delivering telling blows and wholly deceiving the Union generals regarding his strength or whereabouts entitles him to rank with the greatest of military leaders. There is nothing to compare with him in modern times save DeWet in South Africa.

The secret of his success was, aside from his strong personal qualities and his West Point training, the fact that he had under him the counterpart of a nation in arms, while the armies opposed to him were made up largely of men who had yet to learn the elements of soldier training.

As months wore on the northern generals improved—the old and incompetent were either shot or superseded and finally the new generation—the Grants, the Shermans, the Sheridans—the children of West Point, were allowed to come to the front. By the same effectual but very costly process the ranks of the volunteers were sifted. The weak, the irresolute, little by little succumbed to disease, were shot off or ran away and there remained only the men who had heart and stomach for the work.

I recall General Sherman telling me on one occasion in Washington that in his opinion the men who marched home with him from Georgia in the Spring of 1865 made up the finest fighting force of its size that he could imagine. They were mainly big, sinewy, western Americans who knew their work so thoroughly

that officers had become a superfluity save for general purposes. You had only to let the men know what sort of a fight you wanted and they could be relied upon to carry it out. When a halt was called, no further orders were necessary. Fires were built, water fetched, latrines constructed, logs felled to serve as breastworks—every detail carried out in soldierly fashion because the soldiers themselves were intelligent enough to know what was necessary to security or health.

IV

But when the next war comes upon us we can not be sure that the enemy will be so obliging as was England in 1776 or the Confederacy in 1861—we may not have incompetent generals against us, nor may we count upon a year or more in which to organize our fighting army.

The Spanish war has been a bad one for us because it has appealed to the unthinking as a reason for postponing the important question of army reform. That war reads like a fairy tale today. We knew in 1898 that Spain had sent to Cuba about 250,000 men within the previous three years—at least that was the report made by the United States military agent in Madrid the year before the declaration of war. At the same time competent critics measured the American and Spanish fleets and pronounced them fairly well matched. Such a competent authority as the late German War Minister von Verdy told me personally in May of 1898 that the United States forces would be assuredly destroyed if they ventured into Cuba before the Winter.

We called out 250,000 volunteers—one to every 340 of our population. Our recruiting went on very slowly—there was no spontaneous rush to arms—certainly not in my state of New York. The officers were selected almost uniformly with a view to rewarding political service and the result was a degree of

confusion which would have demoralized any but Americans.

At the great camps of concentration volunteer regiments arrived, some without uniforms or even rifles—a large proportion knew nothing of riding, shooting or the roughing it incidental to campaigning. Their officers knew as much as the men. West Point graduates were not sought after—on the contrary it seemed a disqualification to have passed through West Point. And so it came about that at Tampa, a whole month before the invasion of Cuba, volunteers and regulars were suffering from want and disease—suffering on their own soil the ills that a well managed army would hardly have suffered on the soil of the enemy save after disaster.

You know how this army reached Cuba—the cavalry without any horses—the medical service without any transport—only about 15,000 men to be carried a hundred miles or so—how they were dumped upon the Cuban shore like a horde of tramps—how they were decimated, not by Spanish bullets, but by lack of organization, by bad food, by exposure, by incompetent nurses and surgeons, by political quartermasters, by a general who was unfit to be out of a bath chair.

V

The principle of universal service in the army is no more German than it is American. It is one common to all nations. Germany, however, makes every man serve his country, in the ranks—as well as in theory.

In the Summer of 1806 the Prussian army numbered 250,000 regulars who were regarded by many military critics as the best drilled and altogether the most formidable force in Europe.

Napoleon had then conquered at Marengo, at Austerlitz—had overthrown larger armies of bigger monarchies. But the officers of the Prussian army laughed at the idea that this man could

make any impression upon their military system. Indeed men who had served under the Great Frederick were in high command in 1806, and the Prussians marched out to meet Napoleon at Jena with as little concern for their fate as the French who shouted "A Berlin" on the eve of Metz and Sedan. The year 1806—the year of Jena—is the starting point of modern German history, for in that memorable year the 250,000 soldiers of Prussia were chased like frightened hares from one end of Germany to the other. They ran from the borders of the Thuringian forest to the Russian frontier, and the few who got together again were scarcely enough to mount guard at the palace of their king.

The army of Frederick the Great had been a powerful engine when directed against armies similarly organized, and Frederick had no equal in his day.

But when a mercenary army without its Frederick met a popular army led by Napoleon, the result was Jena.

The crash was complete. The Prussian monarchy was shaken at many points. Not only did the king's army go to pieces, but the country was reduced to the rank of a province. The French conqueror cut Prussia in two—took half for himself and over the other half exercised a suzerainty which amounted to virtual annexation. The king was left on his throne as a species of dummy; he was permitted to have a body guard of soldiers to play with, but the number was limited. His fortresses were garrisoned by French troops and his highways were patrolled by French officials who maintained a rigid inspection in the interests of Napoleon.

This state of vassalage lasted seven years—from 1806 to the Spring of 1813—when the retreat from Moscow destroyed about ninety per cent of Napoleon's fighting force.

We must bear in mind that during these seven years of national degradation the aristocracy of Prussia had proved so

helpless, the army so incompetent, and the king so unequal to maintaining the honor of the country, that people who had never before dreamed of having a voice in affairs of national concern now from sheer necessity exercised some of the functions of free citizens. The people commenced to talk of liberation and liberty—it was not always easy to separate the two notions. The king was importuned by the most patriotic of his people to give his permission to a plan for arming and drilling the whole of the nation. He would have none of this—he dreaded the idea of a popular army—he regarded a nation in arms as little more than a dangerous, democratic mob. He preferred the security guaranteed to him by his master Napoleon rather than risk a popular army. Today when politicians inveigh against German militarism as the tyranny of an aristocratic class, they are apt to forget that this system was forced upon the king of that day, not by the aristocracy but by an overwhelming popular sentiment which had been born in national humiliation.

The king, though he regarded a national army as a danger to the monarchy, permitted a number of minor reforms which were carried out with zeal. The standing army of Prussia had been by Napoleon limited to 40,000 men; but by passing the men rapidly through this army and holding them as reserves ready to take the field at a moment's notice, Prussia was enabled at the end of her seven years of military insignificance to place in the field a larger proportion of able bodied, well drilled soldiers than any other nation in Europe. This great work had been accomplished in secret—against the wishes of the king—it was essentially a popular if not a revolutionary movement. This king, even so late as the opening of 1813, refused to declare war against Napoleon though Russia and England stood ready with their support. He was finally carried away into the war by his

own people, who had taken the field without waiting for orders. Indeed Prussia did not officially decide to fight Napoleon in 1813 until Russian troops had occupied Prussian territory and threatened to annex the country. Then did the king finally conclude an alliance against France.

So much for the beginnings of the present military aristocracy of Germany.

Has it worked well?

VI

In 1813 little Prussia had but five millions of people. She cleared her own territory of the French—she led the way to Paris—her troops were ever ahead of all the rest in the campaignings that ensued—the regulars of Russia, Austria, England, could never keep up with the minute men of Bluecher.

In 1814, 1815 and again 1871 Prussian troops marched victoriously into Paris. In 1866 Prussia destroyed the military prestige of Austria. No fighting machine of modern or ancient times has proved so efficient as this one which was evolved as a popular institution at a moment when the king and his aristocracy were helpless. With all the drawbacks that attach to it today, I venture to think that if the question were presented to the German people for determination by ballot, whether they should abolish universal service in the army or not, the great majority would vote for the preservation of this institution—even in its present shape.

Let me note, in parenthesis, that the United States citizen soldier differs from the Prussian volunteer of 1813 as well as from the Boer of 1900 and the Confederate conscript of 1861 in that he owes allegiance primarily, if not wholly, to the state whose uniform he wears and whose governor is his commander in chief.

This local form of organization has proved a serious drawback to efficiency for many obvious reasons.

VII

As originally outlined, the German army was to consist of the whole people serving in the ranks for the shortest possible term consistent with learning the rudiments of soldiering. They were to be drilled at times and in a manner to interfere least with their civic occupations.

A very important feature of the original scheme of German service was the election of officers up to a certain grade—as in our militia. Provision was also made for the raising of independent volunteer corps with elective officers up to a certain grade.

Indeed the original scheme for making the German army a national and popular institution was based upon principles not dissimilar from those prevailing in the different colonies at the outbreak of the War of Independence. The fundamental notion was that each man in the country should know how to use the musket and to perform the simplest duties of the soldier. The regular army in Prussia had, before the great struggle for liberty, been regarded as a menial and degrading service. The battle of Jena gave the first impulse to a volunteer movement whose mainspring was that rich and poor—the scholar and the peasant—were all equally interested in the defence of a common country. It was Jena that first gave self respect to the German soldier.

This idea is still preserved in Germany, but much has been grafted on that would be objectionable in the Anglo-Saxon world.

VIII

Today the German officer scorns the idea of popular election—he regards himself exclusively as the servant of the monarch. He owes no allegiance to his government—to any constitutional power—he recognizes only one master—his war lord—his emperor.

From being a popular body, the corps

of German officers has come to be regarded as a separate class of the community—almost an hereditary caste. They look down upon civilians; they submit only to a special military tribunal—they recognize a separate code of so called honor, and this honor is a thing of which the mere civilian is not presumed to have any appreciation.

The German officer cannot sit in a theater save in certain seats—he cannot travel save in a certain class—he cannot frequent public houses save such as his laws permit—he cannot marry a woman that is not of certain birth—he cannot frequent the houses of old friends or kinspeople unless their political and social relations commend them to his superior officers. He does not see what is going on in the busy community about him, he is encouraged to live exclusively in the social atmosphere of artificial aristocracy, to hold aloof from intercourse with the great body of the people who pay taxes for him. In other words, Germany has evolved from a democratic institution an aristocracy based upon the most potent of forces—military strength.

This military aristocracy is reinforced by the large body of non-commissioned officers who are encouraged by generous pay and good treatment to reenlist and make their soldier career one for life. Thus about one-quarter of the army which theoretically figures as the embodiment of popular service, is in fact made up of men who are soldiers by profession and therefore interested in preserving the unpopular features of an otherwise admirable system. Yet in spite of this aristocratic element universal service is popular in Germany. The German lives in daily anticipation of a war for national existence—his two arch enemies France and Russia are ever at his door and neither conceals a disposition to invade at the first opportunity. The German, therefore, will pardon almost anything in a military

system that promises him immunity from invasion. To us this fear is yet remote.

Then, too, the present generation of Germans, having served in the ranks, is glad to think that others are to go through the same process. It is a personal tax—they have paid theirs, and now they wish to see others do as much.

And finally there is in the German system so much thoroughness—so much that is essentially educational—that the people at large may be said to profit industrially by a military service which in the English army might be looked upon as social and industrial degradation. The most careless traveler in Germany cannot fail to note the appearance of intelligence and manly carriage amongst the people—from the highest to the lowest. One looks in vain for the slouching, loafing, tramp-like, shiftless hoodlum that hangs about corner groceries in our country and that infests the highways of England. The coarsest of peasants cannot fail to improve when put through a few months of military drilling. To him it is a liberal education to be removed from his dung heap and unsanitary cabin and made to keep his body clean, to sleep in well ventilated rooms, to keep his clothes tidy, to answer with promptness and decision, to be punctual, to keep regular hours, to rub up against new ideas.

Too much soldiering is bad—so is too much scholarship—but soldiering up to a certain point is for the vast majority of the people a good school of citizenship, one which makes them better able to earn their living in civil life.

It is in Germany a commonplace that the man who has served in the army at once commands larger wages than the one who has not—particularly in all employments where punctuality and discipline are necessary. The commercial value of the average German laborer is raised thirty per cent. by one or two years of military service.

IX

Our people have inherited a wholesome distrust of standing armies—a predisposition to look askance at all centralization of power. Our several states have surrendered powers to the Federal government slowly and grudgingly. The army that achieved independence from the mother country was largely made up of volunteer bands who thought they were stretching patriotism when they did more than defend the borders of their own states. The army of the Revolution was an army commanded by thirteen governors of thirteen states.

We have little by little, by practical experience, discovered that a central government can do a few things better than any single state or individual. We have handed over the postoffice to the federal government and no doubt we could still further add to its usefulness by uniting with it the express, telegraph and telephone services.

Many modern self governing states and colonies find a great advantage in having the railways a government monopoly. We still look with disfavor upon such a proposition. Many self governing cities of the old world find it advantageous to own or control the tramline service—we are inclined to oppose this as savoring of socialism.

The army and navy we cheerfully regard as matters of national concern along with the care of light houses, the coast guard, custom house, custody of indians, etc.

Why not the militia or national guard?

Does any state today anticipate that it may have to protect itself against a neighboring state?

Is there one of us who does not appreciate the importance of an efficient national volunteer force?

Do we not readily understand that in the event of a future war it is of importance that our volunteers be uniformly trained and equipped, and that their

officers reach a certain standard of intelligence or experience?

Can it be done without sacrificing civil liberty, the main purpose of our constitution?

I believe it can—or I would not here advocate such a change. We have gone far away from the military system of our fathers—it is for us to grope our way back.

X

The present militia system is not democratic, for it does not affect the whole people. Personally I object to serving in the ranks unless my neighbor is similarly compelled. It would be tyrannical if I was made to serve because I was poor, while my neighbor was exempted because he was rich.

It is the curse of the Spanish army that the best men are able to buy immunity from military service, thus leaving in the ranks all the poor, the helpless and the dissatisfied. The French system under the third empire was equally faulty.

If our democracy means anything in America it means that all citizens are equally responsible for the welfare of the whole and that in the event of invasion the employer and the wage earner will for once cast aside the artificial distinctions created by money and stand as men shoulder to shoulder under officers whom they can respect and therefore will cheerfully follow.

The republicans of Switzerland have evolved a military service that places the whole people under arms, trains them adequately, provides them with officers, and yet excites no fear that the liberties of the people are endangered.

With us the difficulty is not so much with the privates as with the officers. Our men in the ranks are as a rule intelligent and well educated. Such men deserve the best of officers.

Switzerland solves her difficulty by compelling all candidates for promotion in the militia to pass examinations that

are carried out without favoritism. An officer in the Swiss army is not, as in Germany, the member of an exclusive caste, but can pursue his private business while at the same time he holds his position as commander of a company of volunteers.

With our militia there is far too much stress laid upon mere popularity or political influence. These are good things, but it would be better if each officer, before receiving his commission, could be ordered to a special training at some central camp where officers from the different states came for the same purpose.

Such training need not take more than a year, a time which could readily be spared for an object so important.

Students seeking military promotion of this kind might be accommodated by permission to do military service during their college years.

The Swiss citizen commences his military service when he is twenty-one, by attending a school of recruits for from six to eight weeks. Then for the next nine years he is liable to be called upon for a fortnight annually—a call that is something in the nature of a holiday outing.

In 1898, 247,000 Swiss citizens turned out for military exercise, out of the total number liable, 536,000.

We have less than 200,000 men enrolled in our militia—these are far from being as well drilled as the Swiss. Our militia is never on a war footing; the Swiss is ready to march at a day's notice. Switzerland spends only twenty-eight and one-half million francs (\$5,700,000) for this efficient army, while our militia receives state grants amounting to three and one-third millions and spends probably double that amount out of its own pockets. The Swiss militia is thoroughly popular, democratic, national and economic. It is the best national guard so far evolved from amongst a free people.

In 1900 the United States spent over 139 millions of dollars in pensions alone! She spent for the army 135 millions, making a total of 274 millions of dollars, without counting the cost of the state militia.

Switzerland spends so little in comparison that she may almost ignore the cost of the military establishment.

Germany keeps 562,000 men under arms, yet her military budget is but 147 millions of dollars—little more than half of what we pay annually for military purposes. Germany gets for this money not merely the half a million of men, but 100,000 horses and more than 3,000 pieces of artillery. Decidedly, Uncle Sam gets little for his money under the present system.

XI

Should a great war break out tomorrow between the United States and a European combination, I feel confident that the memory of the late Spanish war would act as a serious impediment to recruiting. In both the Philippines and at Tampa I noted amongst our volunteers so general a contempt for a large proportion of their officers, particularly those on the staff, that the wonder is that many of them were not lynched. The bulk of our volunteer officers were selected not because they knew anything of war, or even how to make their men comfortable in camp. Generals, quartermasters, doctors, engineers—posts of all kinds were given away for no other reason than that the applicant happened to be backed by a congressman of influence. When that war broke out I was in Spain, but came home immediately and applied for a commission. I now congratulate myself on my failure to exert sufficient political pressure.

XII

Civil service reform must go hand in hand with military reform. God forbid that we should give to any political party the power associated with a patronage

so huge as that represented by a genuine national guard with its incidental expenditures. With a population of seventy-seven millions, we ought to keep a militia force of 770,000 always under arms—that means one to each hundred of the population. This force should not, like the present militia in New York, be enlisted for a long term of years, but should be thoroughly drilled for a few weeks, and the men sent back to their avocations. No man should be kept in the ranks longer than necessary to prove that he had learned the rudiments of the soldier drill. Then for the next few years he should be liable to service for a week or so at a time in military field operations where he might familiarize himself with camping out, judging distances, reading maps, and other details that cannot be learned in armories.

The government should offer prizes for target shooting, and this branch of the soldiers' work should be taught in the schools and kept up as a permanent part of the citizen's duty at all times. No American should be allowed to vote

who has not a certificate of marksmanship.

Every town and village should have its rifle range; and rifle shooting should be encouraged in every possible manner as it is in South Africa and in Switzerland. With a little encouragement of this kind we would see that Americans grow up to soldier sports as readily as the Boers—and in time we shall reach that proficiency of marksmanship that distinguished our ancestors at Concord and New Orleans.

We have seen how much the Boers have achieved in war by mere familiarity with the rifle—let us take the lesson to heart.

Let us not be behind the Boers of South Africa in our regard for national independence. Let us revive the spirit of '76—let us regard the national honor as the concern of the people—the whole people—let us not rest until we can look forward with tranquility to the future, knowing that in the event of invasion the enemy will find in us that most formidable of obstacles, a democracy of soldiers—a nation in arms.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S SWEETHEART WHO WAITED IN VAIN

By LEONORA BECK ELLIS

ARIPEKA, FLORIDA

UNINVITING it may look to you now, this one time home of the pretty southern girl to whom the author, destined to become world known, gave his heart and the manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home" before he sailed away to die in the far African city.

But, something over half a century ago, this plain, two storied frame structure, now stripped of its spacious grounds and some of its rooms, was the seat of old fashioned southern hospitality; and one day the courtly General Harden, its master, led into the best

guest chamber a pale convalescent whom he had found at the village inn.

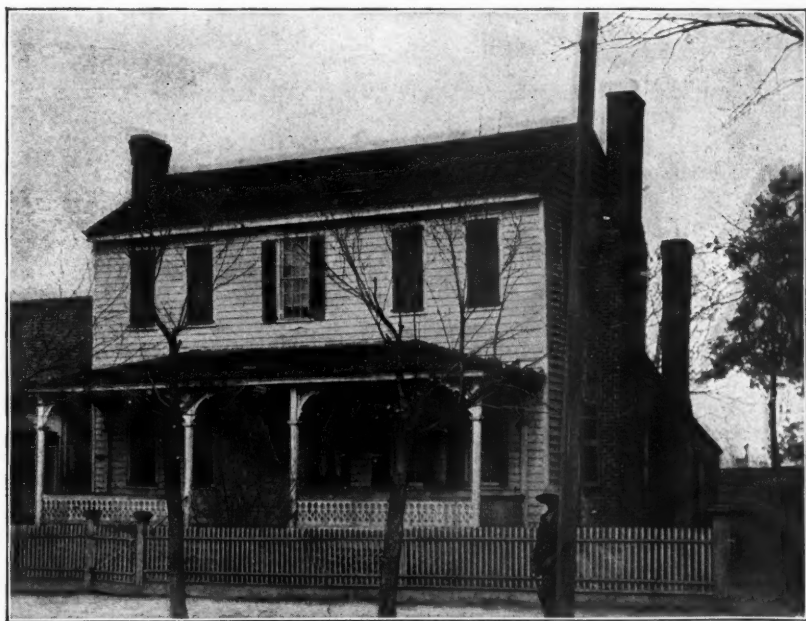
General Harden was a distinguished citizen of the classic town of Athens, Georgia, and he was the proud possessor of two wonderfully desirable blessings, an accomplished wife and a beautiful daughter. Mrs. Harden was of distinguished ancestry, being a daughter of the celebrated Madame Gouvain, who was born Mlle. Marie Antoinette Josephine de Trobriand, and heiress of vast estates on lovely but evil starred Martinique.

This Mlle. de Trobriand was an inti-

mate friend of the gentle Josephine who was afterward to become the empress of France. Like Josephine, Antoinette de Trobriand was twice married, first to Ange de la Perrierre, and after his death to Michael Gouvin. The friendship of Martinique was renewed in Paris. But when evil days fell upon Josephine, Mme. Gouvin, estranged from court circles by her open hatred of the monarch who had divorced her friend, re-

girls, such as pretty Mary Harden.

Now the half invalided guest whom General Harden conducted into his best guest chamber that pleasant day long ago, was the bachelor John Howard Payne, who quickly recovered from his physical ailments only to fall the victim of a heart malady. Sweet Mary Harden, the dark eyed daughter of his host, endowed with the charms of a long line of irresistible dames, had only bestowed



THE HOME OF MARY HARDEN, JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S SWEETHEART

solved to come to America. The Count d'Estaing, also her friend, had large possessions in Georgia, bestowed upon him by the United States in token of appreciation of his gallant services in the war for freedom. These lands he exchanged with Mme. Gouvain for her Martinique possessions; and thus the accomplished woman came to be a citizen of Georgia, and to transmit her gifts and graces to a long line of fair southern

a few shy glances, a few bright words, when Payne was her adorer.

"And why did they not marry?" is the question always asked when the old house of romance is pointed out to strangers.

Ah, why? It is hard to tell what separates lovers, even when the story is new. But when over half a century has elapsed since the pair parted, the problem must remain unsolved.

Payne died a homeless bachelor in Tunis, on the African strand. Many years later, Miss Harden, a silver haired spinster, breathed her last in the decaying family dwelling and was laid to rest

by friends to the soft strains of "Home, Sweet Home." To the last, she was wont to say:

"He was coming back, he was coming back, but for dark Tunis!"

A BABY AND A MUSIC BOX

By C. S. S.

FORT RILEY, KANSAS

WE had come into the library, leaving the men to smoke and an after dinner chat. From behind a screen the soft, rhythmic tones of a Swiss music box came drowsily. It took me, like the wizard's magic carpet, far into a Texas desert, a four company post on the outskirts of civilization, guarding the lives and property of a few hardy settlers. There, in the little row of one story adobe homes, we lived through long, hot days and nights; no trees, grass, flowers; no fruit or vegetables; and beef and butter, if at all, came through a canned source, while eggs and ice existed only in memory. We lacked a minister to preach or bury us, or coffins to be buried in. The last named had always been considered a necessity, but out here they were classed along with the other not to be gotten luxuries. As an offset, Apache Indians, like the poor, were "always with us," and in those nights, as well as days, sudden bugle calls of "boots and saddles" were usual occurrences.

Once our Mexican cook sent in a dish for breakfast which was so peculiar in taste that the captain, pushing back his plate, inquired, "What can this be?" "Fried Apache on toast, I am sure," laughingly replied the second lieutenant who messed with us; for we had Apaches daily in their constant raids firing on our sentinels. I was sure I would almost have been willing to take my share in their extermination by eating, although a hopeless task.

Of course there were centipedes, tarantulas and rattlesnakes to be had "in open market," without money and without price. These frontier commodities were helped out by the occasional cloud bursts, when we would be obliged to stand on tables or beds and see the flood sweep grandly down the canon, over the back wall and through our quarters, taking on its top crest all floatable objects. Never can I forget a beautiful harp, the dearest treasure of my neighbor, floating off across the parade and banging up against the guard house wall. She lost not only her harp, but, possibly, her crown as well, if her remarks on both storm and Providence count in the next world.

But we had our compensations, and these were two: one was the music box, and the other the baby. The music box was the gift of an eccentric uncle to a bride; and as we were that always to be pitied lot of army people at a subpost without a band, the music box was very welcome. It was made to do duty at dinners, for concerts, and provided the music for our hops. To be sure, our programs had to be all made out before the music box was wound up and set going; but the few women were great belles, and used to being rushed at and fairly grabbed for dancing.

The tunes were not all dancing music, but we did not mind that; we walked solemnly through a grand march from

"Norma," we waltzed delightedly to "The Blue Danube," and learned to two-step to the "Anvil Chorus," albeit we came down with an improvised thump when the anvils struck. We appreciated this music box and made merry.

Then the baby: it was equally popular. The amount of advice and care and love bestowed upon her would have raised a small orphan asylum full of babies. The day she first took notice was a feast day all around; and when the mother told of the first tooth, the bride, being new to army regulations, rushed excitedly to the commanding officer and begged in some way there be an official celebration. "Why not fire a salute?" she eagerly asked; and when the commanding officer suggested twenty-one guns she agreed delightedly. It was made plain to her that twenty-one guns must only be fired for the president of the United States; the bride promptly said, "Then fire twenty-two!"

We vibrated in our allegiance from baby to music box and music box to baby; and the hot Texas Summer was upon us. We gasped through the long, hot days and equally suffocating nights.

One morning the bride came in, with white face and frightened eyes. "Did we know the baby was sick? Taken ill the night before." And we all sat down as one helpless woman, and wept, and prayed and waited. No one thought of going to bed that night, but wandered to each other's porches and watched the dim light in the baby's window, waylaying the patient doctor, and hoping the morning would bring better word.

A bugler blows, less noisily than usual, the gay, stirring notes of reveille and as the big gun fires the salute of the new day the poor little spirit of the baby begins to live again in another world.

An hour later the bride comes over to know if she can have Hetzel, the old German soldier from our troop, and tells us that the baby's mother has told her

that it seems dreadful to put away the baby in just an ordinary box; "and," remarks the bride, "I am determined baby shall have a better coffin than that." We go over with the old German, who before his enlistment had been apprenticed to a silver smith in Germany and is now our handy man with his old set of tools. Hetzel shook his head and looked amazed when, taking him to the music box, the little bride asked him to take out from the beautiful rosewood case all the musical wheels. Spreading his hands, he protested, "She makes no more music!" "I know," persisted the bride, "but take them all out."

The bewildered little German carefully took out cogs, wheels, discs and, still shaking his head, stiffly saluted and went away. Then the women brought together whatever would help to finish the baby's coffin. One gave up her white satin wedding skirt, softly insisting that she would "just as soon have only the waist—" brave little lie, told with sweet, white lips. And so they cut, and tacked, and worked, until it was finished. The bride's husband reverently carried it over to the baby's house. When they showed the weeping mother the baby in its beautiful coffin, all the work, the sacrifices and love of that little group of women struck like a flash from a better world straight to her heart.

"Oh," she whispered, "how good God makes women to each other!"

Mine host saunters in, and, taking my fan: "Confess you have had a nap."

"Yes," I reply, gazing around abstractedly on the gaily dressed women, "I had a queer dream of a music box, a baby and an old white satin skirt; the waist has been lying in my old storage trunk for these ten years past."

"What an odd dream," murmurs mine host, laughingly.

"Odd, indeed," I dreamily answer.

THE LONG HOUSE'S KITCHEN DOOR

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

IT was one of Lowell's "perfect days" in June, and I had spent the morning gazing from the car window at that wonderful moving picture the majestic Hudson, bounded first by the pillared wall of the Palisades and later by the Catskill's billowy blue peaks. When we reached Albany, however, I had opened a new magazine and was so absorbed in it that I hardly heard a gentle voice at my elbow saying:

"Is this seat engaged?"

I glanced up to find a sweet faced, breathless little woman looking apologetically at me. Her well worn black

a pretty wave in the silver streaked hair, that she wore parted in the middle and brushed smoothly back from her face. I removed my impedimenta, made room for her at my side, and forgot her existence till the end of my story.

As I closed the book, my neighbor's soft voice interrogated:

"You are going to the Adirondacks, I suppose?"

It was not quite clear to me why she "supposed" I was going to the Adirondacks, but her curiosity was so friendly that I explained at once that I was on my way to Rochester to visit a friend, and while there should decide where I was to spend the rest of the Summer.

"O, I'm so glad you are going to Rochester," she cried enthusiastically, "for if you are so near as that, you surely will not go away without visiting the Long House's Kitchen Door."

"The Long House's Kitchen Door?" I repeated with a puzzled look.

"You know what I mean by the 'Long House?'" she hastened to add.

"Some house near Rochester?" I ventured.

"O no," and she laughed. "The Iroquois' Long House, the confederacy of the Six Nations."

I did begin to understand at last, but my knowledge was hazy at best, so I begged her to tell me all about it.

"It isn't strange you don't know," she assured me, with an infinite delicacy.

"Of course it interests me, for it's my own state history. Still I never knew much about it myself till last Winter, when we had a reading circle in our town and studied our own locality."

"You know when the white settlers first came to New York," she continued, "the state was occupied by five tribes of



SENECA LAKE

brilliantine was not of French cut and her ungloved hand told of hard work, but the face was refined and there was

of indians called the Five Nations. They were the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas"—how glibly the musical indian names slipped from her tongue. "Later the Tuscaroras were added and the confederacy was called the 'Six Nations.'

"They used to build long, narrow houses, in which several families could live, each having its own fire, and so, in their queer figurative way of naming things, they called their confederacy, that extended across the state, the 'Long House', too. The Mohawks, who were the furthest east, were the front door, and the Senecas, who were the furthest west, the back. So now you know what I mean by the 'Long House's Kitchen Door.'

"There is a better reason, though, for calling the Senecas the 'Kitchen Door.' You know the kitchen door usually opens into the orchard and garden, and their country really was the orchard and garden for the whole confederacy. Longfellow's Hiawatha was an Onondaga, and at one of their councils he said:

"'You Senecas, a people who live in the open country and possess such wisdom, shall be the fifth nation, because you understand the art of making cabins and of raising corn and beans': and when Sullivan marched his army through their region, he said he cut down thousands of fruit trees, destroyed vegetables of every kind, and burned almost two hundred thousand bushels of corn."

"But where is this 'Kitchen Door?'" I asked catching her enthusiasm, "and is it still a garden?"

"O, yes," she answered smiling. "I never look at our beautiful hills without thinking of Whittier's description of Fredericktown:

"'Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord.'

"Let me take your time table," she added; "I will show you just where it is."

We spread out the map before us, my neighbor took a black headed hat pin from her bonnet, and, while the level fields and classic named towns of central New York slipped all unheeded by the car window, I followed where the hat pin led, into an enchanted land.

"Here," she said, running it along a black line southwest from Syracuse, "is the Auburn branch of the New York Central, a kind of cross cut through the fields to the Kitchen Door, but suppose we begin at the south where Sullivan entered in 1779. Till he came only two or three white men had ever visited this region. Here, where the city of Elmira stands, they fought the battle of Newton, and came floundering down through a terrible swamp to Catherine's town.

"Catherine's town was just here,"—pointing three miles south of Seneca



MYSTIC GORGE IN WATKINS GLEN

Lake. "It was named for Catherine Montour, the indian queen. Montour Falls stands on nearly the same spot

now and bears her name. She and her tribe fled down Seneca Lake and on to Niagara when Sullivan came.

"Here," coming nearer the lake, "is Watkins Glen, full of indian legends, and this"—drawing a circle around the blue blot on the map—"is the lake itself. Major John Burrows of Sullivan's force wrote in his journal that the lake was very beautiful, straight and without an island in it, and added that it looked exactly like New York bay and the Narrows. Poor fellow! I think he must have been homesick.

"Sullivan's men marched along there," the hat pin was skirting the east side of the lake now, but paused half way down. "About there," jabbing it in, "was Kendaia, where they found Luke Swetland, who had been made captive at the battle of Wyoming; and at the end of the lake, where Geneva now stands, was Seneca Castle, one of their great council grounds."

Then, pausing suddenly as with some new thought, "I have some pictures with me that you're welcome to, if you'd like them," she said, and from the depths of her capacious satchel she produced a half dozen photographs of Seneca Lake and vicinity. I must have looked through

her eyes, for as I gazed at the scenes I seemed to add the glory of light and color to their black and gray. I could almost hear the trickle of the little brown brook that leaps, dancing and sparkling, through the cascades of Watkins Glen, and see the cool shadows of the great elms and maples reflected on Seneca's mirror-like surface, or the blue haze that gathers round the distant hills.

"How beautiful it must be!" I exclaimed.

"O, it is!" she answered with a little ecstatic sigh. "It's just lovely! You'll never know how lovely till you see it with your own eyes."

"Syracuse!" shouted the guard. "Change for the Auburn branch!" and my neighbor collected her bundles and bade me an almost affectionate goodbye.

"When you come to the Seneca country, be sure to come to see me," was her parting injunction; and, as I waved my hand from the window to the earnest little woman who had fired the stranger by her love for her "ain countrie," it was with a firm resolve that our first meeting should not be our last, and that sometime I should see with my own eyes the "Long House's Kitchen Door."

SISTER JONES' CONDOLENCE

By DELIA A. HEYWOOD

PILLAGER, CASS COUNTY, MINNESOTA

WHEN I'm down in my mouth, an' my sperits run low,
There's a place in this town where I never do go
For a word to encourage—a smile that'll cheer.
No; I tell you in trouble I steer pretty clear
Of old Sister Jones and her daughter,
For, "Why didn't you do as you'd oughter?"

"I'd never done this or done that in your place!"
Sister Jones she would say, an' she'd argy the case.
Then Mehitabel Jane she'd put in her oar;
An' I'd leave feelin' angry an' tired an' sore.
Miss Jones she'd then say to her daughter,
"She surely hain't done as she'd oughter!"

THE RETURN OF HIS BOOMERANG

By LOUISE J. STRONG

CHILLICOTHE, MISSOURI

AUNT LINDA saw Uncle Aleck rushing for the house, and braced up to meet the storm, which she expected would be a severe one. The door flew open and the blast struck her.

"Look here, you've played a tarnal mean trick on me! You knew I was going to move that hopper, and the minute my back was turned you filled it and set it running! It's got to a perty pass when a man's obleeged to stay home and watch every minute to keep things straight!"

Aunt Linda had intended to keep a discreet silence, but the insinuation of underhanded sneaking was too much for her and she retorted firmly: "This is my day to begin and I'd filled it if you'd been settin' in it. It's stood there always and never been in your way before; and it's going to stand there, handy to the well and ash bin."

"You wouldn't a-filled it if I'd been home! An' you didn't dast to tell me you had done it! Sot there all through dinner as mealy mouthed as you please, leaving me to find it out!"

"I thought you might as well enjoy your dinner, especially as your taking on won't do any good."

"We'll see if 't won't! I'll bust the thing to pieces with the axe!" he threatened starting out.

"Alexander Mackin, if you waste my lye and ashes I'll throw the whole of this soap grease—enough to make a barrel—to the hogs, and we'll buy our soap. That's all."

She delivered her ultimatum in a quiet tone, pushing back the pan of scraps she was sorting, but by the look in her eyes he knew that was her last word, and spelled business, and he went off muttering, but defeated. He hated to give in to her, but he hated worse to pay out

good money for that which they usually sold themselves, and he felt obliged to let the soap making proceed as she had elected it should.

But he ached to even it with her in some way.

He was pulling weeds in his early cucumbers, brooding over it, when "the way" occurred to him. He acted upon the idea immediately; then went to the door, looked in, and announced with a grin of triumph: "I haven't touched your old concern; but you're going to get your pay, just the same!"

Aunt Linda received the boastful information silently, with a very peculiar expression of countenance—an expression she still wore when, having put the lye at work on the soap grease, she started to a neighbor's on a little visit. Her husband was at the well and remarked:

"Going away, Lindy?"

"Only over to Hainer's to set a spell."

"I ain't feeling very well," he volunteered, tentatively.

She noticed that he looked somewhat uneasy.

"You'd better set in the shade, and rest awhile," she advised, passing on.

A couple of hours later an acquaintance hallooed at the Hainer gate.

"Say, Mrs. Mackin, your old man seems pretty sick. I was passing and he screeched to me to stop and tell you he was nearly dead. I don't think it's as bad as that, but he was cramping double, and awfully white around the gills. Sharp turn of cholery morbus, I reckon."

Which diagnosis proved true, and a very sharp turn it was.

After Aunt Linda had worked with him for hours, exhausted all her remedies and reached the limit of her medical

knowledge, she called up a neighbor and sent for the doctor.

That frightened Uncle Aleck. "You—don't think—I'm—I'm a-goin' to—to—die, do you Lindy?" he panted between the paroxysms of pain.

"I hope not, but you're a very sick man, Aleck," she replied soberly.

He shivered at the implied doubt, and the undeniable truth of her words.

"Yes, I never been—so—so sick afore—I—I didn't know—I—I could be so sick."

When the doctor arrived at eleven o'clock, he was in a chill, and the physician looked grave and asked all sorts of questions as to the probable cause of the sudden and severe attack.

"It ain't what made it—it's what'll—cure it that important," Uncle Aleck fretted through chattering teeth. "You ain't going to—to—let me—me die just of cholery morbus!"

"It seems more like poison," the doctor rejoined. He applied the stomach pump, and administered various nauseating doses, and blistered the soles of Uncle Aleck's feet, and when the sufferer complained that he wouldn't be able to walk for a week, the doctor told him shortly he should be thankful if he ever walked again.

Then Uncle Aleck moaned and caught Aunt Linda's hand and whimpered that he hadn't been the man he'd ought to. And Aunt Linda cried over him a little, and wiped the sweat of agony from his forehead and told him that none of us were what we ought to be.

For some time the result was dubious, then the treatment began to take effect, and by three o'clock he was easy and the doctor departed, leaving remedies and directions should the symptoms return.

When the neighbor had also gone, and Uncle Aleck was sleeping quietly, Aunt Linda stood and looked at the old face, pinched and worn with suffering, then slipped out on the back porch, and gave

way to her feelings in alternate torrents of tears and gusts of hysterical laughter.

"I know such a perfectly silly thing was never done in this world before!—and I suppose I'd ought to stayed home and begun on him then—only he was so contrary, like as not he wouldn't let me—and it did seem's if he needed a lesson—and he got it, too!" With which fragmentary monologue she returned to her post, and when Uncle Aleck roused at sunrise, she had a bowl of hot gruel ready for him.

"Don't feel like smashing ash hoppers this morning, do you?" she remarked cheerily, going straight to the heart of the matter, opening the way for the confession that had trembled on his lips all night.

"I feel like I'd been run through a saw mill," he returned with a wan smile, then added sheepishly: "The fools ain't all dead yet, Lindy."

"It isn't likely they ever will be," she laughed.

"And the biggest one didn't die last night, like he—" then he temporized: "Didn't get a bit of sleep did you?—made you a heap o' trouble!"

"Oh, I don't mind that, I'll take a nap by and by."

He wriggled uneasily, then blurted it out with a shame-faced grin: "I reckon the club I meant to beat you with whacked me the hardest that time. I didn't 'xpect to be much sick, just enough to keep you up a fussin' with me all night—Lindy, I—I et two little ones!"

"I knew it. I seen you through the butt'ry window—and it's a wonder you didn't die, when two bites of green cucumber always sets you cramping. But oh, Aleck!"—words failed, and she laughed till the tears ran.

"Old lady, if you set any store by me, you'd better hide me when the fool killer comes along," he suggested, with a feeble roar.

THE HOME

HOBBIES IN THE HOME

By LOU LAWRENCE

BARNESVILLE, OHIO

IN the care of the home, the point of paramount importance is the happiness of its inmates. New methods for keeping down dust, for preparing the food, or for the care of the wardrobe, are all well enough so long as their adoption tends to augment the comfort and happiness of the family; but when all these plans have accomplished their ends,

This subject is of unusual importance in the smaller towns and rural villages and on the farm, where monotony so frequently proves the bane of human happiness.

In this connection, let me whisper, "Fads, hobbies." I am aware that people with hobbies are sufficiently in evidence to have become the butt of much ridicule; but, although some of them richly deserve their doom, I do not hesitate to suggest the idea as a means of increasing cheerfulness in the home.



SOME FRUITS OF A HOBBY
Photograph by Lou Lawrence

there is still the question of entertainment and interest to be looked after.

Employment in which one is interested is the sunshine of life, and sentiment is

the sugar in the bottom of the cups which are ours to drain daily and hourly. I do not mean to decry practical effort; but I really think that it has already had sufficient advocacy; and, on the average, the American people are prone to run to the extreme in this direction. The pursuit of a hobby is likely to furnish hours of agreeable employment for both hand and brain. It arouses enthusiasm and furnishes steam to the pump which moves the blood.

If you are a house mother, encourage the children to devote their spare time to the cultivation of some specialty. If they seem to have no inclination in any particular direction, set them to making collections. Immediately it becomes necessary to know what is and what is not worth preserving. Then you have them reading up their subjects. One may have a fancy for pictures. Give him a scrap book and set him to collecting fine engravings. In these days of illustrated magazines a wealth of fine engravings are at command. (See the National.) Insist that all prints be neatly trimmed and pasted, and assist the young folks to understand them and to gather facts concerning the histories or biographies of their subjects.

If the mind of another small man, or woman, should incline toward nature, there are entomological, geological, and botanical specimens to be gathered, mounted and arranged. Then there are stamps, antiques, and many other things—even down to buttons and pins—to which resort may be had. It is not always well to adopt the fad that is popular among your friends. There is a peculiar pleasure in having something unique. I know a family of three boys who make a hobby of puzzles. They try to solve every puzzle they find, and preserve all on which they succeed. I do not know whether their labor on these solutions has made them so bright, or the fact that they were naturally bright causes them to enjoy their efforts

along this line; but I do know that they are unusually quick and intelligent for boys of their ages; and I know, too, that this hobby of theirs keeps them at home when many boys of their acquaintance are on the streets.

It is not advisable, however, to relegate all the fads to the nursery and the young people. To say that even fathers and mothers can profitably pursue some object for the mere pleasure of it, may border on the paradoxical, but it is quite true nevertheless. Exertion of brain or muscle for the sake of the happy thrills which it brings is play such as children indulge in; and it is such play as keeps the outer and inner man young and graceful, rendering life a perpetual Springtime, and drawing the thoughts away from the intense commercialism and social rivalry of the times.



THE COTTON PICKERS

By MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

CALHOUN, ALABAMA

WITH dusky faces framed by duskier hair,

Down snowy row on row;

A coarse brown sack hung round each bending neck,

The cotton pickers go.



The sun beats down upon their patient
backs,
The red sand burns their feet;
But at the cabin there are many mouths
Must needs have pone to eat.

O hearts that know so little joy, O lives
That have so little light;
God surely watches over you, and He
Will somehow make it right.



HINTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

By WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MOST young mothers prepare too many first clothes, and these are made too elaborately. The up-to-date mother now provides loose flannel slips—open on the shoulder and half way

down the sleeves, which are cut in one with the garment—with the hem buttoned together at the bottom like a pillow case. Some few use a drawstring in the hem, but this makes the babe look as if he were in a bag and is far from pretty. With the buttoned hem there is nothing, at first glance, to distinguish it from ordinary slips, and these sanitary garments can be as daintily finished as any other slip. With flannel bands for the first fortnight and knit woollen shirts for constant wear, baby will be warm and more comfortable than if swaddled up in petticoats and barrow skirts. If the infant is born in Winter and the house not well heated, the barrow skirt may also be used, but it should be made like the other garment, in princess style, opened upon shoulders instead of front or back.

If baby is sturdy he may be changed to dresses, which are twenty-eight inches from neck to hem and finished in the ordinary manner, when one month old. If he is very delicate, it is wiser to keep him in the bag-like slip for eight or ten weeks. In either case he can grow into short clothes without any abrupt transition, usually reaching this stage when four or five months old.

All garments worn before he is able to stand alone should be made to open on shoulders and down the arms, fastening them either with buttons or bows of ribbon, as baby enjoys the dressing process when it is thus freed from all necessity for turning him onto his face.

One of the first troubles of the young mother is her inability to keep bottles bright and chemically clean, despite the use of soda water. Yet the cure is simple, whether she uses the two ounce bottle or the large ones. (Of course in this day of enlightenment, she will not use the old style tube bottle.) If egg shells are saved, dried on the back of the range and mashed into a sharp powder, a small quantity used in the

water with which the bottle is rinsed will immediately cut out every bit of accumulation on the glass. This powdered shell is better than shot for cleaning any bottle or cruet. Nipples should be kept in glycerine water—one part glycerine to three parts water—at least one hour in each twenty-four. Soda water will do equally well from the chemical viewpoint, but is less pleasing to the baby.

Of course baby likes an occasional drink of water and if the temperature is that at which he usually takes his milk, three nursing bottlesful in twenty-four hours will be none too much. If these are taken one in forenoon, a second in the afternoon and the third in the night, baby's system will be regulated without drugs. To avoid the bother of warming the water in the night, heat above the proper temperature at bedtime and wrap the bottle in flannel. This will be acceptable to baby the first time he wakes and he will sleep more soundly than if he were fed milk too often.

When baby is old enough to enjoy tearing paper, mother is confronted by the problem how to teach him that books must not be destroyed, yet allow him the pleasure which all normal children take with paper. If very delicate tints of paper be provided for tearing—and a little later for cutting with "round pointed" scissors—baby can soon be taught that white paper is never to be touched. This is the simplest possible solution of this difficulty. The coloring matter from pink, light blue and similar shades will not come off on his moist little fingers, but greens and cheap paper of darker tones should be avoided.

By the time he is nine months old, he should have a string of spools, a small grape basket and plenty of new clothes pins. He will find more ways of enjoying these simple things than an unin-

itiated adult would suspect. Of course every mother will provide a sand pile as soon as baby can sit up alone, even if she lives in a flat, where the "pile" must be kept in a cracker box. The untidiness resulting from play with this material is "clean dirt" and good for baby.

MY EMERGENCY MEAL

By EMILY HEWITT LELAND

AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S BABY"

ROCKWOOD, TENNESSEE

"HE hailed me just as I was stepping aboard my car, so there wasn't time to telephone, dear," a shadow creeping over his beaming face. Husbands always beam when they bring home sudden guests.

"Well, I'll manage, somehow," I say, kissing the shadow and giving his shoulder a reassuring pat.

"That's right, sweetheart! Anything will do, you know," and Alexis returns to the library with renewed brightness of countenance.

Anything! Isn't that just like a man. The cook away until bedtime, everything devoured, and a nice little supper with cousin Janet, on the West Side, hopelessly deferred!

But in the household journals and the home corners in the newspapers there are always enchanting things accomplished with bits of left-overs and odds and ends that turn up unexpectedly, so after my brightest welcome to our guest I hie me to the kitchen—all my cooking school accomplishments fluttering like birds about to be uncaged.

Refrigerator spic and span from its weekly scrub—and a meek little pat of butter and a can of milk the sole occupants! I always caution cook about having a lot of miscellaneous things in the refrigerator to be absorbed by the milk and butter, but surely there were two bananas—no, we had them for luncheon. And the potted tongue that

was so uncommonly nice!— I rush to the pantry and find the potted tongue jar standing in polished splendor beside other empty jars of once potted things.

But, at least, bread! I open the bread box with fear, remembering that tomorrow is bread baking day, and joyously find almost a whole loaf of cook's delicious "entire wheat."

"Now I will make some excellent chocolate and whisk up my most scientific omelet, and set on olives and some of mother's spiced peaches, and—and—"

I pause, saddened to find that the olives are reduced to four and that mother's peaches have proved so delectable that only two are left floating in their thick and spicy syrup. Now an emergency genius would do something with this syrup—cause it, with the aid of a cold potato and a shred of cabbage and the four olives, to suffer a sea change into a rich and strange salad—but I have no cold potato and can think of nothing but fritter sauce.

Also there are no eggs.

I remember cook's occasional remarks about having no stale supplies on hand, and the beauty of buying small fresh quantities of things. She is an educated cook. I actually revere her. But I think she might keep a reserve of three eggs.

I love my suburban home. It is far away from the roar of hucksters and the crash of corner groceries. We have small fruits started, and some day we will have a picturesque hennerly in the rear of the lot and keep six stately white hens.

Oh, if those hens could but give me NOW six beautiful eggs!

But what is this? As I live, a sly little slab of cheese—actually enough for three people—hiding under its glass cover and seeming to say that it gladly would be away, along with the eggs and the potted tongue, but circumstances over which it had no control—Ha! I seize it with a cry of triumph.

Now a Welsh rare—

But I forget. There are no eggs.

Well, everything seems to be narrowing down to just choc—

Horror! The one-minute tin which has supplied us with many a refreshing cup is exhausted.

So is the coffee can.

So is the tea caddy.

I recall the fact that cook is to buy tea and coffee and other things on her way home. She knows the best sorts and is a wise and judicious buyer.

"Bread and cheese and kisses." I remember hearing of a book with this title. I'll quote it to Alexis and our guest. I'll make a joke of the whole business. It's the only thing I can do—except to sit down and weep. And I'll not make my nose red, not for a dozen old Unexpected Things, pouncing upon us in this way! I do think Alexis might have—Oh, goodness! I'm going to cry, as sure as I'm alive.

"O—oh! Is it you? I thought you were to visit—she was away? Oh, yes?—and you brought the supplies? Dear me, I must be getting hay fever, my eyes feel—well, I'll run upstairs, now, and brush my hair. We have company—a friend of my husband's—for tea. I know you will fix up something lovely. I was beginning to fear we would have to sit down to just bread and cheese—ha! ha!"

And I fly to my room, thanking my stars that I have escaped adding one more fraud to the long list of ecstatic emergency meals.

A WOMAN'S WAY IN THE GARDEN

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

GATHER your herbs and dry carefully in a cool room where the sun will not strike them and where they will have

plenty of air. Then tie up in salt or flour bags, so that the flavor may be retained and dust may not gather on the leaves.

I hope the women gardeners have planted celerias this year. It is a delicious vegetable. Although with the flavor of celery, it is the turnip-like root which is relished, rather than the leaves and stalks as in celery. Boiled and sliced and served with drawn butter gravy, it is delicious. In late August or the first of September this vegetable must be earthed up and treated in the same manner as celery for Winter use.

Who has tried a large carving knife for trimming the woman's grassy garden border? I have one with a curve in it. It is far more convenient than a sickle or grass shears. I hold onto the grass with my left hand and cut it close with the knife in my right.

The first of this month I cut or break off slips and put them into sand or earth to root for Winter growing. The slips cut now will not do much blooming during the Winter, but will make nice plants for next Summer's planting out. From July until frost I slip geraniums and put them into tin cans in earth composed of two-thirds good garden soil and one-third sand. They seldom fail to root if not kept too damp. If rooted in pure sand the sand must be kept wet all of the time, but by rooting them in soil, they do not have to be transplanted and I find they grow better and stronger.

I want to tell you about my garden of last year. My garden plot measured fifty by forty feet, and I said that I should make that little bit of ground pay, even if I had to turn gardener myself. I hired a boy to thoroughly dig and fertilize the earth, and then I divided the ground into beds. Along by the fence, facing the east, in a strip

forty by four feet, I planted seeds, the plants of which I hoped to transplant later in the Summer. At each end I sowed flower seeds, while the main part was devoted to parsley, three young sage roots, chives and spearmint.

The season was late. I did not commence to plant my garden before the first week in May, and then came the drought, which was discouraging; but I was not balked, and I planted lettuce, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, onions, leeks, carrots, radishes, Swiss chard and potatoes. Every day for three weeks the boy carried water from the well in watering pot and pail, and this perseverance paid in the end, for my garden grew and the vegetables it contained were enough for a family of three all Summer long.

My parsley bed was beautiful; we had three pickings from the sage, and the mint seasoned many legs of lamb. Marigolds, convolvuli, mignonette, pansies and nasturtiums bloomed all Summer, while two of the marigolds, which I potted, gave me flowers all last Winter in a sunny window of my dining room.

Last September I transplanted over thirty roots of parsley. The sage was divided into six roots. Hollyhocks were transplanted. Rockets were given away and moved to another place, and the pansies were left to go to seed for next year.

I give below a list of vegetables planted:

One peck of seed potatoes; twenty plants of tomatoes; three packets of cucumber seeds; one ounce of Swiss chard; one packet of beet seed; five packets of lettuce seed; two packets of parsley seed; one packet of onion seed; one pint of wax beans; one-half pint of bush lima beans; one-half ounce of carrot seed; two packets of radish seed; one packet of leek seed; one ten-cent bunch of chives.

Many hours I spent on my knees weeding my garden, and all the lettuce was transplanted and hoed by "the

woman," as were the rest of the small vegetables. For was it not a woman's garden?

The result was most satisfactory. We dug from the small potato patch one bushel of potatoes. The tomato plants gave us three bushels of ripe and one and a half bushels of green tomatoes. From my barrel and hill cucumber plants I picked sixteen dozen cucumbers. There were one and a half bushels of delicious Swiss chard. Twelve dozen beets came from four rows. We had two quarts of onions; three six foot rows of leeks, a half a bushel of carrots; over three hundred heads of lettuce, beside loose leaved lettuce; forty-two quarts of wax beans; twelve quarts of bush lima beans; fifteen dozen radishes, and I divided the chives into twenty-one clumps in September.

A vegetable garden, be it ever so small, is such a satisfaction, for it is so nice to grow all the "greens" which help to make so many dainty and refreshing salads which are such an addition to a Summer meal.

SOUL SATISFIED

By MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

MY love, come sit before the glowing fire,

Rest here within this low reclining chair,

That I may see my loved ones nestling there,

May feast my longing eyes to full desire.

How holy this respite from cannon's choir;

How sweet to turn away from death's cold stare

To home, where hope is full, where faith is fair,

Where love lends joy that fame fails to inspire.

No, ne'er before had I such sense of rest,

As now inclines my heart to fold in prayer

The suckling babe that tugs your full white breast,

The parent love that we so fondly share;

Yes, love, though my tried heart again be tried,

Please God, I'll spend tonight soul satisfied.

HELPS FOR THE TEETHING BABY

By MRS. SUE STUART BRAME

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

USE salt in the water for the bath,—a good handful to the gallon. It is cooling and strengthening.

Use soda in the bath, a heaping tablespoonful to the gallon, if the baby is feverish.

Use borax in the bath, same quantity as soda, if the heat is on the baby's body.

Rub paragoric on the gums if they seem hot and feverish.

Keep the stomach covered with flannel until after the two year old teeth come. Make a sleeveless shirt by using a good quality flannel for front, cut low neck; have it long enough to cover stomach well. For back use cambric; make very short, narrow bands, button with two buttons. Bind around neck and sleeves with seam covering; hem bottom. Have shirt long enough to pin down to diaper in front. Put on stockings, not socks, and keep the knees well covered until after the teeth are through. If the bowels act too freely give a teaspoonful of blackberry cordial diluted with water. If the bowels do not act freely enough give a teaspoonful of Louisiana molasses.

How to arrange for baby's bath and place the tub so it would be most convenient was always a serious question, so I devised this plan: A box was taken the right height, a few inches wider and longer than the tub, a hole was cut in the top of the box large enough to permit the tub to sink in just enough to keep it stationary. All the boards that were not necessary for the support of the box were knocked off to relieve extra weight. The box was covered all over with white oil-cloth tacked with brass headed tacks, leaving the side of the box open for the feet to go in when giving the bath. Inside the box, on one side, put a small shelf and on the other a wire soap holder.

SURE RELIEF FOR PNEUMONIA

By ADELAIDE NEWHALL

WEST MEDWAY, MASSACHUSETTS

MANY times this dreaded disease has progressed to a fatal degree before a physician can be or is obtained. This simple remedy, faithfully used, will usually effect a cure. Take from ten to twelve good sized onions (if very small a larger number) put in a large frying pan, over as hot a fire as possible and not

burn. After two minutes add about the same in quantity of rye meal, then vinegar enough to make a thick paste; let simmer about twelve or fifteen minutes, stirring thoroughly; add vinegar from time to time if necessary, to keep it in paste form. When done put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs completely and apply to the chest as hot as it is possible for the patient to bear it. Now make another poultice in the same manner and apply as the first one gets cool, without uncovering the patient or letting cool air upon the lungs. Continue this process by reheating the poultices and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger—usually four or five applications will be sufficient; but continue always until perspiration flows freely from the body. Of course great care must be taken, the patient covered with flannel and the room kept very warm until sure all danger is passed.

KITCHEN FURNISHINGS AND ARRANGEMENT

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

WHEN discussing the good or bad features of kitchens in general, size is often named as the most important factor, though in reality far more depends on the furnishings and their arrangement. The large kitchen may be an ideal place in which to work if properly furnished, but otherwise it requires an amount of walking that would "do up" a professional pedestrian.

Even when the table can be near the pantry or store room door there is a constant stepping back and forth for the things needed while working; but when, in order to accommodate the table to available space, or light, it must be on the opposite side of the room, the "stepping" becomes walking and it is walk, walk, WALK day after day, year in and year out.



On the other hand, the very small kitchen is so cluttered that work is made doubly hard by having constantly to move things in order to get at the particular one wanted, unless there is some very compact arrangement whereby things can be kept get-at-able. If the kitchen walls are finished in wood, hooks may be inserted and dozens of things hung within reach of the hand, which usually are kept in cupboard or pantry; but if the walls are of plaster and it is not convenient to have panels of wood inserted, rods may be put up in rack form. To do this, get large screw rings and put into the wall; put wooden rods through the rings, and screw small hooks into the rods.

Among the furnishings which make work easier and pleasanter, a kitchen cabinet is fairly entitled to first place, for no one article among kitchen furnishings can compare with it as a step and time saver. If the full value of a cabinet is to be had, attention must be paid to quality of material and manner of construction, as well as to size and plan of arrangement. The ones made of thoroughly seasoned woods and so carefully constructed that there is no warping or pulling apart, will last a lifetime, and supplies kept in them are shut from the air and dust far more effectually than in any ordinary cupboard.

The cabinet shown on the preceding page (708) shows two flour bins, with sifting attachments at the bottom; one sugar bin; two moulding boards; four cupboards and eleven drawers, beside the large work table top and a roomy shelf:—now who can estimate the number of steps saved by assembling, within reach of the hand, all the supplies and utensils which may be kept in it?

The cabinet shown is one of the largest ones made by a reliable firm, but they also make smaller ones, in many styles of arrangement, down to a size that may be purchased for \$5 or less, so the requirements of the small kitchen and the

shallow purse are both provided for and the difference in price stands for difference in size but not in quality.

Some of the cabinets are sold by sections so that one may buy the base of the cabinet and have the use of it until ready to buy the upper section, which is a fine arrangement for the one who wants a large one but does not feel able to buy it.

Convenient kitchens are the exception in rented houses, but the woman who has a cabinet takes the best feature of her kitchen with her wherever she goes, and, the sections being separable, they may be moved without removing the contents, again proving a labor saving investment by saving the getting together, packing, unpacking, and arrangement of all the things kept in it.

To the woman who lives in rooms and has to make one of them serve as both kitchen and dining room the cabinet is a boon, because it permits her to make a convenient kitchen in one side of the room, and have, practically, the contents of a pantry and store room at hand, with the ability to shut them from sight in a way which is no disfigurement to the room, for the cabinet, being as well made and as finely finished as other good furniture, is decidedly ornamental.

LITTLE HELPS

By MRS. G. A. MERCHANT
Buffalo, New York

I.—If your paintings look faded and dingy, take warm water and white castile soap and with a sponge thoroughly wash over every part; do not be afraid to rub well until every trace of dirt is removed; then rinse with clean water and dry with a clean chamois skin or soft cloth. After the painting is dry take the white of an egg and with a small sponge go over every part of the picture, and it will look as if fresh from the hand of the artist. Go through this process once a year with your paintings, and they will retain their beauty indefinitely, their colors as fresh as when first spread upon the canvas.

II.—Do not throw away old tooth brushes but save them for house cleaning time when they will be found of the greatest assistance in scrubbing out the corners in the woodwork that cannot be reached in any other way.

III.—Cleaning windows: In a pail of clean water put a tablespoonful of ammonia, and with a sponge go over the window; then wipe off with a chamois wrung

from clean water. You will not need to rub the glass, as this process will leave it clean and bright. The wood work may be cleaned in the same way.

IV.—For brushing off walls and ceilings, a broom bag is one of the handiest of articles. Make it of outing flannel, cotton flannel or cotton eider down—down side out; cut the bag in shape of a broom, fourteen inches across the top and seven inches at the bottom, sew up one side, then cut from the same material a strip thirty inches long, and six inches wide, double, and sew up ends, turn and pleat across top of bag and sew together, face sides and bottom, sew on tapes at bottom of bag and half way up. When needed tie on your broom and go over your walls and you will be charmed at the result. These bags may also be used for washing painted walls and ceilings; a set of three bags will last two years.

V.—I was privileged to visit the kitchen of the Inside Inn at St. Louis, and there saw their method of washing dishes; part of the process might be used to advantage by busy housewives. After scraping the refuse from the dishes, they are put into a large wire receptacle and dipped into boiling soap suds; from this into boiling water, then are taken out and allowed to stand for a few moments and are perfectly dry without the use of a towel. In this wise the housewife may apply the process: Clean off all scraps from the dishes, as usual, then wash in soap and water, dip cups into boiling water by their handles and put to drain in wire drainer, or if that is not at hand use a common market basket which has holes in the bottom; then place saucers and plates and other dishes on edge within the basket and pour boiling water over them and allow to stand for a few minutes and they will be found to be beautifully dry and shining.

By JANET LEWIS

Chicago, Illinois

For the housekeepers whose hands look "grimy," and who has neither time nor means to use the more expensive preparations:—First, always have a saucer of yellow cornmeal standing on the sink; second, take a five cent bottle of yellow vaseline, and an equal amount of mutton tallow; melt together and pour in a small jar. Now, when the "dirty work" is done make a warm suds with Ivory soap, and after "dabbling" the hands for a moment or two, take a small handful of the meal and rub the hands thoroughly—then apply the vaseline and tallow: result, soft white hands, with little or no trouble or expense.

By MRS. V. J. MARRS

Jewett, Illinois

I.—Carbolic acid: On account of the great danger of this drug it should be kept in a bottle with a rough surface and should be placed high so that climbing will be necessary to reach the bottle. If this is done there is not much danger of a mistake being made.

II.—The feet: For tender feet sponge at night with alcohol and sprinkle in the shoes and stockings a powder composed of equal parts of pulverized alum and boric acid. For corns and bunions apply aqua fortis. For sore toes from ingrown nails peroxide of hydrogen applied daily will effect a cure.

III.—Superfluous hair: An eminent dermatologist is authority for the statement that peroxide of hydrogen persistently applied will destroy the hair follicles and eventually rid one of this troublesome condition. If the hair is dark it will at any rate bleach it and make it less conspicuous.

IV.—Deep breathing.—The tired and oftentimes discouraged housewife will get immediate renewal of strength with eradication of "blues" by going into the purest air about the premises and spending a few minutes in deep inhalations. Most women do not breathe

deeply enough, thus accounting for headache, cold hands and feet, nervousness, etc. Cultivate the habit of deep breathing.

By MRS. W. D. MANSER

Toledo, Ohio

I.—Having a husband who is partial to the best of steaks, and not being possessed of sufficient income to at all times supply the demand, after careful study I have hit upon the following means of making the most ordinary of steaks into something tender and juicy. I take any kind of steak, pound it thoroughly—never using a sharp instrument—I use a potato masher (one of the wire kind). After pounding thoroughly, salt and pepper well; then sift lightly on both sides with flour and fry in hot butter. The flour helps retain the juice, and you have a steak fit for the gods.

II.—Here are two recipes that I find to excel anything in the way of pie that I have ever tasted: Chess pie—One cup butter, two cups sugar, creamed until smooth; then add eight eggs, leaving aside the whites of four for frosting: stir well, and bake as other pie. When done cover with the whites which have been well beaten with sufficient sugar added, then brown in the oven. Lemon pie:— Yolks of four eggs, one large cup of sugar, two table spoons flour, two table spoons melted butter, juice and grated rind of two lemons. Stir together until all lumps in flour have disappeared. Measure in your pie tin the amount of milk needed, and add to the mixture; beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir in the last thing. After baking, make a covering of the whites of two eggs with sugar and brown in the oven.

III.—I have a friend who has made an otherwise ugly looking sink shelf look very inviting by purchasing table or oil cloth of any desired color (white looks best) spreading smoothly over top and tacking underneath, doing the same to back also. This washes easily and does away with a great deal of hard labor which is unavoidable if the housewife desires it to be spotlessly clean.

IV.—When putting down stair carpet, there is no better padding than a discarded bed quilt, cut in strips the size of each step.

By MRS. E. C.

Muskegon Heights, Michigan

I.—When canning pears that are flat and tasteless, put a piece of stick cinnamon in each can.

II.—If catsup bottles are filled within two inches of the top, and clear cold vinegar poured in, no mould will gather.

III.—In making currant jelly, add raspberry or cherry juice to change the flavor. Quince juice in apple jelly gives a very delicate flavor.

IV.—To can tomatoes, have ready a large kettle of boiling water and put the whole tomatoes in, after peeling. Boil until well done, and they will break up and form their own juice. The water in the kettle will be almost clear.

V.—When cooking cabbage for a boiled dinner, cut in quarters, remove heart, then tie up in a piece of old lace curtain or openwork scrim. It will cook thoroughly and can be easily taken out, and best of all, will not leave small pieces on the meat and other vegetables.

VI.—In cooking pears or parsnips that are flavorless, add a scant teaspoon of sugar when first put on to boil.

VII.—Sour oranges may be used for sauce by making a rich syrup of sugar and water, and pouring over the fruit after it is cut up.

VIII.—In stirring up a spice cake, mix the spices with the sugar and salt, dry. You will have no trouble with lumps.

By ADELAIDE NEWHALL

West Medway, Massachusetts

I.—No homekeeper who knows the value of chamois skin will be without one. If one is used in washing windows, glasses over pictures, mirrors, etc., by changing the water often enough no rinsing or wiping is necessary. Lightly press the skin out of warm water and no lint or streaks are left. It is almost a necessity in wiping polished furniture, and will leave it unstreaked and shining.

II.—I have learned by experience to avoid streaks when washing nice painted woodwork of any kind, a door for instance: commence at the bottom and wash thoroughly all the way to the top, then begin at top, rinse downwards and wipe dry as you go. Streaks are always caused by soiled water dripping down over dry paint.

III.—Salts of lemon is an effective eradicator of mildew and ink. Wet the spots, moisten the salts and apply.

IV.—A small piece of butter, size of a common marble, if put into starch when cooking it, will result in a better gloss and prevent the irons from sticking. Also, boiled starch should always be made in soapy water.

V.—Hard coal ashes, put through a fine sieve first, will prove a wonderful cleanser of silver, nickle, steel and tin ware; silver ware of the most intricate pattern can be very quickly and thoroughly brightened, and it will not harm the most delicate pieces.

VI.—To give a delightful freshness to the atmosphere of an apartment or house, put a few drops of oil of lavender in a pretty dish partly filled with very hot water, and placed in parlor or reception hall; the same in a silver bowl or tumbler placed in dining room just before dinner is served will prove a valuable aid to the hostess in cleansing the heavy air that accumulates, especially in Winter.

VII.—A teaspoonful of salt put in the boiling water in which a cracked egg is cooked will prevent any of the white leaving the shell. I have preserved eggs a whole year by completely covering them with salt, standing them upright, small ends down.

VIII.—A fig split open makes a good poultice for a boil; it is especially useful for a gunboil.

By AIRIE McKANE

Steele, North Dakota

My mother's sight has failed so that threading a needle is a task almost beyond her. After an absence from home I learned that a young friend had helped her over this difficulty by threading her needle for her. She simply took the spool of thread and paper of needles, and, without breaking the thread, threaded the whole paper of needles as one would string beads. When a needleful of thread was desired all that was necessary was to take the first needle, draw off as long a thread as desired, fasten the outside needle to the spool and leave it ready for next time.

By MARY HALL SHELTON

Rutland, Vermont

Last year, previous to my becoming a bride in October, I kept a note book of suggestive ideas for a home maker; perhaps some of these suggestions may be of aid to some other housekeeper:

I.—Sausage may be baked as well as fried, and apple sauce can be prepared by baking instead of stewing, the flavor being a little more delicate.

II.—A small paint brush is useful in buttering tins.

III.—Naphtha soap is a great help for the summer housekeeper, as hot water and boiling of clothes are forbidden in the laundry. When using this soap use warm water and much rinsing of clothes is necessary for good results.

IV.—Canned peaches that we buy at the stores may be greatly improved by adding a cup of sugar to the contents of each can and cooking ten minutes.

My father, Mr. D. K. Hall of Rutland, is one of your subscribers, so I read the National each month.

By ETHEL WILCOX

Lumberton, Mississippi

A novel decoration for either the front or back yard is a flower mound. This mound may be made from brickbats, old shoes, or any kind of rubbish. First take all the rubbish and heap it into a cone shaped pile. Then cover it all over with a generous supply of rich dirt. The soil must be very fertile in order to secure the best results. The flowers should be planted in rows around the mound. Either petunias, verbenas, nasturtiums or zenias will thrive on this mound. The looks of our very severe back yard have been greatly improved by two of these beautiful mounds. In one we have verbenas of every hue, in the others petunias. Every afternoon I pour a bucket of water on the top of each mound. This keeps them damp all the time.

By MRS. AGNES GWIN

Appleton City, Missouri

I.—To prevent the thread from being knotted when sewing, thread the needle before you break the thread off the spool.

II.—To save strength when ironing take off shoes and stand on a pillow or an old quilt folded.

III.—An easy way to polish silver without rubbing: Put the silver into a pan, cover with very sour milk and let stand for half an hour, wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

IV.—Half of an egg shell, with a hole in the end, makes a handy little funnel for bottles. If the egg shell is browned in the stove slightly it will be more durable.

V.—Before putting milk on to boil always rinse out the saucepan with water; this will prevent the milk from burning.

VI.—Keep up with the work. A young housewife's first tendency of letting things slip and then having a great clearing-up time is the hard road. Keep everything up, and seemingly impossible mountains of work do not appear. Housework may be divided into two classes—the things which must be done every day and the extras that come occasionally. If a manager watches and does some extra every day she is in much less danger of a backache.

By A. B.

Chester, Virginia

In cooling my room on a Summer evening after being closed up during the heat of the day, I found that it cooled quicker by opening one window from the bottom and one from the top. I mentioned it to others and they tried it with success. One very hot day when the kitchen was almost unbearable, it was tried there, and in a short while there was a decided difference in the temperature. Of course as the cool air came in at the bottom the warm air went out at the top.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS

The special prize of \$2 for the best "Little Help" published in August was won by Eva Ryman-Gaillard of Girard, Pennsylvania. The special prize of \$5 for the best feature of the Home department in August was won by Mrs. T. A. Rose of Sioux City, Iowa. The "Little Help" prize this month is awarded to Aine McKane of Steele, North Dakota; the \$5 prize to Lou Lawrence, Barnesville, Ohio.

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THE LITTLE BOYS OF BOSTON TOWN

MY neighbors pass with curious looks,
That, plain as looks can say it, say:
"What can this fellow know of BOOKS,
Who joins the little boys at play!

Now, here where scholarship's au fait,
And spectacles are tinted blue,
What shall a mere barbarian do
Unless he join the boys at play?"

I fall asleep when proudly roll
Dantean stanzas deemed sublime;
I never glimpsed the Oversoul;
My family did not sail in time.

In short, I should be quite de trop
In dear old Boston, were it not
That several little boys I know
Invite me to the Vacant Lot.

They let me buy the bat and ball,
The mask and gloves they let me buy;
When they choose sides note how they
call

Me forward with approving eye!

And when I swat the flying sphere,
Thereafter ambling down to First,
Observe how my small comrades cheer
As if their little throats would burst!

Let delve who will in faded songs,
From luckless Dante up or down;
Their fellowship my youth prolongs,—
The little boys of Boston Town.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

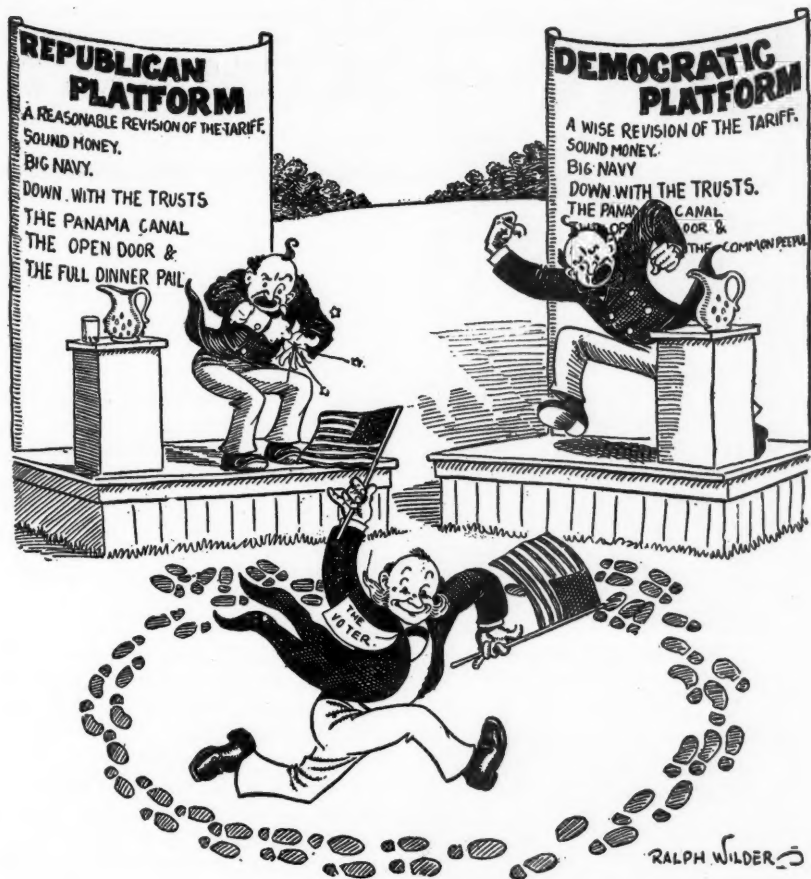
MR. WILDER'S "Record-Herald"
cartoon, presented on the opposite

page, aptly foreshadows the most interesting business of the American people during the next ten weeks, and also shows how little real difference there is between the platform pledges of the two chief political parties of the United States. Both recognize—one by assertion, the other by silence—the fact that the gold standard is here to stay; both express an inclination to revise the tariff without upsetting business; both favor reciprocal trade treaties, at such time and in such form as will help everybody without hurting anybody; both are glad that President Roosevelt has at last got the way cleared to dig the Panama canal; both mean if given power to deal justly and humanely with our island wards.

With the republicans, this policy is "standing pat"; with the democrats, most of it is confession and repentance.

The question for the voter to decide is, which party is most likely, judged upon its record, to manage public business in a "safe and sane" way.

Since upon the issues there appears to be no great contrast, the voter is likely to find himself judging between the men chosen by the two parties to stand for election. Will the voters elect Roosevelt, or will they elect Parker? (With all due respect to Messrs. Watson, Debs, Swallow, Corregan and other presidential nominees whose names may for the moment have escaped my attention—all brave, earnest, devoted, patriotic men whose highest ambition is to do good to their fellow men, as they see the good—none of them can of course

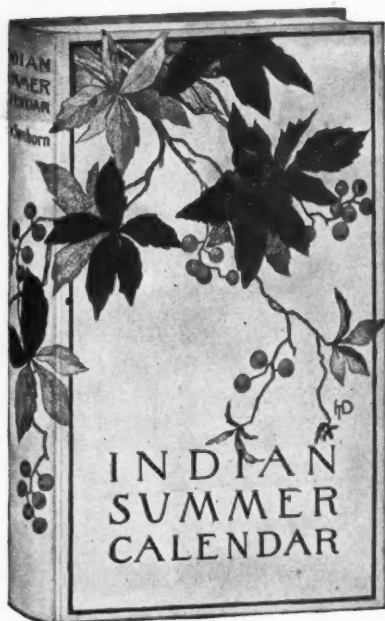


THE SPELLBINDERS

be elected, and it is doubtful if any of them will receive even a few electoral votes. The choice, therefore, is narrowed down to the two New York candidates—Parker and Roosevelt).

More than a year ago, in these pages, I predicted the nomination of Judge Parker—and his defeat at the polls. I now withdraw the latter half of that prediction. The race should be hot and close. Never before have I known my friends and acquaintances to be so uncertain—not apathetic but uncertain—as

to whom they ought to support for president. There appears to me to be a strong disposition to approve Roosevelt's vigorous honesty, offset by a reaction of the public mind in favor of the judicial rather than the militant attitude. There is time enough, between now and election day, to start a landslide toward either of the two men. The lawless element in Wall street and our loveable but hot-headed southern democratic friends—the gentlemen who find themselves cramped within the limits of the federal constitution—will work to



KATE SANBORN'S NEW BOOK

This is the cover (lacking its gold and brown and purple tints) of Kate Sanborn's "Indian Summer Calendar," one of the kindest, most inspiring, and most entertaining books of the year. A book for all occasions, and all sorts and condition of people. It is published by the Case, Lockwood & Brainard Co., Hartford, Connecticut.

beat Roosevelt as they have not worked for anything else in years: their heart is in the task. It is possible the members of these two groups constitute or control a majority of the voters of this country: I doubt it.

Mr. Bryan's plan for state ownership and control of the railroads is not broad enough. Mr. Cleveland is the only prominent democrat who appears to have any conception of "the united states" as a NATION. If he ever advocates government ownership and control of the railroads, he will undoubtedly ask that ownership and control be vested in the nation, not in the

several states. Anything less than that would recreate the chaos of unrestrained competition and imperfect cooperation from which the genius of the Wall street organizers from Commodore Vanderbilt down—give the devil his due—rescued the early railroads of the country. When the people get ready for public ownership of railroads and telegraphs, they will handle them through the national government. And because I feel that either Mr. Parker or Mr. Roosevelt will meet the demands of TODAY as well as any man who could have been nominated, I shall personally put in a vote for Mr. Debs, the candidate whose party offers a fairly rational plan for the NATIONALIZATION of the railroads and other public service corporations—TOMORROW.

THE NATIONAL FOR OCTOBER

MR. CHAPPLE will continue to jot down his personal impressions of men and matters at the World's Fair, with side notes on national politics, in his "Affairs at Washington." Mary Caroline Crawford will tell us about her recent visit to Senator George Frisbie Hoar at his home in Worcester, Massachusetts, amid his beloved books and his ancestral portraits. Christobelle van Asmus Bunting of Chicago reappears with "The Sway of the Goldenrod," a graceful and surprising love story, illustrated by Mr. Goldbeck. J. Callan O'Laughlin, writing from St. Petersburg, depicts vividly many types of the people of the Russian capital, and makes very clear and impressive the fatalistic determination of that people in the contest which they are now waging. Japan's side is presented by Reverend L. B. Cholmondeley, chaplain of the British Embassy at Tokyo, in a translation of a Japanese children's story entitled "Loyal in Love and in War."

NORTHERN WISCONSIN, THE LAND OF PROMISE

By ELLIS B. USHER



IN the rush for the prairie lands of the West which settled the great group of states that now grow the corn and wheat of the nation, thousands of fertile acres in the nearer West, notably in the great agricultural and dairying state of Wisconsin, were passed by because of the heavy growth of pine and hard wood which covered them and which bore eloquent, yet silent, witness to the fertility of the soil and the regularity of the rainfall. The husbandman, in his rush for lands which needed only the plow to prepare them for the seed, scorned such lands as an earlier generation had first conquered with the axe, in the Atlantic states, in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and, for a large part, in Illinois. Yet the earlier states have not failed to hold their own; generation of agriculturists has succeeded generation, and today the great central states which were once covered with timber are noted for their wealth and the productiveness of their fields, for their flocks and herds, their orchards and their fruit farms. That they hold their own was strikingly shown by the census of 1900, which established the geographical center of production of the six great cereals at a point east of the Mississippi, in Illinois, fifteen miles south of Keokuk, Iowa.

In Wisconsin, as elsewhere in the West, it was the lands which were most easily brought into subjection which were first settled. The southern part of the state, containing all the prairie lands, and the counties along the Lake Michigan shore, were developed rapidly, but the great timber belt is tardily receiving the recognition which its rich

agricultural possibilities merit. These lands have already produced one rich harvest in their pine, and often another in their hard wood, and are now being settled by men who desire to make homes where the timber still offers a means of immediate profit and support while the acres are being cleared for the plow. This timber also offers material for houses and farm buildings, for fences, for fuel, and likewise logs for the hardwood mills which abound in the region. The nearness of these lands to the great markets of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Chicago and Milwaukee, and to the rich copper and iron mining regions of northern Michigan, is an added inducement to the man who has little capital other than industry and energy.

I recently took a carriage drive through this northern central part of Wisconsin, traversing portions of the counties of Clark, Chippewa, Gates, Price, Sawyer and Taylor, all formerly heavily tim-



NORTHERN WISCONSIN TIMBER



A LITTLE SCHOOL IN GATES COUNTY

bered, now in process of the development which brings their lands into subjection to the plow. Years before, when I first visited this part of the great empire state of Wisconsin, there was but little in the way of settlement to be seen, save the camp buildings of the lumbermen. Today one drives along well made roads through as fine an agricultural country as the state affords, while well tilled acres, sleek herds, numerous flocks, fine homes and fat barns, attest the prosperity of those who chose to begin their farming with the axe instead of the plow.

Wisconsin is known as one of the leading dairying and cheese making states of the union. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, its cheese makers have just borne away the first premium, and other awards have testified to the superior excellence of the dairy products of the state. These dairy and cheese interests bring in \$50,000,000

annually to the people of Wisconsin, and the day is coming when that amount will be greatly increased from the farms which are being opened in the central and northern parts of the state, in what is known as the Clover and Grass Belt, where clover, timothy and blue joint seem to be indigenous and spring up wherever the axe of the lumberman or old burnings let in the sunlight.

After driving through this clover



DISTRICT SCHOOL, CLARK COUNTY



JUNE RYE FIELD, CLARK COUNTY



LUMBER CAMP IN TAYLOR COUNTY

country, in which timber lands alternate with fine farms and handsome school houses, where the rural free delivery mail carrier is met on the road and the rural telephone wires follow the highway, I went farther north and visited sections where the plow has not yet followed the axe. I drifted for three days down the picturesque Flambeau river, famed for its muscallonge, its pike and bass, through a dense forest growth which testified

that the day of "the forest primeval" is not yet long gone by. As our party swept along, running rapids and now and then enjoying the pleasures of a "carry," deer stood at the water's edge and stared at us in mild-eyed wonder until scared away by the shouts of the boatmen; the drum of the partridge, or ruffed grouse, was heard in the thickets, and now and then a wild duck hurriedly beat the air with his pinions as we sud-



CHURCH IN TONY, GATES COUNTY



NEW SCHOOL HOUSE, TAYLOR COUNTY

six to eighteen miles from a railroad, and the whistle of the locomotive often bore to our ears the warning that this country, too, must soon become the home of the farmer and the husbandman, that the deer must give way to his prototype of the mild and beautiful eye, the Jersey, and his wooded haunt to the farm and the school house.

Wisconsin is a great state. My New England readers will best comprehend this when they realize that it falls short but 8,000 square miles of equalling in area the six New England states combined. It has a population of over 2,000,000, and its chief city, Milwaukee, stood fourteenth in the list of cities in the census of 1900. Of its nearly 36,000,000 acres, 20,000,000 acres are occupied by farms, including, according to the last census, 11,250,000 acres of improved lands, or less, as will be noticed, than one-third of the total area of the state. Thus is demonstrated the vastness



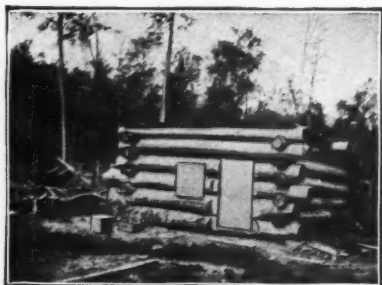
HERD OF CATTLE, CHIPPEWA COUNTY

denly came upon him around a bend. At one camping spot, where parties of river drivers had been wont to camp in the old logging days, a doe and two fawns came right up to the bow of one of our boats, and the earth had been all trampled and torn up by deer in their greedy search for the salt which had been thrown out by the "cookee."

Yet in this wild and apparently untouched region we were never more than



ON THE STANLEY, PHILLIPS & MERRILL RAILWAY



TYPE OF EARLY PIONEER CABIN

of the territory within easy reach of the great interior market centers of the country which has escaped attention in the search of the pioneer for that ever illusive will-o'-the-wisp, the "frontier." In his rush by, the venturesome home-seeker has braved the lands of the cyclone and the blizzard, has gone where he has had to take his house with him or live in the sod burrow of the prairie settler, and has warmed himself in Winter by burning corn rather than follow the example of the Chippewa Indian, who betakes himself to the woods in Winter, because fuel is plenty and is to be had for the taking.

As I have stated, however, the day is now at hand when this vast, neglected territory, with as rich a soil, as even a climate and as steady and normal a rainfall as any district between the two oceans, is attracting the attention of the tenant farmer who seeks acres of his own; of the young man of enterprise

and determination who seeks the chance which older states once offered his father; of the established New England farmer who seeks locations for his sons or his sons-in-law, or who determines to sell his own high priced acres and buy cheap land in a favorable locality, using the balance of his money to make a comfortable home and stock his farm with cattle; and, especially worthy of note, it is also attracting the attention of the sheep and



A PIONEER CLARK COUNTY STABLE



CREAMERY, GLEN FLORA, GATES COUNTY



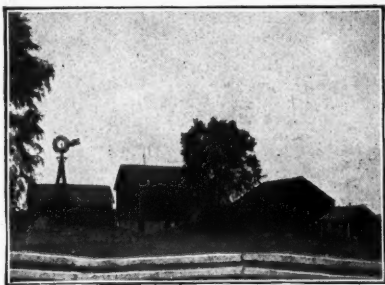
ON THE YELLOW RIVER, TAYLOR COUNTY

goat breeder. Angora goats are now known as the greatest underbrush exterminators and land clearers in existence, while the almost unparalleled growth of grass and clover make this a phenomenal natural sheep raising and dairying country. For cheese making the absence of extremely hot nights is especially favorable, and an abundance of pure, soft water is a boon for man and beast.

Wisconsin is one of the best watered states in the Union. There are twelve hundred and forty lakes within her borders, varying in size from Lake Winnebago, thirty miles long, (the doorway by which the French missionaries and explorers entered Wisconsin as early as 1638), to the little sparkling ponds which gem the forest reaches of the north and which abound in trout, bass or the lordly muscallonge. These many lakes make



THREE-YEAR OLD FARM, GATES COUNTY



MODERN BARN, CLARK COUNTY

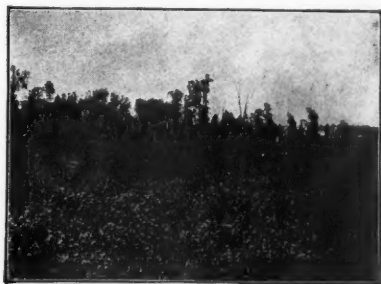


ONCE DENSE FOREST, CLARK COUNTY

Wisconsin a great natural sanitarium and pleasure resort. Two of the great inland seas wash its borders and temper the cold of Winter and the heat of Summer, while the Mississippi and its affluents drain four-fifths of the state and furnish 1,200 miles of navigable waterways along and within its boundaries. Counting in the Menominee, which forms its northeast boundary, and the St. Croix and Mississippi on the west, the state

has a fresh water coast line of over 1,000 miles.

The population of Wisconsin has doubled since 1870, but there is ample room and opportunity for hundreds of thousands of enterprising men in the northern portion of the state. Now that the great timber belt has been opened by railroads and its fertility and freedom from drouth and crop failures has been proved, it is rapidly attracting the young man who has only his hands and a courageous heart to assist him in carving out a farm and a home, as well as his more fortunate fellow who starts in the battle of life endowed with something of this world's goods. The new settler, and his team, if he chooses, can here find ready employment near at hand for cash, when he has time from his own work, and in this way the timber country of northern central Wisconsin offers advantages to the home builder such as our pioneer fathers never knew and which



RED CLOVER FIELD, PRICE COUNTY

no prairie region ever afforded.

New England men blazed all the early forest paths of Wisconsin, and a Yankee pioneer, with his axe, first led the lumbermen on every Wisconsin logging stream of importance. The constitution of the state was shaped by New England men, and, beginning with its first governor, Nelson Dewey, who was

from Connecticut, at least twelve of its twenty governors have been of New England birth or extraction. The New England readers of the National Magazine who care to pursue this interesting phase of Wisconsin development will find pleasure and profit, and it will assure them that to move to such a state is not moving away from home.



SCHOOL HOUSE IN GATES COUNTY



NEW WORK ON S. P. & M. RY. BEYOND HANNIBAL



A NEW HOME IN CLARK COUNTY



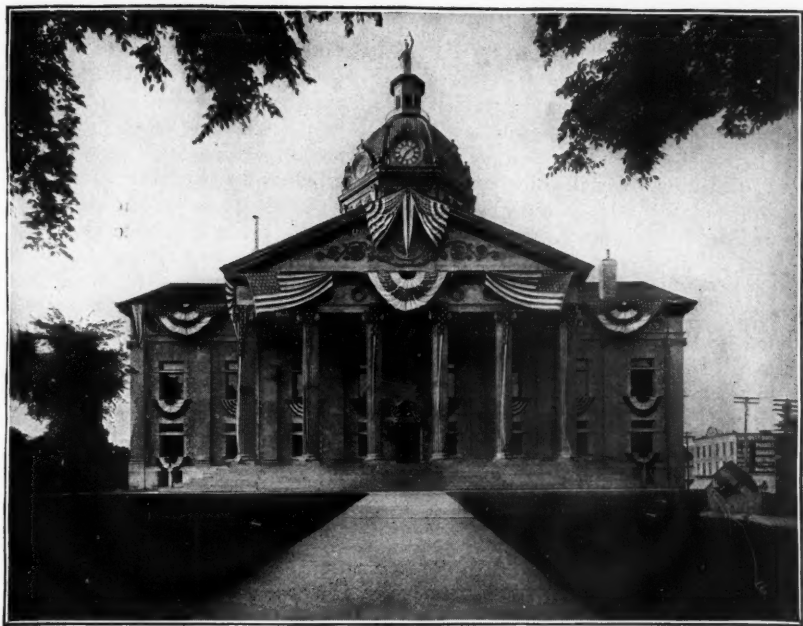
ON THE FLAMBEAU RIVER, SAWYER COUNTY



HOME ON THE FLAMBEAU RIVER, GATES COUNTY



THE FOREST, SAWYER COUNTY



COUNTY COURT HOUSE, ONE OF BINGHAMTON'S HANDSOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS
 Photograph by Newing

BINGHAMTON, A MANUFACTURING CENTER OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK

(From "Industrial Binghamton," by the Binghamton Board of Trade)

BINGHAMTON'S situation is picturesque. It lies in the Susquehanna and Chenango valleys, hills rising on nearly every side. From the top of one of these, on a Summer's day, the town looks as if it were embowered in a great forest, so numerous are the shade trees—save where the brick and stone of the business section makes a contrasting blotch of color. Nearly as far as the eye can reach down the Susquehanna stretches what is practically the city, for Lestershire, with its great industries, though incorporated as a separate village, is actually a part of Binghamton. And further down, nine miles from the city hall, is Union, where they are building the new city of Endicott, with indus-

tries to employ thousands. So closely is this connected with Binghamton by the electric railroad, and so rapidly is the connecting territory being built up, that it does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee the day when this, too, will be a part of a great municipality twelve miles in length from east to west—the Greater Binghamton.

The man from whom Binghamton took its name was William Bingham, of Philadelphia. An Englishman by birth, he came to America as a colonist, served in the American army during the Revolution and earned a commission. At the close of the war he went into business in Philadelphia, where he accumulated a fortune. To him and to two others,

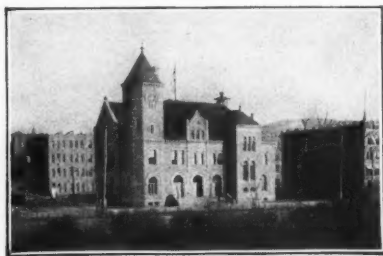
Robert Lettis Hooper and James Wilson, was granted on June 27, 1786, a patent for a tract of 30,620 acres. It lay on both sides of the Susquehanna river and included parts of the present towns of Union, Vestal, Binghamton, Conklin and Kirkwood. In 1790 the trio divided the tract among themselves, the part containing the site of the present city of Binghamton falling to Mr. Bingham. In 1800 Mr. Bingham appointed as his local agent General Joshua Whitney. One of the inducements held out to settlers by General Whitney was that a bridge was to be built across the Chenango, at what is now Court street. This, however, was not constructed until 1808, when it was built as a private enterprise. Main and Front streets were laid out about this time, buildings were erected at the four corners near the bridge, and an air of modest activity was apparent.

From that time Binghamton has never taken a backward step. Her growth has been steady, and though there have been eras of particularly rapid growth, none of it has been of the mushroom sort. The founders laid the foundations strong and deep; their descendants have built upon these foundations wisely and

inhabitants in 45,000. And the city is growing every month.

Binghamton is preeminently a manufacturing city. The label "made in Binghamton" is to be seen on manufactured articles offered for sale in all parts of the world. These goods are of all kinds, from a carpet tack to a large steam boiler. Some of the principal things made in the city are boots and shoes, cigars, carriages and sleighs, chairs and furniture, doors, sash and blinds, washing machines, hoes, glass bottles, scales, combs, buttons, wire goods, felting, harness and saddlery, boilers, electric dynamos and motors, flexible shafts, men's clothing, overalls, shirts, hunting jackets and canvas sporting goods, carriage ironing, whips, gloves, time recorders, flour, crackers, tacks, envelopes, folding boxes, refined wood alcohol, flavoring extracts, and rubber bicycle and carriage tires. The city also manufactures pulp plaster, has linen and silk mills, while an engraving plant turns out all sorts of engraving and electrotyping.

The cheapness of power is one of Binghamton's claims upon the manufacturer. A twenty-five horse power gas engine can be run for \$20 a month. The attaching of a gasoline tank to the engine is permitted, the expense of which would not be over fifty cents a day. The city also has the advantage of having exceptionally low rates for electric power and excellent service. Electricity is largely used and is inexpensive, while a twenty-five horse power engine can be run by steam for about \$2.80 a day. The president of a company which recently came to Binghamton from New York says that it costs him less to run his entire factory by gas power than it did to light his offices in New York. Cheap power, transportation and rent, together with comparatively low wages, put the Binghamton manufacturer upon a basis where he can compete with his rivals without fear.



UNITED STATES POSTOFFICE BUILDING
Photograph by Newing

well. The population in 1870 was 12,692; in 1875, 15,518, and in 1880, 17,317. During the next ten years the number of inhabitants had doubled, the census in 1890 showing a population of 35,005. Today a fair estimate of Binghamton's



For the convenient transaction of business, banks with ample capital and solid financial standing are of first importance. Binghamton is admirably equipped with institutions whose condition is of the most satisfactory character. The recent consolidation of three of the leading banks has provided one of the largest banking institutions in this part of the state.

Few inland cities are so favored in regard to transportation facilities as Binghamton. Its geographical location is perfect, it being situated midway between New York and Buffalo, on two of America's great trunk lines, the Erie and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

The New York state capital at Albany is on the direct line of the Delaware & Hudson Company, only 143 miles distant, and Harrisburg, the seat of the Pennsylvania government, lies 191 miles to the south. Scranton, the heart of the anthracite coal region, is sixty-one miles away, and the bituminous coal district of Pennsylvania but ninety miles to the southwest, providing cheap fuel for the home and factory.

The Syracuse and Utica divisions of the Lackawanna system radiate north from this city through the rich farming district to Oswego, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and the Susquehanna division of the Delaware & Hudson, together with the branches of the

Erie and Lackawanna running into the coal regions, reach a great consuming trade, from which the merchants and manufacturers of Binghamton reap many thousands of dollars annually. The Erie, with its many branches and lateral



lines, penetrates the fertile district of Western Pennsylvania and southern New York; the Lackawanna likewise central and northern New York, and the Delaware & Hudson Company through the Adirondack region into Canada, the latter line also being a direct route to Boston and all New England points, so that from Binghamton there is no direction which cannot be reached directly.

All the passenger and freight stations here are located in the heart of the city's business district, the freight stations being equipped with all the modern

facilities for the economical and rapid handling of freight, both received at and forwarded from the city.

Seventy passenger trains depart daily. Shippers are particularly favored with quick freight service, owing to this city being such a large transfer point, where thousands of cars of freight are consolidated monthly for all points in the East and West, as well as New England; through car service has been inaugurated to all the principal cities as far west as the Mississippi river, enabling the Binghamton manufacturers to deliver their goods at destination ahead of their competitors, thereby holding and increasing their trade. A sample of the schedule time on package freight train is twelve hours from New York to Binghamton; forty-eight hours from Binghamton to Chicago.

In addition to the railroads already built, Binghamton is to have two new lines. The franchise for one has already been secured; the other is now before the commissioners and will undoubtedly be granted. One of these roads will open up a new coal field, furnishing coal that has all the advantage of anthracite at a much lower price.

As a residential city, Binghamton offers many advantages. Its shaded streets, velvety lawns and pure air make it a delightful place in which to spend the summer. Many residents prefer to remain in their cosy homes rather than to leave them for places that are called Summer resorts. In fact, the public parks and surrounding country offer all the attractiveness that could be desired.

Just south of the city, not more than a mile from the business center, lies a plot of natural woodland of surpassing beauty. Through it runs a picturesque defile, winding around the base of a densely wooded hill. Roads as firm as stone wind among the trees and lead to the summit of the hill, where from "the Lookout" a view of the city and valley breaks upon the eye—rivers like silver

ribbons sparkling in the sunlight, toy trains creeping along like snails, and a busy city spread out at one's feet. Such is Ross park. It is a resort which is enjoyed not only by the citizens of Binghamton, but also by thousands of excursionists, who come during the season from points on the railroads. There are few cities in the country which can point to a park that is so near to nature as this. There is nothing artificial about it, care having been taken in all the improvements to preserve all the natural woodland features.

Beside this there are two smaller parks which have not been greatly improved as yet. One is situated in what is known as the "German settlement," and the other is in the eastern part of the city. As the city grows these will some day be charming breathing places for the people. The parks are under the control of a board of park commissioners.

The city is in the center of an excellent farming section. Most of the agricultural and dairy products used by its inhabitants are cheaply delivered at their doors by the growers and makers. This, combined with close competition between the merchants, makes cheap living.

The cost of living is still further reduced by the cheapness of rents, making it possible for factory employes to live moderately well on wages. Prospective residents of Binghamton may rest assured that they could find no place, large or small, which can offer to them better church advantages than this city. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in the churches, whose membership is large and active. In short, it may be said that Binghamton is, to a degree, a church supporting town, which means that it is for the most part a moral and law abiding town.

Binghamton's streets are one of her greatest glories. There are 125 miles of them, lined for the most part with maples or elms, which in the older portions of

the city have attained a noble growth. The general neatness of the streets and surroundings has earned for Binghamton the title "Parlor City."

Binghamton has many attractive public buildings and institutions, which have cost over \$2,000,000. The Binghamton state hospital for the insane is one of the largest in the country. Over \$1,000,000 has been spent in buildings and equipment for this institution, in which 1,300 patients are cared for. Another public institution of the highest class is the Doolittle school for the half-witted.

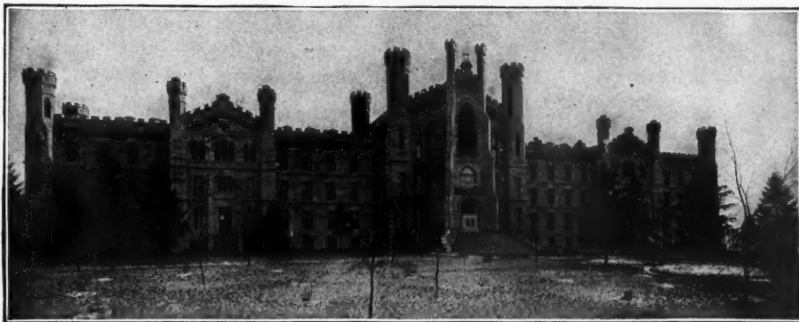
The Municipal building, county court house and the United States post office are handsome stone structures, each costing from \$125,000 to \$150,000.

The city has a well equipped general and emergency hospital. Over 100 Protestant orphan children are cared for at the attractive Susquehanna Valley Home, while about the same number of Catholic children receive excellent care at St. Mary's Home.

Among the advantages which Binghamton can offer, not the least is her system of public schools, in which she takes high rank among the cities of the country. Generously provided for and conducted in the true spirit of modern scholarship, the schools give a practical training which is excelled in few cities

of this size. In addition to the high school, the manual training school and the grammar school, there are fifteen ward schools situated in every part of the city. Many of them are new buildings, fitted with every convenience, and accommodations are supplied ample for all the children of school age. In connection with the high school is conducted the Barlow School of Industrial Arts. This was given by the late Allen Barlow, and is under the direct control of a board of trustees. The Lady Jane Grey Academy for young ladies is a private institution of which Binghamton is justly proud.

The City School library, which is in the Washington street school building, has served the purpose of a city library, any resident being permitted to take books. A new library building has just been completed at a cost of \$75,000. New books are being secured, and with its new equipment the library will be one of the most complete in the state. Lack of space alone prevents our going more into detail in setting forth the advantages of Binghamton. It has been the aim of this article to give a few facts that prospective residents may want to know about the city, its industries and manufactures, its natural advantages, and the inducements that it has to offer to the home seeker and manufacturer.



HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE
Photograph by Newing

THE FINEST DRUG STORE IN THE WORLD

ON December 3, 1903, the handsome new store of Theodore Metcalf Company on the old site of Peter Faneuil's parlor at 39 Tremont street, Boston, was thrown open. What a contrast this opening day in 1903 presented to that in 1837, when the store was originally

established. The finest drug store in the world now greeted its throngs of visitors. The rich furnishings of mahogany and mosaics, the bower of American beauty roses, the seventy-five busy clerks, the 75,000 different articles as carefully indexed as a dictionary, with the late Mr. Metcalf's portrait in prominent view, marked an event of more than local or passing importance. Among the guests that day were his former clerks—Thomas Doliber of Mel-lin's Food, C. I. Hood of Hood's Sarsaparilla, E. W. Shedd of Rubifoam, and scores of others whose names are already in the halls of national fame for business achievement.

All of the prescriptions and memoranda issued by this firm carry Red Cross signs, a significant insignia of the modern drug store. Even the tiled floor is inlaid with the red cross in an artistic manner. The irresistible soda fountain occupies a prominent position in one corner—for what American drug store would be complete without it?—and there is always a satisfaction in knowing that a soda at Metcalf's is "quite the right thing." On the opposite side of the room is a prescription case extending over forty feet, back of which is an array of trained pharmacists busy at all hours, their heads visible above the counter—a marked contrast to the old time, gloomy prescription desk of the apothecary, which more resembled a photographer's dark room than anything else. The balconies bordering the main room are lined with shelves and myriads of bottles are stored away under the counter with all the accuracy, system and mathematical precision in the form of a careful serial numbering could devise. The rear room, which is nearly twice as large as the front store proper, is indeed a revelation of mysteries to the ordinary observer. The prescription books of the Metcalf store are of great historic



THEODORE METCALF COMPANY'S NEW STORE

value. The signatures on the million recipes they contain reveal names connected with the great discoveries in medicine of the last century; in this store ether and chloroform were first sold; here the dentist's "laughing gas" was produced; and cocaine and vaccine were "first introduced to the market at Metcalf's." In fact, as the "Old Corner Book Store" was the center of American literary life, so Metcalf's was the rendezvous for the leaders in American medicine and surgery.

A visit to the new Metcalf store indicates the great commercial triumph of the times. The poison case is so arranged with an electric lock that a clerk must check and recheck himself three times before he can take a bottle from its locked shelves. When the plug is put into the indicator after he has found his bottle, he must again look upon the label itself, as well as the indicator, before the bottle can be taken out. In the great labyrinth of the establishment, which reaches back to Pemberton Square, is every article known to the world's drug trade. There is a splendidly fitted laboratory where physicians and chemists can make emergency and test experiments, and the vats and bottle works in the basement constitute another laboratory of spacious capacity. In one part is prepared the famous "violet sachet" which prominent French authorities have pronounced without a rival in all the mystery of perfume alchemy.

A prescription from Metcalf's is the standard of excellence in Boston and New England, and this fact has developed a large business in filling prescriptions by mail for far distant parts.

It is conceded that there is no place better equipped to fill a medical recipe than Metcalf's, and in these days of rapid transit and speedy mail and express service—to say nothing of pneumatic tubes—the trading territory of the store has expanded to the length and

breadth of the country, for few people have ever lived in Boston who have not at some time or other, had a "Metcalf labelled bottle" in the medicine chest—and Boston people go nearly everywhere in the universe, and the true Bostonian never leaves behind his medicine chest when he travels.

In the glow of sixty years' triumph, it is not to be overlooked that the men who have brought about the final results are still the presiding geniuses of the Metcalf Corporation and actively manage its stores. Associated with Frank A. Davidson, the president, who has been connected with the institution for twenty years, are E. W. Shedd, vice president; E. F. Varney, secretary; G. W. Thompson, assistant secretary; Michael Lyons, director, and F. C. Montgomery, manager of the "Back Bay Branch" at Copley Square.

The Metcalf corporation is inaugurating a system of profit sharing, which indicates that it is ever alert in the sphere of advancement. Mr. Davidson and his associates, always courteous, with a word of welcome ready—for they have legions of friends—have put their lives and souls into the business which so fittingly commemorates the memory of its founder and marks a phase of the evolution of American business life that is an integral part of the history of the nation. It is more than a business—it is an institution which is linked to the inspiring achievements of the century.

The stranger was right; the "green and the red" which he believed would shine well in Peter Faneuil's parlor windows, under the light of Beacon Hill, have rivaled the interest in Paul Revere's lantern in old North Church in point of significance in the business world—for even business men have a love for the inspiring traditions of the past, which the present and the future are enjoying and will continue to enjoy to their fullest fruition.

IN THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR

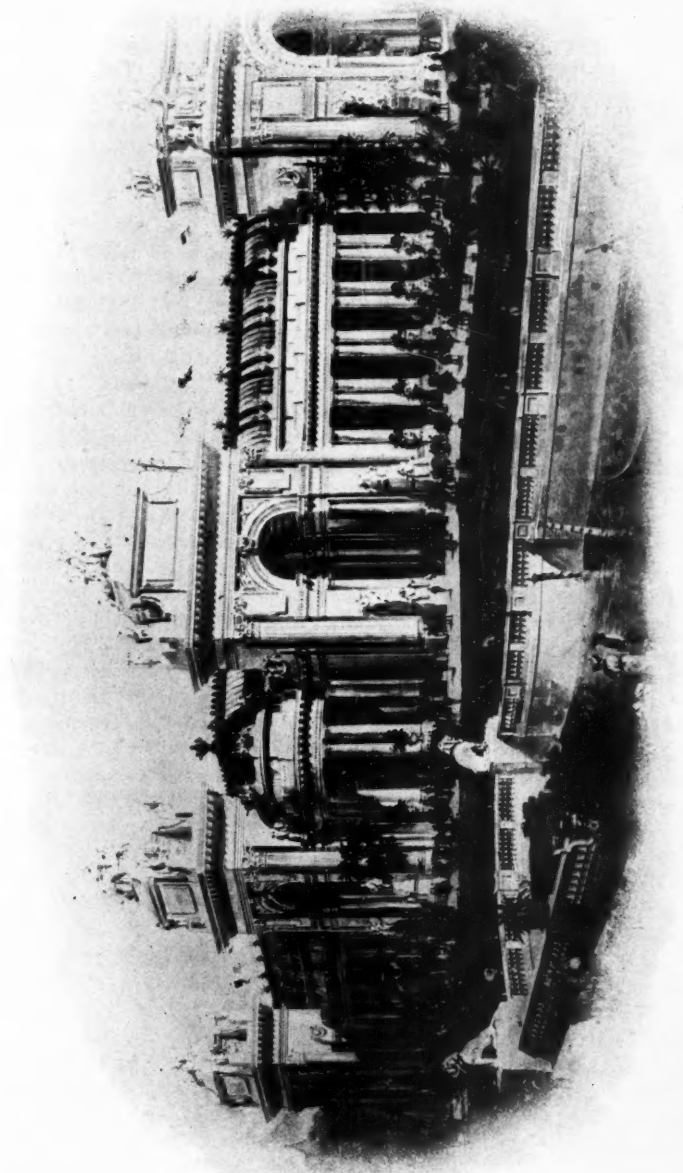
"SHOW processes, not products," was the demand most often impressed upon exhibitors at this biggest of world's shows and the exhibitors in the Liberal Arts Building responded with displays that fulfill in every way what President Francis meant when he walked through the building on the official tour of inspection and remarked, "There's a live exhibit," many times before he had finished examining them all.

The most comprehensive exhibition of a process at the exposition is that of the National Magazine. Regular readers of the National know that a souvenir edition is published each month in the Liberal Arts building, but they cannot realize until they visit the exposition how great and attractive an exhibit this is, and how the influence of the National permeates almost every part of the building. The most popular entrance to this building is at the northeast corner, where more than 20,000 people have entered in one day. From this entrance the big dome, representing the dome of the capitol at Washington, can be seen towering to the high girders of the roof, the landmark of the National booth. You can't walk very far into the building before you see the crowd about the booth and the young lady attendants explaining how the magazine is produced, "from manuscript to mail bag," as Joe Chapple says it, in the building. Every subscriber registers in the big book provided for the purpose, and many a tired sightseer stops to rest and to get better acquainted with the people who make the National. This part of the building is really a big publishing house, and each month an edition of the National is issued here. The type is set on a Simplex typesetting machine. The plates are printed on the Miehle presses, then the Dexter folders fold the sheets, the Morrison stitchers bind the folded sheets, the National girls glue on the

covers, and the Seybold trimmers cut the edges. The plates for the pictures are also made at the exhibit of the Sanders Engraving Co. in the building. There could be no better exposition of the "art preservative of all arts" with its attendant air of good fellowship.

Among the exhibits in the Liberal Arts building will be found that of the Sigmund Ullman Company, which, in its way, is unique, as it represents an article which, while formerly imported into the United States from Germany and other countries, is now exported to all parts of the world. This article is printing ink, which because of inventions and improvements made in its manufacture by the Sigmund Ullman Company, has invaded the markets where printing is done. The Sigmund Ullman Company displays some very beautiful printed specimens done with their famous doubletone inks, and a visit to this exhibit, as well as the other exhibits of the Sigmund Ullman Company in conjunction with the various press manufacturers, where the ink can be seen in actual operation, will prove of great interest to laymen as well as printers. This is the ink used in printing the National Magazine.

Looking across the aisle, opposite the National Magazine's booth in the Palace of Liberal Arts, one's attention is at once attracted to the exhibit of the Campbell Printing Press and Manufacturing Company by two signs, one reading "The Press of the Eighteenth Century," and the other, "The Press of the Twentieth Century." To the layman even, it is a far cry from the old hand press, built in Boston in 1742, which possibly Ben Franklin worked on, and which stands close to the rail in the center of the exhibit, to the modern accurate, high speed power presses which the



PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS, WHERE THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR EDITION IS PRINTED

Campbell Company exhibit under actual working conditions.

The Liberal Arts Club, consisting of nearly all the exhibitors in the building, was formed on the evening of July 1, when Joe Chapple was elected president and the club enjoyed a Chinese dinner at the Chinese village on the Pike. After dinner, extemporaneous speeches were made by the president, secretary Albert E. West of the Blickensderfer Typewriter Company, J. Clifford Kennedy of the Underwood Typewriter Company, Paul H. Cromelin of the Columbia Phonograph Company, Albert Jans of the Toledo Computing Scale Company, Len Spencer, the well known Washington entertainer, and representatives from the English, French, Austrain, Italian and German sections.

The biggest piece of machinery in the Graphic Arts section is the Hoe octuple perfecting press, that will print and fold 96,000 eight page newspapers an hour when running at top speed. This piece of mechanism is a little beyond the comprehension of many of those who view it and has been productive of many an odd remark. One lady hurrying up to the giant machine said to her flock of following children, "There's that cotton press and we're just too late to see it running." A few days later a facetious stranger inquired timidly, "Where do you put the grain in?" thinking it was a new fangled threshing machine. In the same part of the building are several powerful paper cutters, exhibited by the Seybold Machine Company and used to clamp down a pile of Nationals and trim the edges. A woman, whose mind was more on her kitchen than the fair, looked at a cutter in operation and remarked, "That knife would be awful nice to cut cake with."

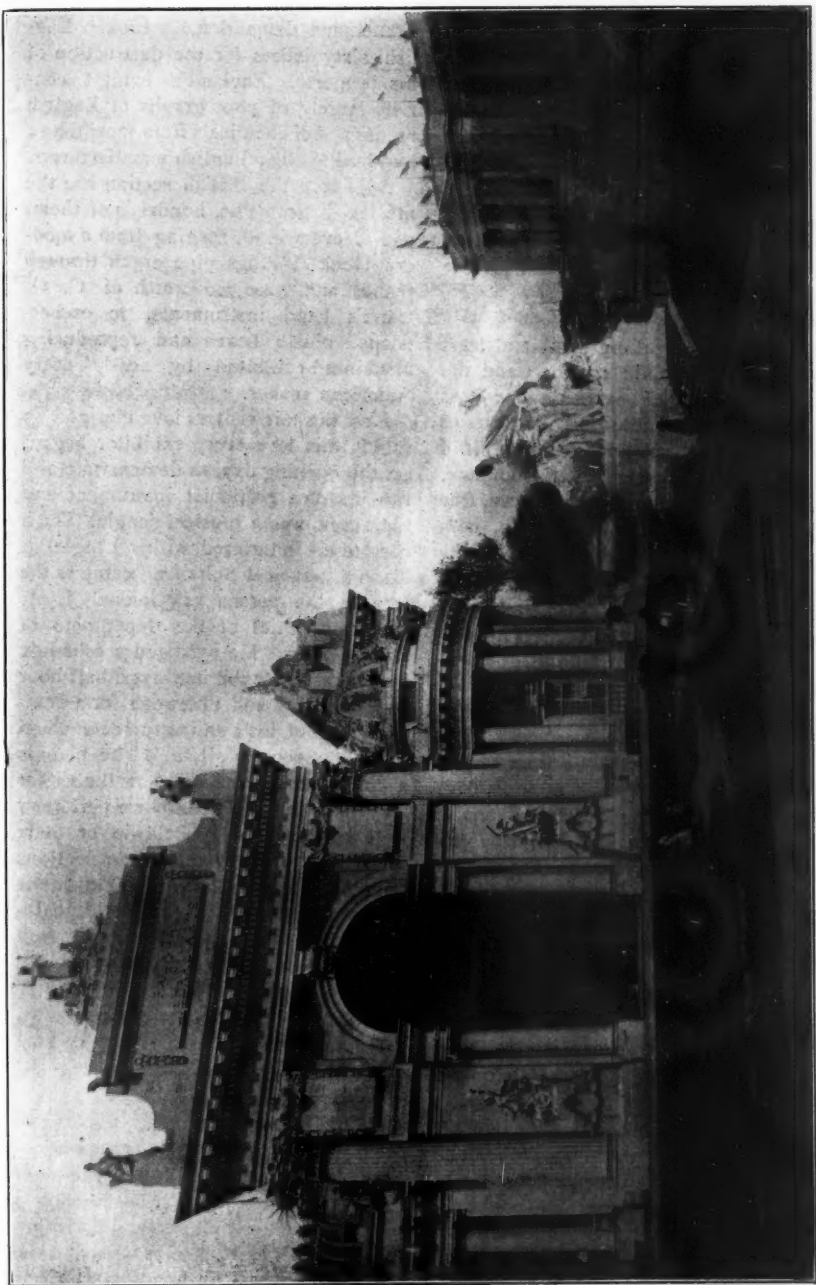
After seeing the National produced, visitors usually move on down through

the typewriter section and look at the Smith Premier machine that went down on the Maine, the one Colonel Baden Powell used to fight the Boers until De Wet's guns put it out of service, and the machine used in writing the treaty of peace that closed the Spanish-American war. Other typewriters that attract much attention are an electrically operated Blickensderfer, on which the operator need only "press the button"; the Hammond machine, upon which Miss Helen Keller, the blind scholar, wrote the story of her life; and two automatic Underwoods that seem to operate themselves, but are connected by electric wires with a third machine, upon which an operator writes behind a screen. John Shields, the little man who made a big world's record by writing 230½ words in sixty-two seconds, is also here and tells how he did it on a Fox Typewriter. He says: "I realize that it is impossible to keep up this rate of speed for more than a minute." He uses his own system of fingering, writes absolutely by touch and can operate in the dark.

In the Oliver Typewriter exhibit one is made acquainted with the possibilities of wealth that can be concentrated in a single typewriter, apart from its working value. Of the three machines exhibited, two are solid gold and one silver, with the exception of the working parts. The key tops are of mother of pearl, and the mingling of red, white and blue proves very attractive to the great throngs who gather.

The Postal Typewriter, "the first real typewriter at a low price," is conspicuous among the higher priced machines.

A Burroughs Adding Machine, operated by electricity, and hundreds of other labor saving devices are exhibited near the typewriters, and the scales, capable of weighing anything from a baby to a load of hay, are not far off. Many of the scale exhibitors weigh visitors free of charge, and these booths are always the center of a mirthful crowd.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS

A stout Washington politician stepped upon a scale of the Money-Weight Scale Company not long ago and the attendant handed him a card showing his weight.

"Is that all I weigh?" asked the corpulent one.

"Certainly it is; the scale is correct," replied the attendant.

"Well, thank goodness the exposition has taken ten pounds off me." The card showed 348 pounds.

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There is one working exhibit at least that caters to public comfort, and the ordinary crowd of exposition visitors seem to have an intuition that carries them straight there. It is the exhibit of filters of the Hygeia Filter Company, where clear, filtered water is drawn, free of charge from an onyx fountain, with a bead that often deludes the thirsty drinker into thinking he is getting some new carbonated beverage.

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The filter plant always brings the visitor back to the National Magazine, for the strains of "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie; Meet Me at the Fair," played on a cornet, can usually be heard from there, and, following this up, one finds that it comes from the graphophone at the National booth, and he probably gets there in time for the last notes, "Meet Me at the Fair," and to hear in stentorian tones, "That's right; meet me at the fair, right here at the National booth. Step right up and give the ladies your subscription. You can take the first number, printed in the building, with you if you wish, or have it mailed."

On the other side of the booth are the contributions of France and England to this wonderful show, and such delicate blue and gold furniture as the French artisans have sent was never before seen. A party of ladies found just how delicate it was one day, when a table three feet high broke in pieces while they were examining it. "And we only looked at it," said one of them when an irate

Frenchman demanded, in broken English, sixty dollars for the destruction of his property. England's exhibit consists largely of photographs of English scenes and of chemicals from more than a hundred leading English manufacturers.

Adjoining the British section are the musical instruments, hundreds of them, and of every kind, ranging from a modern Hook-Hastings pipe organ through pianos and \$200,000 worth of C. G. Conn's band instruments, to orchestrons, music boxes and reproducing machines exhibited by nearly every American maker.

How the fair visitors love music! To satisfy this love every exhibitor began, on the opening day, to demonstrate and run his own particular instrument and the result was a musical jangle. Each instrument interfered with all the rest. Then a "musical Solomon" came to the fore in the person of Colonel J. A. Ockerson, chief of the department of Liberal Arts. He arranged a schedule by which each exhibitor has a half hour each morning and afternoon for a demonstration of his own instruments, when all others remain silent. The plan is a complete success, and now the visitor may listen to some well known performer in a recital upon a Baldwin or Starr piano, then hear several opera selections upon a French mechanical organ or the largest orchestrion in the world, exhibited by M. Welte & Son in the German section; and many complete the musical day with a wide range of music from the Edison phonograph, the graphophone, the Zonophone and the Victor Talking machine.

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One of the most popular features of the Liberal Arts building is the phonograph exhibits. The "preservation of the voice of the ages" has become a reality since the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Having once visited at the home of Thomas Edison at Orange, New Jersey, my interest naturally was first



STATUARY AT GRAND BASIN LANDINGS: NOTABLE WORKS BY BORGLUM, PORTRAYING FRONTIER LIFE

attracted to the exhibit of the National Phonograph Company. It was truly inspiring to observe the throngs gathered about the booth, and note with what interest they listened to the songs, the music and the voices brought from all parts of the world, covering a decade of time.

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Appropriately surrounded on all sides by exhibits of musical instruments of every description, is the small but sumptuous booth of the Music Trade Review, whose publication offices are at No. 1 Madison avenue, New York. This booth is really one of the most artistic and elegantly appointed of any to be seen at the Fair, and compels the admiration of all. Its ornate decorations, pillars, elaborate statuettes, capitols, mouldings, panels, etc., and all of the woodwork are overlaid with pure gold leaf, shaded to give the architecture the appearance of antique gold. The booth was designed by architect Luce of New York, who also designed the New York state building at the Fair. The walls are covered with bronze green velour, and the furniture and other appointments are of the most luxurious and costly description.

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"The prettiest thing on the grounds is that Fairy Soap bubble fountain," remarked a lady as she visited the Liberal Arts building once more on her last day at the Fair. And there is a fountain that actually spouts soap bubbles—more than nine millions of them a day—at the expense of half a cake of Fairbank's Fairy Soap. Near the fountain is a perfume factory making Janice perfume for the Allan Perfumery Company. The Penaud and Creme Simon perfume exhibits are great attractions for the ladies.

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Egypt's exhibit in the Palace of Liberal Arts is located near the National Magazine's subscription booth, and the chief feature is a large topographical model of middle Egypt, showing how

the river Nile has been utilized to irrigate the land on either side. This model shows a section of the country spreading over 158 miles, from Cairo to Etsa. Connections have been made in the model and water flows through every canal and irrigating ditch. This system supplies water all the year round to these districts, which formerly depended entirely on the overflow of the Nile once a year; this has doubled the crops in that district, of which cotton and sugar cane are the principal products. Much of this sugar comes to America.

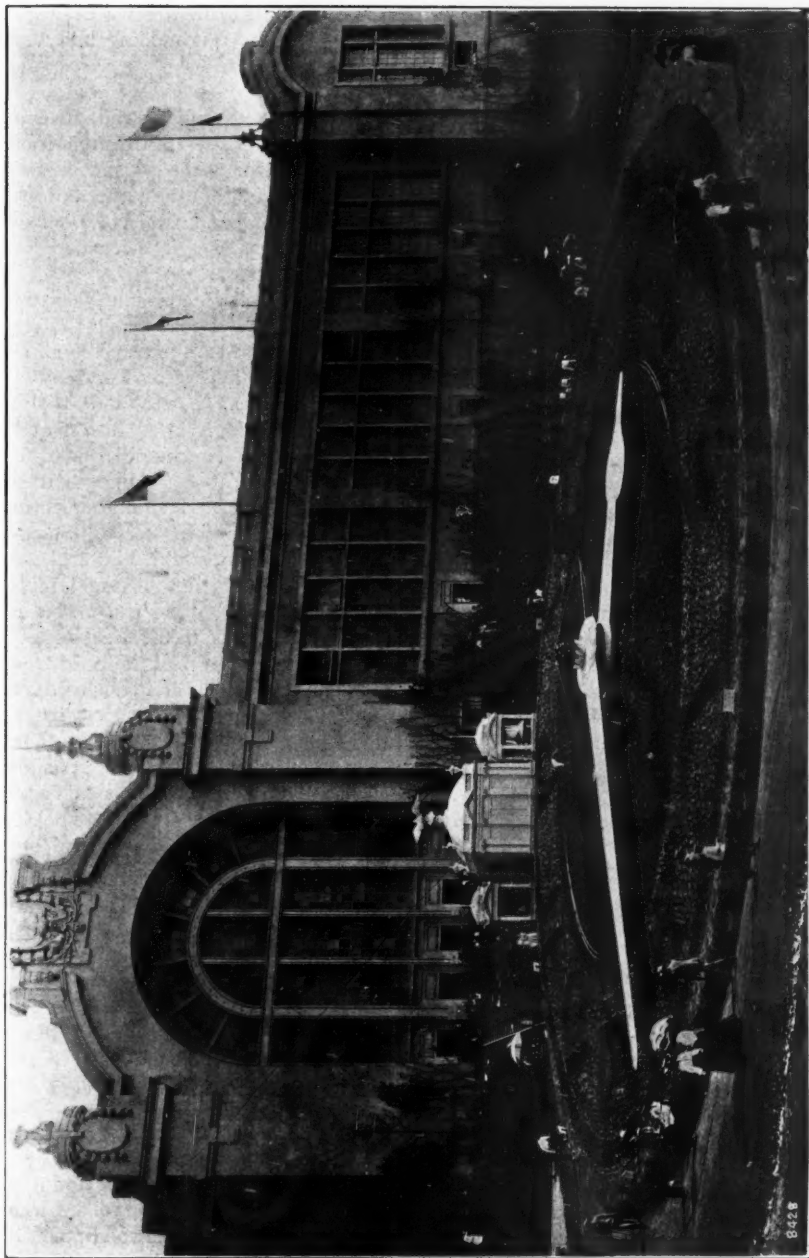
There are about 2,000,000 acres of waste land in Egypt, and the great Assouan reservoir has been built to meet the needs of this immense district. The cost of this dam was \$10,000,000, but it will make this vast tract of land productive, and it is calculated that the revenue from them will be increased by over \$10,000,000 every year. At first the building of this dam was much opposed by archaeologists, because it would mean the submersion annually and final destruction of the beautiful temple at Philae, but this difficulty was met by Sir W. Garstin, who reduced the level of the water from 114 metres above mean sea level to 106 metres.

I. Karmona of Cairo, who has charge of the Egyptian section in the Liberal Arts Palace, takes pleasure in explaining to visitors how this dam will rejuvenate the lands of ancient Egypt.

"If this is Egypt, where are the pyramids?" asked a rustic youth of Mr. Karmona. "We will have those over next month," he replied, and his interrogator walked away, quite satisfied that he could come back in a few weeks and see the famous pyramids of Egypt transplanted to the Exposition. After seeing the wonders and bigness of the Fair, one will believe that anything is possible.

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Another interesting topographical model shows the Chicago drainage canal. "That's the way we get our



THE GIGANTIC FLORAL CLOCK, ONE OF THE CHIEF ATTRACTIONS AT THE FAIR

dirty water," says the St. Louisian, and "A great work of engineering," says the Chicagoan, as they look at the model and pictures from their different points of view.

There are fifteen foreign countries represented in the building. Of these, France, England, Germany and China have the large spaces, but equally interesting exhibits have been made by Italy, Mexico, Egypt, Ceylon, Brazil, Cuba, Argentine Republic, Portugal, Japan, Sweden and Austria. China's principal exhibit at the Fair is here, and no exhibit on the grounds is more popular. It consists of carved pagodas and furniture and ivory tusks, silverware, cloisonne, ancient vessels made of porcelain, ground precious stones, and many other things for which the Chinese have long been famous and some things that we never suspected them of producing.

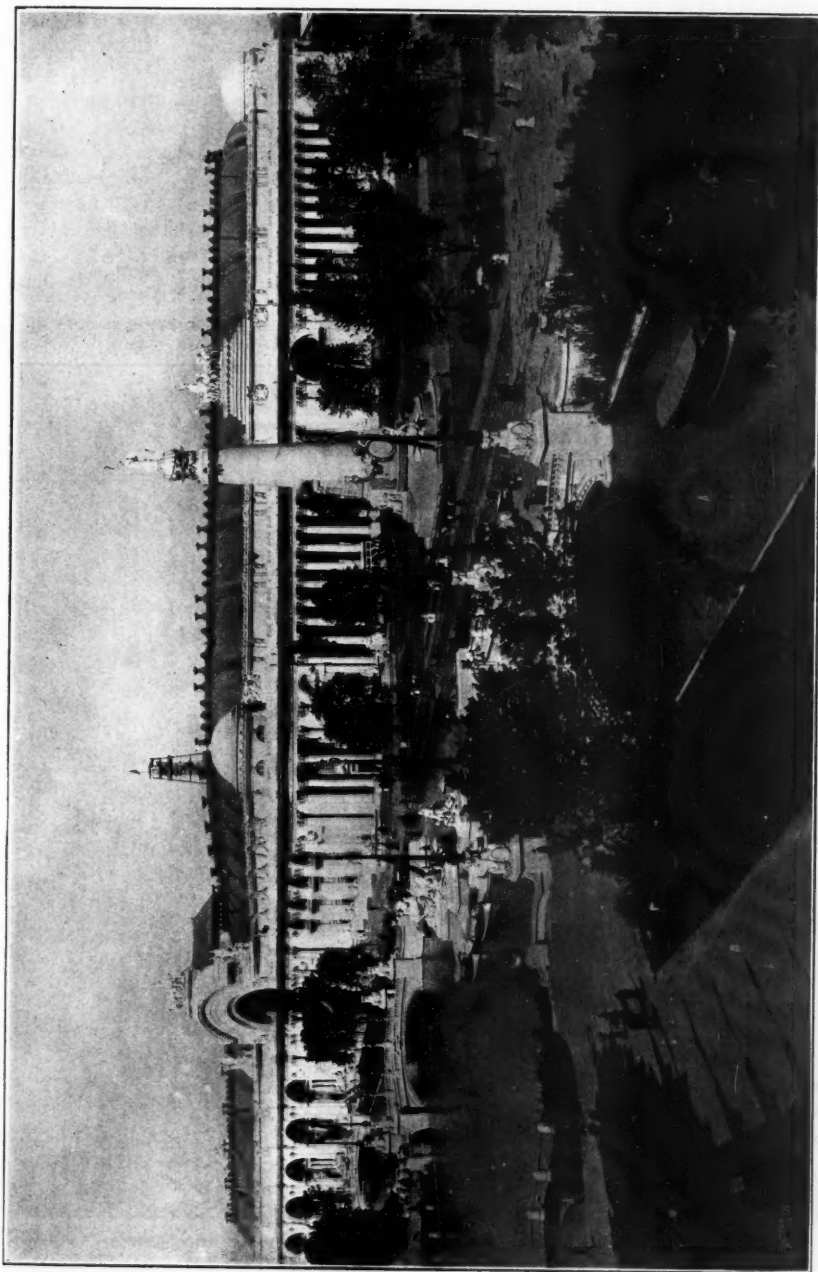
One of the attendants in the Chinese section of the Liberal Arts Palace tells an interesting story about the "smallest needle," manufactured in Germany and supposed to be the most diminutive that human hands could make. But it was taken to China and a native of that country made another needle which could be passed through the eye of the one made by the German workman. The Chinese seem to have a genius for detail which is possessed by no other nation.

Truly cosmopolitan is the Liberal Arts building. You may be rubbing elbows with a prince of royal blood and not know it. Every one goes there and every one finds what, to them, is most interesting. But what they seem to appreciate and remember most of all is the active, rushing, comprehensive exhibit of the National Magazine, not a dead showing of a product, but an industry, producing in every detail one of the most powerful of modern forces, the monthly magazine. At the gates and over the grounds, you can hear the suggestion, as

I have heard it many times, "Let's go to the Liberal Arts building and see things in operation."

No other one thing so strikingly emphasizes the progress in American business methods as the advance in the typewriter trade shown in the various exhibits in the Liberal Arts Palace. The click of the machines is the melody of modern commerce.

One of the most picturesque vistas in the Liberal Arts Palace is the view along the center aisle which shows the booth of the Underwood Typewriter Company in the foreground. The rich and artistic effect of this exhibit is at once novel and impressive. The booth is built of colored leaded cathedral glass and is continually illuminated, adding much to the attractiveness of the scene. Standing by the German exhibit and looking upon this exhibit the visitor is impressed with the wonderful advance that has been made in the beauty of exposition displays. The walls of the booth on two sides are composed of handsome spacious mirrors, which give an impression of a much larger space than is actually used in the booth. It is, of course, equipped with Underwood Typewriters, some of which are operated electrically and automatically and wind out yards and yards of typewritten matter, suspended from the ceiling like bolts of cloth. The Underwood is one of the most popular of visible typewriters in America, and this is essentially a working exhibit, as a visitor may have any machine taken direct from stock and operated right on the spot to judge of its merits. The fact that these machines are now in general use both in the United States government offices and in those of the Navy department has a great deal of weight with the purchasers, and it is a notable fact that stenographers who have once used the Underwood prefer it to any other machine. Perhaps the advantages of visible writing are not



A VISTA OF BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES AND MONUMENTS, FLECKED WITH LIVING GREEN

always appreciated, but when the immense amount of time lost and the general wear and tear on the machine by the constant raising of the carriage are considered, a visible writer will certainly be chosen. Apart from the merits of the machine, there is something especially friendly and attractive about the Underwood booth, which was constructed under the personal supervision of Mr. Nehr, general manager of the company.

One thing usually strikes the visitor

who examines the Underwood machine, and that is its symmetry. The Underwood is compact in shape and simple in construction, there being no complicated mechanism.

It is interesting to observe the thousands of people who, not personally familiar with the operation of the typewriter, stop in wonderment before the National Magazine booth to watch the young lady there manipulate an Underwood Typewriter.



UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER EXHIBIT, LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

AN HISTORICAL PERFUMERY EXHIBIT

OCCUPYING the center of the exhibit that has the place of honor in the corner of the French section of the Palace of Liberal Arts is the gem of the valuable art collection of the world renowned perfumer, Ed. Pinaud. It is a reproduction in wax figures of the coronation scene of the Empress of France by Napoleon, just after the Louisiana Purchase, and therefore has a special historic appropriateness at this time. It is a most minute reproduction, in all the original finery and was presented to Napoleon by J. I. B. Sabey to show him

cases showing all the products of the house of Ed. Pinaud: the "Brise Embaumée Violette," the perfume of which cannot be distinguished from that of the living flower; the "Extrait Vegetal Lilas de France," one drop of which is equal in fragrance to a bouquet of fresh lilacs; "Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine," which has reached a sale in this country alone of 150,000 bottles per month; and so through the list of perfumes, toilet waters, cosmetics, shaving creams, dentifrices, etc., showing the broad range of Ed. Pinaud's manufacture.



the actual picture and the pomp of the ceremonies. The historic idea is logically carried out in the whole exhibit, and the entire scheme of decoration follows strictly the decorations of the times of the first Napoleon.

This central case, showing the coronation scene, also contains an elaborate array of toilet articles, including Napoleon's own razor with mother of pearl handle, and the Emperor's crest inlaid with gold, as well as the perfumery of the period which was especially made for Marie Louise, and is now perfectly produced from the original formula.

Around this central case are grouped

There is a panel in the interior of the exhibit showing the highest awards given the house of Ed. Pinaud; from that in Paris in 1855 to the world's highest commercial honor of "Hors Concours," (above competition) which was awarded to Mr. Victor Klotz, proprietor of Ed. Pinaud's products at Paris in 1900.

This exhibit serves to give the spectator an idea of the wonderful international development of the house of Ed. Pinaud, which has been largely due to the efficiency of its branch houses, such as the American branch in charge of Mr. Emile Utard, in the new Ed. Pinaud Building at 84-90 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BUNGALOW ON THE MODEL CITY STREET

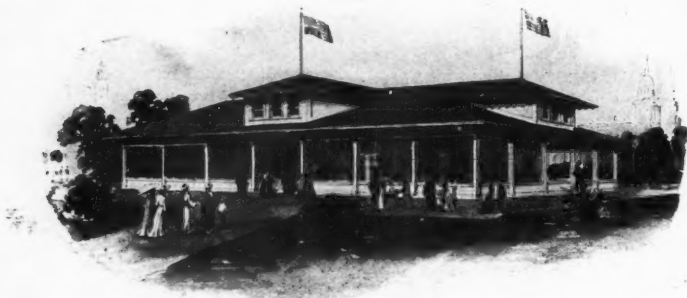
IT seemed like finding an oasis; it was called the Bungalow. I think I am not doing an injustice to any one else when I say it is the best place to eat at the Fair grounds, when one desires to have a dainty and moderate priced luncheon. It is located on the Model street and is somewhat out of the beaten track, but is well worth passing through the Kansas City Casino and through the Manufactures building to find.

Constructed as buildings are in the

The Bungalow will always remain one of the pleasant memories of a visit to the Fair, for it seems to be adopted for combating the excessive heat. It is the popular meeting place of family parties who are preparing for an evening on the Pike; in fact if you have once discovered the Bunaglow you will verify all that has been written here.

It is the retreat where refreshments refresh in reality.

One of the most attractive features of



THE BUNGALOW ON THE MODEL CITY STREET

tropical climes, the wide veranda surrounding the entire building covered with wire netting is refreshing. Inside one has all the conveniences that are possible on the World's Fair grounds.

The Tea Room is especially popular and attractive; this is where the ladies and gentlemen meet for an afternoon sip of tea, enjoying the rest.

Mrs. James Allan-Reid, concessionaire, and Mr. F. J. Peralta, manager, give their personal attention and supervision to the details of this cool and attractive rendezvous. Although located somewhat out of the beaten track, the food is also out of the beaten track of the World's Fair restaurant and is always neatly and properly served, wholesome and homelike to the last detail.

the service at the Bungalow is the fact that the waitresses engaged there are young ladies who came from the different universities and colleges. They are cultured and take a special pride in pleasing the patrons. During the hours when they are not engaged in the restaurant they are making a study of the various educational and art features of the exposition. Among the waitresses are also numerous school teachers and trained nurses.

Much depends in visiting the World's Fair on eating the proper things, and there is no place where everything is better prepared than at the quaint little house surrounded by the wire screened porch, where one can almost feel all of the delights and conveniences of a northern clime.

EXHIBIT OF THE C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS

ONE of the most interesting working exhibits at the World's Fair is that of the C. P. Goerz Optical Works in the Liberal Arts building. This firm makes the famous Goerz anastigmat lens, which is of especial interest to owners of cameras, as the Goerz Lens has been accepted as the official lens of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Mr. C. P. Goerz, who has passed his

In 1895, appreciating the commercial progress of the United States, he sent Mr. L. J. R. Holst from Berlin to New York, where he established headquarters at 52 East Union Square. The energy and persistent working of Mr. Holst, together with the merit of the Goerz Lens has placed it a leader in the market today. Mr. Holst and the Goerz Lens are very well known among the lens



EXHIBIT OF THE C. P. GOERZ OPTICAL WORKS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

fiftieth birthday, began his business with three men in Berlin, Germany, in the year 1888, prior to which time he served three years as apprentice in the optical business without pay.

In 1898 he built his first large factory and doubled this in 1901, so that he now employs over 800 workmen in the home factory at Berlin in addition to those at Winterstien, Germany.

users of America, due to the persistent advertising which he has done for his concern.

Mr. C. P. Goerz has been given the title of Kgl. Kommerzienrat, which is equivalent to the so called captains of industry of our own United States.

The views which are used in the National Magazine were taken with a Goerz double anastigmat lens.

ITALIAN ART PRODUCTS IN AMERICA

"MY father was fully resolved that all of his sons should do what he considered the practical things of life," said Professor Salvini, as he laid an affectionate hand upon a terra cotta bust of the famous Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini. "I was to have been a lawyer, Alexander a civil engineer and—I've forgotten what the other boy was to be, but it turns out that two became actors, and I am a sculptor. Ah, the artistic blood will have its way—and it seems to be strong in our families, for we count one of Italy's great poets among



PROFESSOR MARIO SALVINI

our ancestors and my little son already writes poetry. However, I've not gone so entirely against the plan of my father, for I am a business man as well as an artist. Naturally, my business has to do with my art. Since I couldn't divorce myself from the beautiful—even for business, I chose what combines the plastic art with the charm of color," and the Professor called the attention of his visitor to a beautiful altar piece, a painting of The Annunciation, done on tile.

"Is this your first visit to America?" queried the caller.

"No, I came over several years ago as a representative of the International Art League. Of course, I was out to talk about your tariff upon art goods, and in this connection had an interview with your great president, Mr. McKinley. I was his guest at the White House, and we talked of that tariff. Later he sent an especial message to the house and it resulted in a ten per cent. reduction. I cannot say that I effected it, but the results were a great satisfaction, and the memory of that meeting a great pleasure."

"It would be a satisfaction if you would conclude to remain permanently with us, Professor. You know America is yearning to adopt and absorb the art and artists of the world."

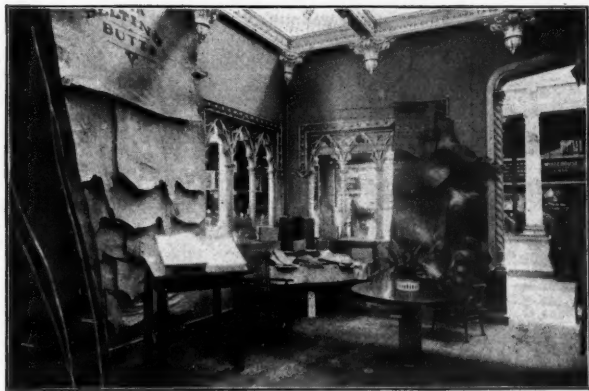
"Yes, indeed, and it is wonderful how you do it. In a few months or years at most they are all Americans, and in a generation the transformation is complete. But I fancy that the best I can do is to remain to give a few lectures on Art in some of your larger cities. I have a proposition under consideration at the present moment. Father would have filled a series of engagements in America this year had it not been that the tragedy in Chicago made all theatrical matters very uncertain."

Professor Salvini was enthusiastic over the beauty and completeness of the German exhibit, and the wonderful work of the Japanese, and the great breadth of the Exposition. He is representative of all exhibitors from the city of Florence. He also holds an office equivalent to that of alderman in an American city, but the office carries with it only the honor. He is president of the Commercial and Industrial Association of that city, and also a professor in its school of fine arts. This, combined with the superintendence of a large factory for the manufacture of art potteries must make him a very busy man.

LINGERING MEMORIES OF LEATHER

"I'D have you know that I'm running this Exposition," bellowed a Texas steer, his branching horns looking threateningly as he poked out his head from a handsome booth of Moorish design. "Every man, woman and child owes me

"Certainly," said the gentleman in charge of the United States Leather exhibit. "That beast is the best of his kind in the world. He serves a most useful purpose. We only show one or two sides of him, but in those two phases



TWO VIEWS OF UNITED STATES LEATHER COMPANY'S EXHIBIT

a debt of gratitude. I aid him from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. I make Americans loyal. I make the wheels go round."

One doesn't stop to argue with a Texas steer at close quarters, so I stepped inside to find out what grounds there were for the animal's portentous claims.

he lays the whole world under tribute. We walk on him, and he drives the great pulleys that make the wheels go round.

"Now here he is, done into material for belting. Isn't he a beauty?" and the gentleman stroked the smooth sides tanned to a delicate brown. "To break into this class he must be without a

LINGERING MEMORIES OF LEATHER

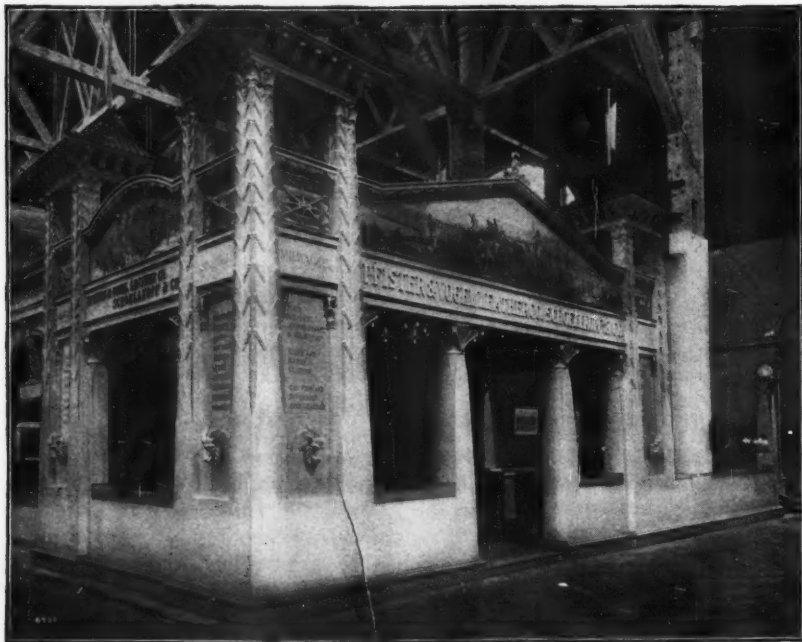
blemish. Think of the weight of responsibility he carries," and the gentleman waved his hand toward a mass of whirling wheels. "Now here we have him made into sole leather—the very best in the world. This castor shade is oak—honest oak tan—no acids. This wine brown is hemlock. Our pride is honesty in product. No short cuts that take the life out of the leather. We have ninety tanneries. Here are hides from South America; they're called cape hides in the trade. You can see that they are smaller—feed conditions aren't so good down in that country. Those gentlemen outside were selected from a herd of 1,200 head in the St. Louis stock yards for their beauty. Look there—" The caller looked, and high up was the complete half of a creature tanned from nostrils to hoofs.

"Now this is the way we prepare the leather for the man who half soles your

shoes." Piled upon a corner table of leather were neat packages of sole leathers. "See to it that you get the stock from the United States Leather Company and your soles won't break off, and I guarantee you will not lose it. Here I've found a new use for him," and the visitor was ushered into a cosy reception room where the pictures were framed in sole leather.

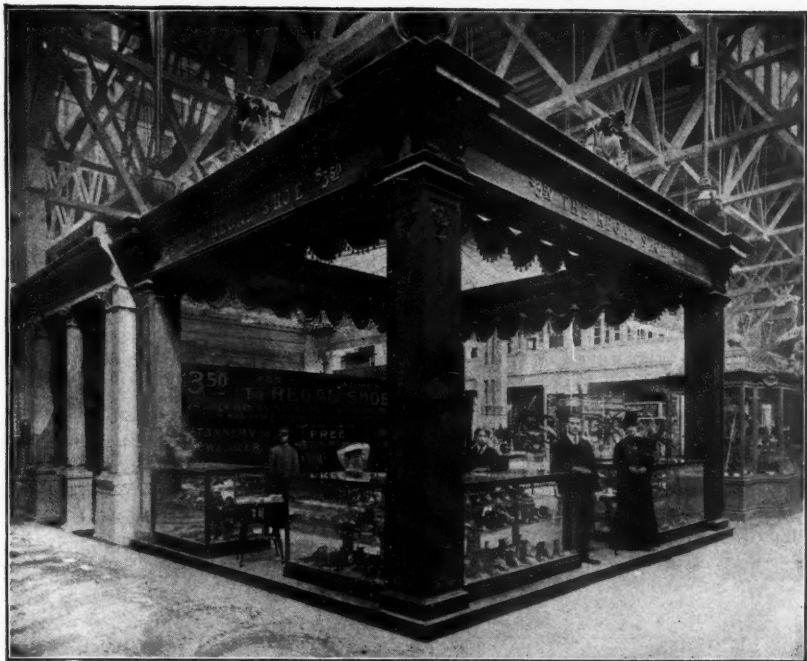
Having forgiven the Texas steer for being so generally tough and expensive in steak, because of the good deed done in leather, I was halted by an artistic mural painting of him done in the facade of a handsome pagoda, bearing the name of Pfister & Vogel, who are pre-eminent in their line. It was difficult to believe that the beautiful pinks, blues, golden and sun russet browns, castor and bronze, and delicate as satin, were of leather.

Leather that is destined to have a career in society as the foot gear of



PFISTER & VOGEL LEATHER COMPANY'S EXHIBIT, WORLD'S FAIR

LINGERING MEMORIES OF LEATHER



THE REGAL SHOE EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

dainty belles; that will grace the twinkling feet of the ballet girl; that will be made into bags and belts and the thousand and one things that delight a woman.

There was leather to make gloves, of a heavy, sensible sort, leather for pillows, leathers made from kangaroos, from sheep, from goats—all sorts, kinds and conditions of leather. Leather made from hides that come from Brazil, China, Australia and India.

Do you wonder that the wanderlust has gotten into American feet. I tell you it's the leather trying to get back home. Over in the Regal Shoe booth, whither I was attracted by a crowd of people who were "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought," evidently caused by looking at beautiful shoes at \$3.50 a pair when they had been paying \$5.98. At least I suppose so, feeling a little **that way myself.** I discovered it

was partially caused by an exhibit of the wonderful Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor light that attracts people in throngs.

It was in this booth that I ran across a collection of letters from China, Cuba, New Zealand, Colombia, Mexico, British Guiana, Canada, Panama, Jamaica, Costa Rica, Helvetia, Equador, the Bahamas, Hayti and Paris, all containing pleas for pairs of these representative shoes—for feet that had wandered far, yet had not forgotten their native land. That the Regal shoe treats him right they are very happy to demonstrate. The Regals are shown in every stage of development, and the manufacturers are willing that you should take a buzz saw to them to prove their statements. They send people away brighter from tip to toe than when they enter the booth, for their shoes shine, and their faces are alight with a new idea. The Regal is always right.

UNIQUE SHOE POLISH EXHIBIT

WHEREVER you find a shoeblackening stand—and everyone knows them these days—what blackening is it that is always used and advertised? At St. Louis, the World's Fair exhibit of Messrs. Whittemore Bros. & Company of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is characteristic of its pre-eminence in the shoe polish world; situated among the many boot and shoe displays that illustrate an era of progress in the leather industry, it establishes without cavil, that Messrs. Whittemore Bros. & Company

ability to their shoes, as Whittemore Bros. & Company, by their sterling goods, have established; for every boot-black concedes that whatever new dressing they put on the market you can bank on as a good thing. Today it is an acknowledged fact, that shoe polish is an economic staple.

Only fifty years ago this old established firm thought they were doing a good new business when they turned out many thousands of Gilt Edge and Boston Waterproof, while today many millions of liquids, pastes, and creams are turned out annually in astounding variety.

In their booth the seeming disadvantage of the structural columns of the building was overcome by an ingenious arrangement of panel display, cases and mirrors, between which is a half pyramid, fifteen feet across the base, on which are displayed the handsome packages characteristic of Messrs. Whittemore Bros. & Company imbedded in rich plush and silk draperies of green and gold. Adorning the wall on either side of this pyramid of beauty in design and blending of colors are signs lettered in gold and silver, and the firm's initials tastefully worked in packages of dressing outlined in gold cord. Beyond this is a similar pyramid devoted to bootblack goods surmounted by a most interesting panel design in which nearly 300 round, bright colored tin boxes are arranged: surely the greatest quantity and variety ever assembled to cater to the needs of the shining "Professor."

Their desk is welcome to all guests, and is supplied with writing material and World's Fair post cards, spicy and humorous, all ready for the signature of the writer and acceptable as a souvenir. The booth is conspicuous as a rest rendezvous for visitors, as its many comfortable willow chairs and tete-a-tetes are most inviting. Here one can read a regular de luxe edition in Whittemore Shoe Polish.



WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO. EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

have set the pace of the times. It was over fifty years ago that Gilt Edge, the corner stone of success in the shoe polishing industry, was put on the market and the confidence of the people secured.

The writer could not fail to appreciate that the venerable shoemaker must feel indebted to the house that has met the demands of the large variety of products from the tanner's hand, thus giving dur-

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY

WHILE wandering around about in the Liberal Arts building I had a thrill. The reason for that thrill was the discovery of a genius. I knew that he was a genius from several signs that never fail. I won't mention them, for I have no patent on my genius distinguisher, and indeed as it is still a theory that I have to prove, so I lingered about confident that my theory would be triumphant. There were pianos there, beautiful pianos, and they formed an important part of the establishment of the correctness of my deductions. There were pianos that took one back to the days of empire dresses, and made one dream of the French court under Napoleon. One could almost imagine when seated before it that some delicious French compliments must flow into one's ears. I really wonder what will be the psychological effect of that exquisite piano upon its purchaser. Certainly it

will refuse to respond to rag time.

After I had gotten myself to feeling thoroughly French, I turned about and discovered myself in quite another atmosphere; I was transposed into the early days of our republic, and one touch upon the ivory keys made me a Colonial dame at once. I felt earnest, sincere and stately. I was speckless, spotless and proper. Beautiful in the beauty of chaste lines and finish. I liked myself that way very much and was just thinking of a lovely young friend that the classic instrument would suit to a nicety when there came a moment of silence in the surrounding din and out of that silence came the stately chords of one of Liszt's rhapsodies. My genius was at work, but I had lingered too long among my fancies and the crowd about my genius was so dense that I could see no more than the top of his head, but I could hear the work of his skillful fingers.



THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY'S EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY

I was correct in my estimate! The rhapsody was being interpreted by the hand of a master! It danced, it swept, it stormed, it menaced, it sighed, and sang itself to sleep like a gypsy mother crooning to her babe. There was the swaying of tree tops, the tinkle of the tambour-

the masters of composition. "America aided by this marvel of mechanism will become a nation of cultured musicians," was my thought. I wished to know more and this was my opportunity. I didn't have the money in my purse to buy the exquisite piano in



BALDWIN'S AMERICAN MODERN ART PIANO

ine, the life, the movement of the camp, the tramp of soldiers and the cackle of hens; one could almost smell the smoke of the campfire. The crowd drifted away and left my genius and a Baldwin Piano Player!

Was I disappointed? No! I was simply enthusiastic. What a boon to the music loving soul whose fingers have been denied the opportunity to train to the tremendous skill demanded by

Vernis Martin or Louis XVI. satin wood concert grand, but I had a thirst for knowledge.

Imagine my patriotic delight to learn that our great West was the producer of these marvels, and that they were all built in Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Baldwin Company of piano makers, who have searched the entire globe for beautiful woods to encase the delicate mechanism, which is really the soul of the instrument.

THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY

For one supreme expression of the American art sense in the field of piano manufacture they gave carte blanche to two of Cincinnati's artists, Mr. Barnhorn and Mr. Gest of the school of fine arts of that city, who by the blending of their skill have produced an epoch making result.

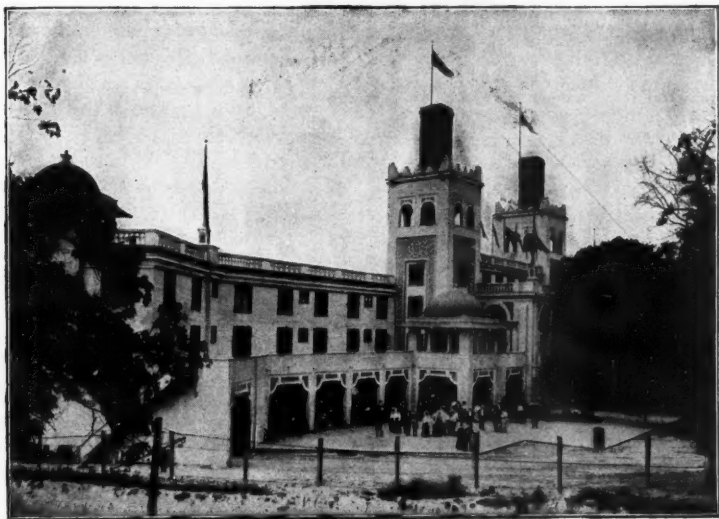
That the visitors at the Exposition might know how a piano is made, the Baldwin Company have brought with them a wonderful model of their gigantic works, and several times each day the whole process is explained.

Did you ever dream that a piano to be fitted for residence in the tropics needs quite a different treatment from one that remains in our temperate land? Glue has to be abandoned in favor of rivets and other damp defying devices. I was proud to learn that the Baldwin Piano Company are making the name of America known among the music lovers of Australia, South America, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, England and

Portugal. The Emperor of Korea recently purchased a Baldwin, and South Africa has a shipment, and so the Baldwin is carrying the flag of musical sweetness and mechanical perfection around the earth.

After this visit to the works I went back to the piano player, "Can anybody learn to do it this way?" I queried. Memories crowded upon me of heavy struggles with scales and five-finger exercises in which had gone five times the price of a piano player and not even a rag time tune left to show for it. "Certainly," promptly responded the gentleman in charge. "And while there are general directions for the tempo and phrasing, you can exercise your individuality in execution quite as though it were your own fingers. A music lover delights in it because from the first he can entertain himself and others."

And I went away knowing that my theory of genius had met a serious defeat at the hands of a Baldwin Piano Player.



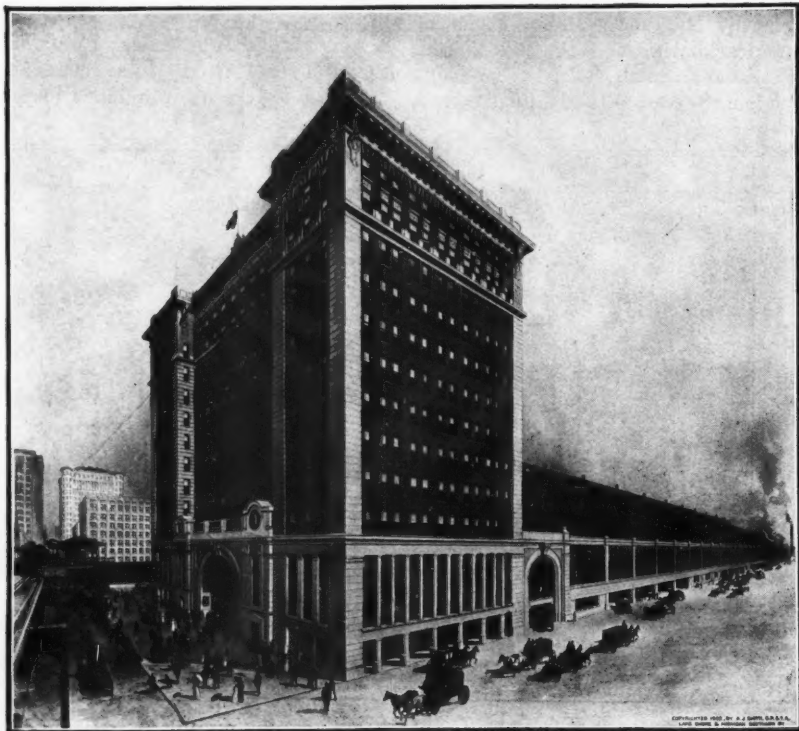
"THE INSIDE INN" AT THE WORLD'S FAIR WHERE THOUSANDS OF VISITORS ARE DOMICILED

CHICAGO TERMINAL OF THE LAKE SHORE

NOT long ago I had the pleasure of assisting an elderly lady of some seventy years onto a railway train at the new La Salle Street Station in Chicago. She said she had come from Hyde Park, some eight or ten miles away at ten o'clock at night, to take a late Lake Shore train, and though traveling without an escort, had suffered no inconvenience whatever, so simple and easy were the means provided for transit. The elevated train brought her to the very threshold of the station within twenty-five minutes of leaving her home, and when she arrived at the terminal she had no difficulty in completing her arrangements for continuing her journey. She was most enthusiastic over the ingenious

improvements on every side which add so much to the comfort of the traveler by this line. This little incident impressed me as worthy of mention, proving that old people and children can now travel in safety and comfort without an escort, even at a late hour—a thing almost impossible some years ago, owing to the confusion due to many changes in order to connect with the depot, all of which are now eliminated.

The La Salle Street Station impressed me as being a "depot" in the true sense of the word—"a place for the accommodation and protection of railway passengers." The spacious building, the neat and artistic furnishing, the convenient arrangement of ticket offices, lunch, din-



THE NEW LA SALLE STREET STATION, CHICAGO

THE LAKE SHORE RAILROAD

ing and waiting rooms present a whole that is most impressive, and yet with all this, there is an air of "hominess" that most successfully combines the necessities of the railway station with the comforts of the well equipped hostelry in a manner that outshines even the much praised efforts of the English railroads.

Apart from its practical aspect, there is, perhaps, no place in the world that furnishes more picturesque studies of human nature than does the La Salle Street Station at night. This is the time supposed to be universally given to rest, but here the ceaseless coming and going indicates the restless spirit of the American people, and, too, what a range of emotions is suggested by all this traveling! The special purpose that impels him may often be read in the face of the hurrying traveler. It is easy to determine where the death message has come, or where the sudden illness of the loved one recalls the wanderer. The bridal couple can never be mistaken, nor the traveling man with his roly-poly figure whose swaying and somewhat hesitating step, taken in connection with his ample proportions, at once suggest to the initiated that the good man has passed the greater part of his life on board the train, his gait being a relic of those moving floors and not to be acquired by the ordinary mortal who sticks closely to terra firma. Here, too, are the serious, strenuous college girl, the hopeful, careless college boy, the broker, the business man, the sisters of charity, the elderly father or mother going to visit sons and daughters who have taken up their abode in this wonderful West. Here is the family traveling back East to the "old home," or coming to the West to make a "new home." Emigrants from far-off shores huddle in one corner with masses of miscellaneous and varicolored bundles and a great abundance of babies, while the tourist, sated with sight-seeing, looks idly round in search of something to relieve the ennui from which he seems to

suffer. In short, this main artery of travel between the East and West present at this terminal a moving panorama more interesting to the student of human nature than any stereopticon or artist's canvas.

The building has a frontage of 213 feet, is thirteen stories high, and the total area, including power house and train shed, is 197,401 square feet, or a little more than four and a half acres. The first floor contains the large dining room and baggage room, a lobby 100 feet square and the ticket offices. On the second floor are the main waiting room, the ladies waiting room, the smoking room and the waiting room for the elevated railway trains, all of ample proportions and ceilings forty feet in height. A covered passage connects the elevated train waiting room with the station on the elevated loop, so that the passenger is in direct communication with the entire elevated railway system of Chicago, while from the lower floor the surface cars can be reached in a minute as they run in front of the station on Van Buren street. In fact, this station is better located than any in Chicago, being in the very center of the business district, and everything possible has been done for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. Some idea of the amount of traffic which passes over this road may be gained from the fact that about 200 trains enter and leave the station every week day, though of course on Sunday there are not so many. In addition to all this, the Lake Shore road has achieved almost world wide fame for punctuality of service.

The road bed of this line between Chicago and Buffalo is without doubt one of the finest in the world. It passes over a country as level as a billiard table, so that the jar and motion of the train are scarcely perceptible in the rapidly moving car. No one journeying to or from the West, if seeking comfort, should fail to take a ticket on this road.

"'MID BERKSHIRE HILLS FAR AWAY"

"'MID Berkshire hills far away," is a line from Whittier's famous poem which rings in memory as the traveler passes through the beautiful hills among which the Boston & Albany railroad takes its course. It was of these hills that the good, quaker poet of New England wrote. One of the most interesting decorations of the Massachusetts building at the World's Fair is a large gallery of photographs portraying these hills. As the train winds along, stretches of landscape are revealed whose beauty

try are unsurpassed. Westward from Lebanon mountain is one of the most attractive drives in the state, and the glimpses of scenery are more like dreams than realities. Northeast of Pittsfield is the natural curiosity known as "The Balanced Rock," which weighs 150 tons, rises to a height of eighteen feet, yet rests on one tiny square foot of surface. It is said that it is so evenly balanced that it may be swayed by a child's light touch.

The lakes, the forests and the fields all have a beauty and distinctive charm of their own that appeal to our hearts just as they did to the good Quaker poet, who chose well when he selected this setting for a poem that has become a classic in American literature and directed the footsteps of many a tired business man, who, otherwise, might never have known how much repose

can be found "'Mid Berkshire hills far away."

Printed matter, describing the scenery and points of interest along the line, is issued by the Boston & Albany railroad. "Summer Homes" and "A Railroad Idyl" are most fascinating reading and can be obtained at the World's Fair in the New York Central booth, at the Massachusetts Building, and also at the booth of Hiram Ricker & Sons' Poland Water. Copies may also be secured by addressing the Passenger Department of the Boston & Albany in Boston.



"'MID BERKSHIRE HILLS FAR AWAY"

and picturesqueness cannot be exceeded in any land on earth. Here are the haunts of the rest seekers, who, tired of the heavy atmosphere of the cities, desire to get "close to Nature's heart." There is something soothing in the very atmosphere here, and the whole landscape speaks of peace to the weary town dweller.

Pittsfield, which has been termed "The Gem City of the Berkshires," lies in the very heart of the mountain district, and is one of the most charming of New England cities, adding to the inducement of its beautiful location, every modern convenience that the most exacting traveler or tourist can desire.

No homes are more charming than those of the Berkshire region, and the drives all through this part of the coun-



WHAT HAPPENED TO FRANK

(A STORY WITH A SEQUEL)



"HAVE you seen Frank lately?" asked my friend Tom the other night; "he seems a little off, looks frayed-like, and rusty.

Guess he must be working too hard, for his law practice has been heavy a long time you know."

"Shouldn't wonder," I assented. "Always was a plugger. 'Duty to clients' always seemed to me like 'injustice to self,' applying it to his case. Why don't he break away and take a little rest?"

"Well," drawled Tom, "he feels that he cannot afford to take the time."

"You just wait," I replied, "I'll fix Frank."

I had the pleasure of escorting Frank, despite his protests, aboard the Joy liner "Old Dominion," leaving Boston for New York. At five we cast off, with many misgivings and uttered worries by Frank.

Well it wasn't long before we were off the famous Highland light, with its grim piles of sand, a beacon for mariners, guiding them to the haven beyond the tempest.

Down along the Cape shore the good ship sped. It was dark, but in coming across the bay we had enjoyed a good view of the famous Nantasket beach, and later Minot's light. Frank surprised me the way he perked up.

We also disposed of an excellent dinner, and retired to our stateroom, from the window of which we could watch the sea with its mystic charms, and Frank soon was snoring away.

I was up bright and early, next morning and called Frank to come and look out of the stateroom window.

We were then passing Cottage City, and as I had a good pair of field glasses, we spent a bully half hour in picking up the spots of interest. Vineyard Haven, the blue outline of old Nantucket, the first landing place of the English in America, and home of the old time whaling industry.

All the way down to New York it was one continual round of pleasureable scenery. Past New London, and the Connecticut foreshore we churned away, with the north shore of Long Island on our left.

We had lots to see and saw it. Fortunately, one of the ship's stewards was an oracle, and pointed out the many places of historic and modern interest.

Oyster Bay, where President Roosevelt lives in the Summer time, was pointed to us, and then City Island, the gate of New York.

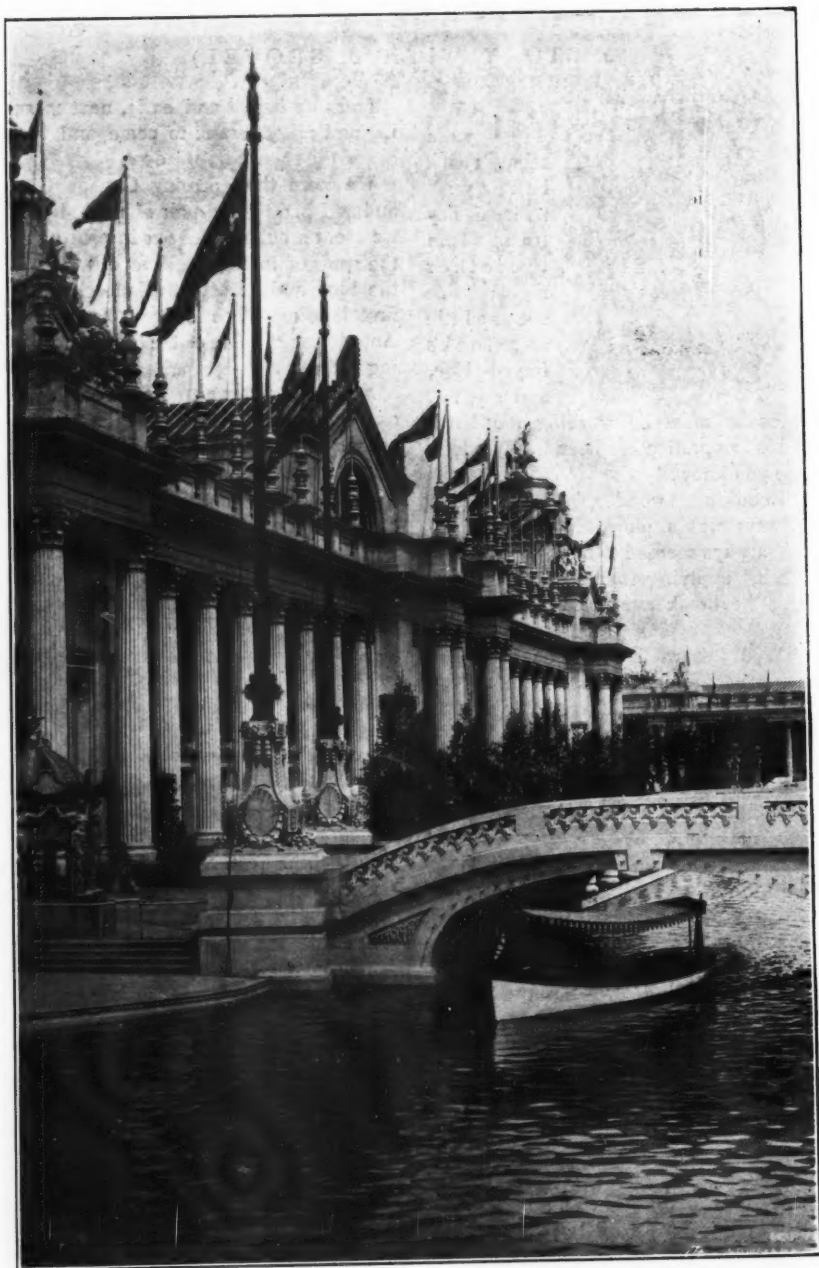
Suddenly, around the bend, "little old New York" loomed up, and grew bigger. You get some idea of its immensity from the deck of the big steamer. Through the swirling waters of Hell Gate we passed, and the islands with their big city buildings. Brooklyn loomed up beyond Williamsburg, and it seemed as if we were in a convention of ships of all sorts—animation and life everywhere.

We went up town, and I slyly asked Frank if we oughtn't to take the midnight train back. "Those briefs, you know."

"Damn the briefs, I'm going back on the Old Dominion," decisively snapped Frank. And we did.

The outing proved a wonderful tonic. Now he makes it frequently.

The best of all was that it only cost us—well, write to B. D. Pitts, 308 Congress street, Boston, and he will tell you.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY—A SNAPSHOT FROM THE CANAL

JOE CHAPPLE WILL TAKE BOYS TO WASHINGTON

I HAVE planned a week's visit to the National Capital in December, when Congress is in session, paying transportation and all other expenses for the three boys who do the best work selling single copies of the National Magazine and procuring new yearly subscriptions during the months of September, October and November. I shall take one boy from the East, one from the West and one from the South.

These three boys will be my special guests while in Washington and we will visit both houses of Congress, call on the President and inspect all public buildings.

I want bright, enterprising boys to act as my agents for the National Magazine in all cities and towns not already assigned.

Any boy can earn more money in selling National Magazines than in any

other way. Read what one of my boys says:—

Marshalltown, Ia., May 1, '04.

Joe M. Chapple Esq.,
Boston, Mass.

I arrived home safe and sound and wish to thank yourself and Mrs. Chapple for this trip I have received to the Wonderland of the Tropics. I have returned a more loyal American boy than ever. I shall ever remember the trip with pleasure and I wish to say to the boys that Mr. Chapple will make you a better trip than he promises to. The boys who have the good fortune to accompany him and his wife on such a trip as I received will certainly have a good time.

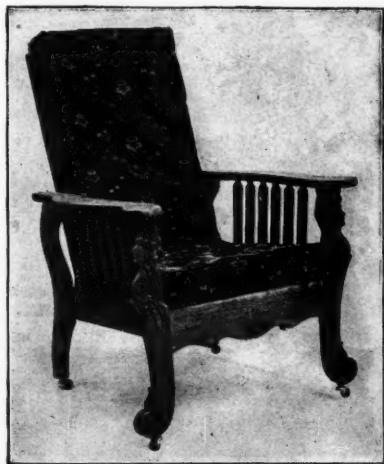
Ray G. Whinary.

I want every boy to write me at once for agents terms and secure special rights in his territory.

Joe Mitchell Chapple,
Editor National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

TAKE A CHAIR?

This fine Morris adjustable chair is beautifully finished and upholstered. It



will add to the comfort and beauty of any home. Get ten new subscribers

for one year at \$1.00 each and we will ship a chair carefully packed, from factory at Oneida, N. Y.

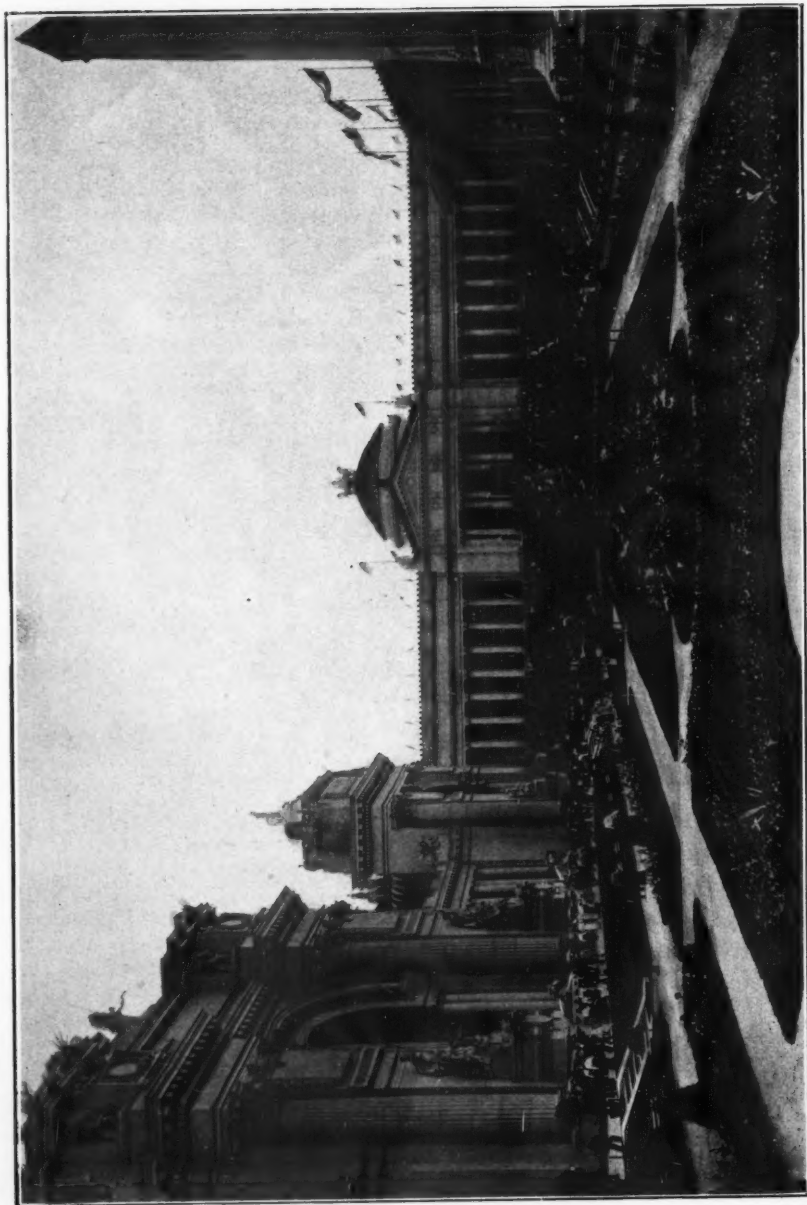
It will afford solid comfort when you read your National Magazine and whenever you need rest. Ask your friends to subscribe — they will do it, and be glad to.

National Magazine Library

We are preparing a catalogue of new fiction for the National Magazine Library. As fast as the library clubs expire the subscriptions may be renewed and the latest novels ordered on the same terms as prevailed last year.

For \$2 the subscriber has the reading of twenty-five or more first class works of fiction, a copy of the National Magazine for one year, and finally one of the novels. Send at once for the new catalogue to

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.



A GLIMPSE OF RESTFUL GREEN BETWEEN THE ENORMOUS PALACES

NOW IT'S OFF TO PARIS AND LONDON

THE National party will sail for Paris and London on September 6, on the good old Cunard line, that never lost a passenger. But—there is no rose without a thorn—at the very last moment I find that it is impossible for me to leave the work at St. Louis, so I have written the nicest letter that I knew how to each of my six contestants, asking them if they would allow me to stay at home and send Mrs. Chapple—the better half of us—to do the conducting. And right here I will make a confession, and tell you that it is Mrs. Chapple who has been the real conductor in all these successful tours, and it is she who deserves the credit for the enjoyment derived from the Jamaica trip and the other successful excursions of the National. It is a great disappointment to me personally that I cannot take this trip, on which my heart has been set all through the long, hot days of arduous work at St. Louis. I have thought of the cool ocean breezes and gathered new courage, and now it seems hard to lose this pleasure of traveling with our own subscribers and the inspiring helpmate who has assisted so successfully in the subscription campaign at the World's Fair. We are all convinced that my place is on the ship's deck at St. Louis until the voyage is over—that is to say, I must remain in St. Louis until the great World's Fair closes in a blaze of glory, and I have had the long wished for opportunity to meet face to face the thousands of old subscribers and the many new ones yet to be enrolled upon the books of the National Magazine.

We have arrived at this decision in the interests of the readers of the National, as well as in the interests of the "successful six." We remembered that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and decided not to postpone the vacation journey, thinking it better to disappoint the publisher rather than to inflict a

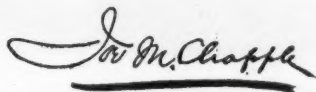
similar disappointment on half a dozen subscribers. My place will be well filled by Mrs. Chapple, who has been over the route several times.

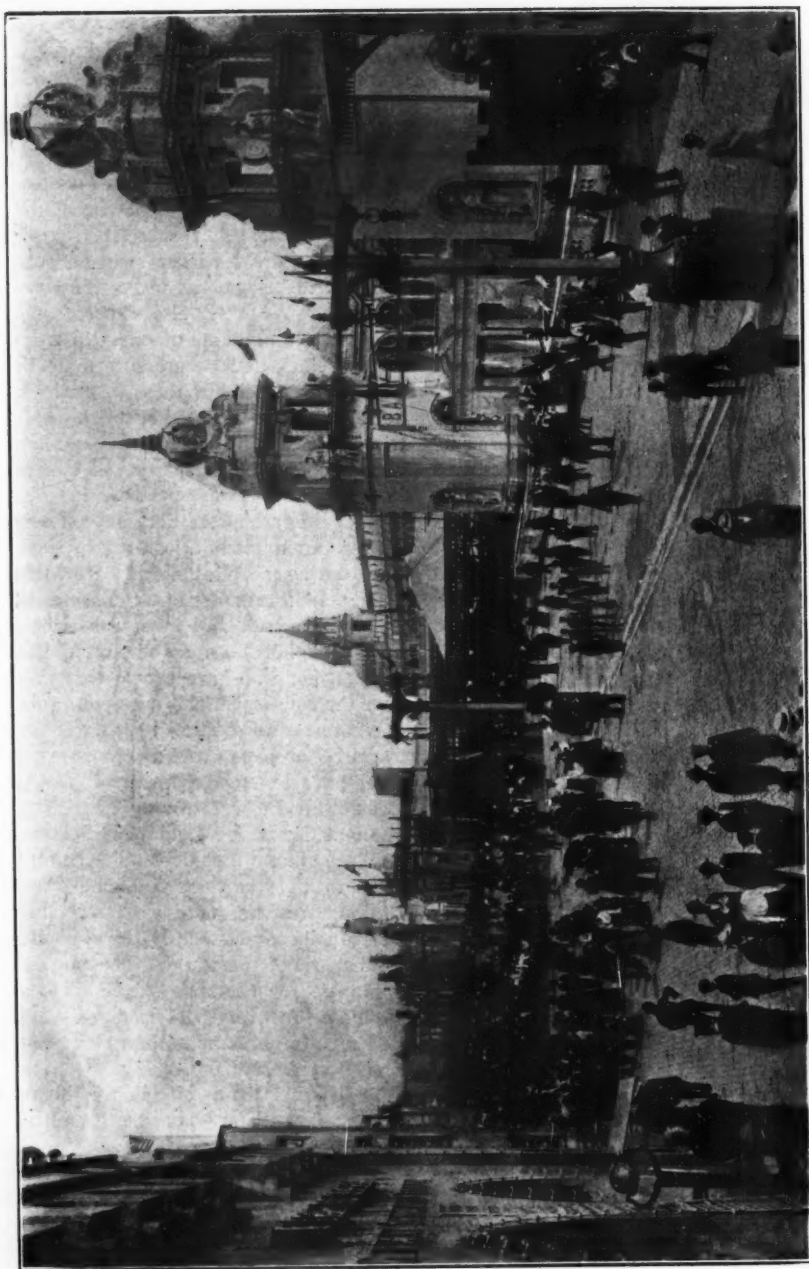
The work accomplished in this contest has been most inspiring. Some of the accounts as to "how subscribers were secured for the National" will be published in the magazine during the coming year. We shall also expect some pretty lively accounts of the trip from our travelers, and we are sure that our readers will watch for these with all the keen interest manifested in the Jamaica trip. An account of the embarkation and personnel of the party will appear in the October issue.

After the rush of the work at St. Louis is over, I am planning on a trip some time during the Winter, and I trust this will be in the nature of a "consolation prize" to myself and other subscribers who have not been successful in this contest, but who have shown that they have the right spirit and are determined to win one of the National trips. If our traveling projects grow much more we shall have to engage Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons to care for our increasing numbers, for I hope—and the indications now are that we shall—in the coming years, to circle the globe with hundreds of National readers, until we have taken "personally conducted" National parties to all parts of the world. The purpose is to have Joe Chapple take subscribers with him on every trip he makes—and he has a lively inclination for globe trotting—so they say.

We'll send them off with a hearty heave ho! and later—well, that's another story.

Have your ideas ready for the future.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. M. Chapple". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish underneath the name.

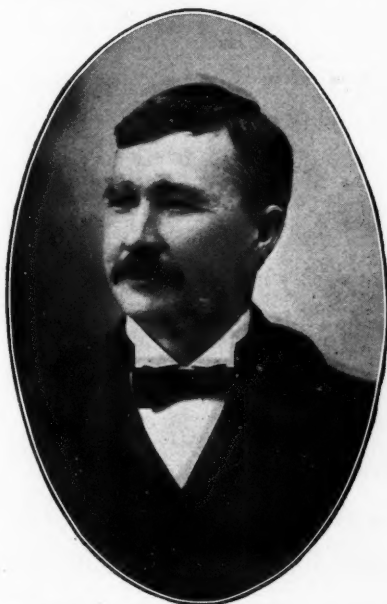


JOLLY CROWDS EXPLORING THE WONDERS OF THE PIKE

THE AUTOMOBILE EXHIBIT AT THE FAIR

DO you realize that at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, not an automobile wheel was turning? Do you realize that one of the marked features of the World's Fair at St. Louis only ten years later, is automobile transportation?

No portion of the Exposition reveals more vividly the progress of the world for the past decade than the parlor carpeted booths, enclosed with brass rails



ELWOOD HAYNES, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL
MANAGER, WHO BUILT THE FIRST AUTO-
MOBILE IN AMERICA

in the Transportation Building which show the wonderful progress made in automobiles.

Today the chauffeur may be regarded as a luxury, but the time is coming when automobiles will play a prominent part in the routine activities of every day life, as in the case of the bicycle, the evolution of the automobile is the one great absorbing American purpose of utility

in methods of transit as well as pleasure.

Until Thomas Edison made the incandescent light cheap enough to be of practical use it was regarded as a scientific toy; until Alexander Graham Bell made the construction and operation of the telephone possible within reasonable cost, it was looked upon more as a laboratory freak than future necessity.

The Centennial of 1876 witnessed the birth of the telephone as a practical utility. The equipment at Chicago in 1893 marked the inception of electricity as a power for general use, in illuminating and manufacturing. The exhibit of 1904 is the beginning of a revolution in modes and methods of transit and in this evolution the automobile is conspicuous. Ten swift years tell a story which even Jules Verne would not have dared to draw in fancy's picture, with his seven league boots.

The exhibits in the Transportation Building are interesting not only to the favored few who may be able to purchase high priced touring cars, but in the throngs which pass by are thousands of people who will live to see the day when automobiling has become an every day necessity more than luxury, for pleasure riding is today one of the necessities of the time. The desire for riding about on "rubber wings" is augmented by the fact that so many take the omnibus automobile ride about the Fair grounds, as "the only way" in which to obtain their first and imperishable impressions of the great Exposition.

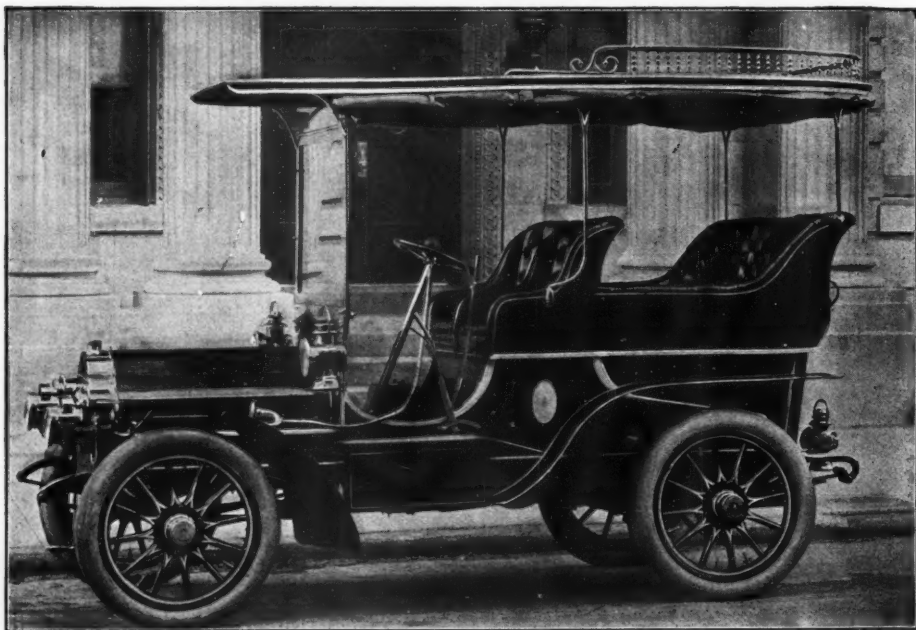
The boy of years ago looked upon as the acme of ambition, the picturesque stage coach driver, or grim locomotive engineer. The American boy of late days has quite set his mind upon some day wearing the leather cap and gorgeous goggles of the chauffeur, to dash like a race horse over the pavement or the willowy sweep of the country roads. The romance and picturesque incidents

that cluster about the automobile tours where distances are annihilated, will leave its impress upon this age, so you might as well get ready and become posted on the question of automobiling at once, for it is going to come just as soon as that son or daughter grows into manhood or womanhood.

The first automobile ever built in America is on exhibition in the Haynes-Apperson booth in the Transportation

seled corn fields and waving grasses, the first American automobile had its initial trip. This run was made successfully and many of the original patents which Elwood Haynes took out on this first automobile have been adapted in modern automobiles.

The Haynes automobile stands for everything that skill, ingenuity and experience can put together, and as for economy of operation, it has been re-



Building and is the work of Elwood Haynes of Kokomo, Indiana.

An interesting story is told of its initial trip when Elwood Haynes had, after many trials and tribulations, succeeded in making a horseless carriage. Fearing that it would scare horses, he pushed it by his own hands out of the city of Kokomo, Indiana, for seven miles and there, surrounded by tas-

peatedly demonstrated that the average cost for repairs is less than \$25 per year. This is an important factor to automobile owners.

The Haynes-Apperson exhibit is one of the largest and the big touring cars call forth a great degree of admiration like that of the great mogul engines that form the exhibit of railroad transportation.

Near the main entrance to the Transportation Building is the large exhibit of the Olds Motor Works, manufacturers of the Oldsmobile. The distinction which is accorded this popular make is best told in the record of sales, for it is said that more Oldsmobiles have been placed on the market than any other one make. It will be recalled that they were first in the field with a low priced runabout and Mr. Olds the inventor struggled with the proposition many years before gaining its mastery. A pleasing compliment to the Oldsmobile manufacturers came in the recognition accorded them by the World's Fair architects, in adopting an Oldsmobile design in fashioning the figure representing automobile transportation.

The Winton automobile exhibit is a magnet for interested visitors. The records made by Alexander Winton, its builder, on fast tracks, has very forcibly impressed on the minds of the American people, as well as foreigners, the capacity for speed and durability of the American made touring car, as compared with foreign makes. The original Winton cars, like many other American makes, were fashioned like a carriage with the shafts taken off. It took us some time to get away from the idea of a "horseless carriage" in fact as well as name. It is hard to realize that the big Winton cars on exhibition are the outgrowth of the first models put on the market—but such is progress.

The name "Pope" compounded with the Pope-Tribune and Pope-Hartford is recognized for its true worth by the American people. The name has become so familiar through the wonderful development of the bicycle, that we unconsciously look for it in the development of the automobile business which is after all an outgrowth of the bicycle. In this we are not disappointed for here we find the Pope-Tribune and Pope-Hartford exhibits bearing the familiar name, and fully sustaining the reputation

that American people delight to honor.

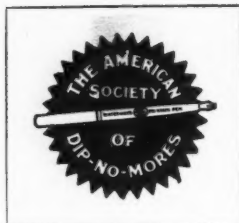
The Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, Connecticut, makers of the Columbia Electric automobiles, offer an interesting exhibit in different styles from a brougham to a great, massive truck wagon. Almost in the center of the automobile exhibit they hold forth. The success of electricity as a power, ease of operation, and quiet running very often gives it the preference in cities where a renewed supply of electricity can readily be obtained. The company also build gasoline cars which have become fully as popular as their electric automobiles.

The Cadillac automobile is another make which has won a host of friends during the time it has been on the market. It may be remembered that the "Cadillac look" on the faces of visitors who visit the exhibit with a knowledge of the machine, is a pleasing and enthusiastic one. It is natural that each should think his particular automobile the best, and Cadillac owners have many stories to tell one another of deeds accomplished with this successful machine.

Along the left aisle leading through the automobile exhibits is shown the Ford automobile. This machine represents the best work of Mr. Ford, who was one of the early pioneers in automobile building. And in this connection it can be noted that where a machine is under the fostering eye of its inventor there will be added improvements each year. The Ford has proven its practicability and its admirers are legion.

The "meet" of the automobile tourists from all parts of the country in August was an indication of the great advance made in automobiles. Here were touring cars, dusty and travel stained, from Boston, New York, Chicago, and all parts of the country. Notable among these was the Elmore, which had covered 6,000 miles from May 18 to August 13—a space of less than three months and a record breaker.

THE WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN AT THE EXPOSITION



FOUR mammoth fountain pens, each tipped with a gold nib, and reaching 25 feet into the air, surmount the booth of the Waterman

Ideal Fountain Pen exhibit in the Varied Industries Building and attract much attention. Four more of these immense pens horizontally suspended on each side, still further emphasize the fact that the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen is a product of which America may well be proud. In the rear of the booth, under the suspended pens, is a handsome oil painting of Mr. L. E. Waterman, inventor of the pen and founder of the company which now bears his name, an institution which takes front rank among its own class at the World's Fair. On either side are simple show cases, displaying various styles of fountain pens kept in stock regularly, varying in price from \$2.50 to \$100. On the opposite side are many diplomas and medals which the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen has won in the different exhibitions where it has been placed. Crowning the booth is a reproduction of the familiar trade mark, a half dome, in which the tinted glass reveals Europe and America, with pen protruding—where the pen has certainly "made its mark" and promises to go around the world very soon.

It was interesting to sit in this booth and watch the members of the "Dip-no-More" register their names. This is an organization formed for people who use the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen and have taken a solemn vow to henceforth "dip-no-more." This register contains the names of some of the best known and most famous men in America and

many other countries. Here are authors, senators, congressmen, railway men, merchants, editors, traveling men and a host of others too numerous to particularize. Notable among these names was William McKinley, then governor of Ohio, and Rev. Newel Dwight Hillis, the famous Brooklyn preacher, to say nothing of the many other celebrities whose signatures prove how the Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen is appreciated among all. Among the testimonials are names from many countries beside our own. Tributes come in from Germany, Italy, France, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium,—all of which countries have representatives at the World's Fair. The L. E. Waterman Company cordially invite all "Dip-no-Mores" to visit the booth and register.

The Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen exhibit is conveniently located at the corner of Seventh and C streets, block forty-six, in the Varied Industries Building, and certainly emphasizes the great principles involved in the production of its pens, which include a thorough belief in themselves and their pen, into the production of which they have put long years of painstaking service, and have succeeded in confirming their patrons in the belief of their uniform integrity and fairness, as shown in the careful work put into each individual pen. The name "Waterman" is synonymous with the "Ideal" Fountain Pen.

A forward look of twenty years reveals a field for the use of the fountain pen such as has never been dreamed of in the past. The world's millions of pen users will not be slow to lighten the labor of writing by the use of the fountain pen now that it is brought within their reach. As has been said, "dip-no-more" is more than a mere catch word. It is a stirring message of progress which heralds a great stride in

THE WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN AT THE EXPOSITION

labor-saving appliances, and which has been taken up with all the enthusiasm of a new revelation. To gain some idea of how this pen has appealed to the general public, we have only to study the pyramid table of production for the past twenty years, from February 12, 1884, to February 12, 1904. In 1884 200 pens were made; in 1904 the output will number a million at least. The entire output for the past twenty years must amount to many millions, and who can tell of the messages which these pens have sent out every year—messages telling of change, happiness, prosperity, or sorrow to all parts of the world. It may



be safely asserted that there is never a second in which some Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen is not gliding over the paper, bearing its news of social events or business activities to every civilized quarter of the globe. It is certainly one of the most romantic productions of American trade, and the story of its evolution reads like a fairy tale when we recall the fact that twenty years ago Mr. L. E. Waterman carried his entire stock of pens around New York as his own salesman from one office to another.

No pen prophet can foretell where the popularity of the Waterman Ideal Foun-

tain Pen is going to stop, because it is a popularity based first upon the inventor's thorough comprehension of the needs of the public, and later, on the conscientiousness and sterling quality of workmanship and material used in the manufacture of these pens.

The most recent improvement added is the spoon feed, a patented device which insures absolute certainty and uniformity in the flow of ink to the pen point when writing.

One of the unique features associated with the L. E. Waterman Co. exhibit in St. Louis was the offer of a return trip to St. Louis which was to be awarded for the best collection of testimonials submitted in the roll book of a "Dip-no-More" member.

The following, by Ernest Neal Lyon, is an interesting example from the collection:

THE POET'S PEN

Hail the happy, happy poet!
Have you heard his story told?
How his fountain pen doth go it
Coining fancy into gold!

Pretty maid, of smile and dimple,
Inspiration of his lay,
Would you know the secret simple
Of his verses' magic sway?

Some has called it education,
But the secret I'll reveal,
'Tis the pen's the explanation—
'Tis a WATERMAN'S IDEAL!

The contest was arranged to begin March 5 and close on May 15, and the lucky prize winner was Mr. Arthur L. Stoll, who wrote an autograph letter concerning his trip which will add to the value of the testimonials rapidly accumulating in the archives of the L. E. Waterman Company.

Home Office: 173 Broadway, New York.

European Office: 12 Golden lane, London, E. C., England.

Branch Offices: 8 School street, Boston, Mass.; 160 State street, Chicago, Ill.; 138 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.; 107 St. James street, Montreal, Can.

LOTUS LODGE AT THE FAIR

THE St. Louis Exposition has served to demonstrate to the world that civilization is still advancing and that the people of today are privileged to live with much more comfort and satisfaction than were their forefathers. Probably in no place is this idea shown to a greater extent than in the many useful and new ideas practically demonstrated with regard to the construction of a modern home. A home should not only be comfortable and beautiful, but it should, in addition, be healthful. In fact the sanitary features of the modern home are becoming a question of vital importance. The question, as a whole, is one of the latest phases in the progress of civilization. The manufacturers of materials entering into the construction of the American home are constantly endeavoring to give the architect something better, less expensive, and more durable and sanitary. This rule holds good even to the ornamentation of a house. There is a demand, for instance, not only for a durable, a handsome, and an inexpensive wall, but for also a cleanly wall as well.

Lotus Lodge, located in the Palace of Varied Industries, is a Summer cottage, large enough for living purposes. This unique and handsome little house was constructed as a demonstration of all that is best in modern home making, and to illustrate the use, in a comfortable and practical house, of Leatherole, manufactured by The Leatherole Company, 142 West 23d street, New York; and Sanitas, the washable wall covering, manufactured by the Standard Table Oilcloth Company, 320 Broadway, New York.

Leatherole, is an embossed cloth mural

decoration, hand decorated, and very handsome both in designs and colors. Its ornament varies through a range of more than 300 styles, in high and low relief, imitation of tooled leathers, tiles and every decoration suitable for any kind of a room, from a hotel café to the sitting room of a simple home.

Sanitas is a light weight oilcloth, manufactured for covering walls. It is made in tiles, plain colors and printed effects in dull and glazed finish. In Lotus Lodge there are on exhibition more than 100 styles in Sanitas, suitable for any wall of the average home, from kitchen to parlor. Leatherole and Sani-

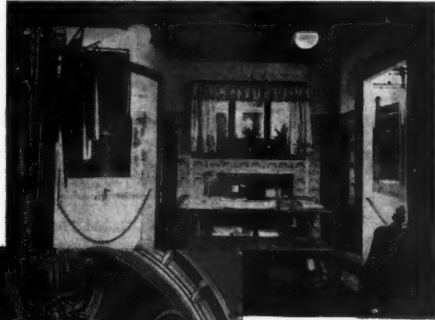


LOTUS LODGE

tas are waterproof, decorated in oil colors which will not fade, hide all cracks in the wall, and are strictly sanitary in every respect. They are applied to the wall the same as paper, and on account of the oil decoration and waterproof qualities of the material, they may be wiped off and kept free from dirt and grease.

The exterior of Lotus Lodge, shown by the illustration, is of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. Plaster stucco forms its outside walls—gray,

with a stenciled border in harmonious tints. The cove is richly colored and ornamented with plaster medallions, having for their motive the lotus flower. The roof is of Llodowici tiling, gray and green, and extremely decorative. The entrance to the house, as shown by the illustration, is a semicircular loggia, surmounted by a wrought iron grille and a lantern of leaded glass, both from the Tiffany studios. The den in this model cottage is devoted in part to the uses of a sample room, where other products of the



DEN

shown by the illustration, opens out of the Leatherole office. It is done in yellow and blue, and on its walls is a neat little sea shell pattern in Leatherole, in yellow and white. The ceiling panels are covered with Sanitas in yellow. The woodwork is white

ENTRANCE

enameled, and it is here that the utilitarian aspect of Leatherole is clearly demonstrated; for, though this is the most used room in the house, its walls may at all times be kept perfectly clean. Lotus Lodge is one of the most artistic and unique exhibits at the World's Fair, and the washable wall idea



LIVING ROOM

Standard Company are on exhibition. The living room of Lotus Lodge, as

it exemplifies appeals at once to its thousands of visitors.

THE WESTERN GAS ASSOCIATION

IT flashed forth—a pennyworth o' gas.

A penny in the slot and a dozen jets of gas blazed out for a few minutes. One of the most interesting exhibits in the Palace of Liberal Arts is that of the "Western Gas Association," an organization comprising a membership of four hundred engineers, managers and people engaged in the manufacture of gas works machinery and appliances in factories located principally in the Middle West. Eighty manufacturing concerns are rep-

resented in the space, and models may be seen of all the apparatus used in the manufacture and purification of both coal and water gas, and the chemical invention for testing the purity of gas, as well as governors for controlling the pressure in distributions and meters used in measuring gas to the consumer. In this latter department the new prepayment is shown in several devices; one meter is called "The Slot Meter," because you drop a quarter in the slot, thus paying for the gas in advance; another is called "The

Guardian Angel Meter," because it registers on paper the amount of gas consumed and shows the hours between which it was burned. Often this proves to the owner of the meter that someone has left a burner lighted in the kitchen range, or that a member of his family is sitting up too late at night.

The oldest existing piece of machinery used in a gas works in this country is here shown; it is an oscillating engine used in New Orleans Gas Works in 1835.



This engine, in connection with the light house—an exact reproduction of the government light house—which stands at the extreme southwestern point of the Louisiana Purchase, acting as a beacon light for both the Gulf and the Mississippi river,—forms an interesting historical exhibit.

After an inspection of the exhibit of the Western Gas Association, the visitor begins to realize how large a number of machines and appliances are built for the manufacture and use of gas.

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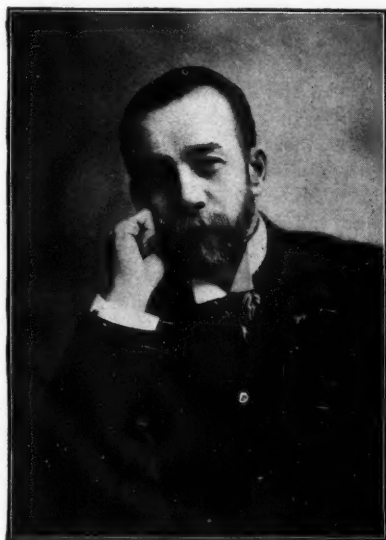
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HOW THE BEGINNINGS ARE MADE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

If the power of the press is conceded to be one of the greatest influences ever known in the development of the country, who can measure the credit due to the maker of the Kelsey Press of Meriden, Connecticut? It seems a modest exhibit at the World's Fair, but these are the presses with which many a now successful publisher has begun his career.

What vivid memories came thronging back as I looked upon the model of that press with which I first satisfied my longings to "print something." There was the dear, old "Kelsey." It was indeed a glorified Kelsey, but the old im-



W. A. KELSEY

pulse to "print something," arose in my mind just as strong as ever. It may be of interest to the general public to know that among those who paid a personal tribute to this press was Frank N. Doubleday of New York, publisher of *World's Work* and printer of many books. Rudyard Kipling also uses the Kelsey to bring forth poems into type, and these and other similar friends—too

numerous to mention here—are tribute enough for the modest man of Meriden, Connecticut, who has done so much for the "Art Preservative." There are thousands of boys whom he has been instrumental in starting in business, and many who have grown to manhood and are at the Fair will never pass the booth of the Kelsey press in the Liberal Arts Palace without doffing the hat in honor of the good friend that helped them along.

The Kelsey Press was an idea which originated with the man whose name it bears. It is manufactured at Meriden, Connecticut, where the work commenced twenty-five years ago. The business has now grown to mammoth proportions, and presses are shipped to all parts of the world where it is possible for a publisher to begin business.

I can never forget the time when I traded off my little violin for a second hand Kelsey press with a broken handle. The dull hours of drudgery and practise on the violin were replaced by even longer hours in the attic in the effort to keep top side up and produce that little newspaper called *The Surprise*, which chronicled the doings of our family and household. Perhaps a good violinist was lost to the world and a poor publisher gained, but the Kelsey Press inspired a life work in which there has been joy and satisfaction from the very start.

Here's Ho to the boys of the Kelsey Press, and hoping they may all realize the ambitions implanted when they looked upon the first printed impression of their own work,—ambitions that can never be forgotten, no matter what other occupation is taken up. Mr. Kelsey has truly been a public benefactor to the boys of America; in fact, to those of all parts of the world, and this personal tribute will find a hearty response in the mind of every boy who has ever been the fortunate owner of one of his presses.



DURING the past month I have clasped hands with at least one subscriber from every state in the Union. It has been a great pleasure to "personally conduct" subscribers to the National Magazine's register in our booth in the Palace of Liberal Arts. My experience at the Fair is furnishing me with new views of life and impressing me with the fact that I have to keep on growing in order to keep up with the increasing requirements of our readers. Standing at the register day by day, I have had the pleasure of meeting our subscribers face to face; and from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Mississippi, each one has a kind word for the National. In addition to this, it is indeed gratifying to note the friendships formed among the subscribers themselves, meeting for the first time in our booth. The "Nationalites" have a fraternizing spirit, and they are the thinking, alert, social and reliable people of the country.

"Are you a reader of the National?" I asked a young man.

"A reader and a rooter," he said. "Here's my good uncle and two aunts—I want them to know Joe Chapple,"—three more subscriptions.

Compliments for the National? By the dozen! Sometimes I think our readers are too kind. My first query is:

"Do you really like the National?"

"Like the National?" is often the response, "I love it!"

Of course, now and then, we find a

reader who will call attention to things he does not admire in the magazine, but the general "liking" is universal and never ceasing, and even those who object to certain features always insist that the magazine has real feeling and heart warmth such as cannot be found in any other periodical.

I can almost always tell a reader by the firm and positive way in which he grasps the pen to sign his name. I thought I knew the readers of the National through the medium of the printed page, and in fancy I often clasped hands with them. But now I have the reality, which far surpasses anything I ever thought of.

That was a beautiful tribute paid to the National by no less a personage than William Jennings Bryan, who told us that "It might be said of the National that it meets the one great want of American life. There are periodicals that stimulate intellectual activity, art, industry, physical training, great reforms in dress and drinks, and meet many other requirements; but the dominant note of the National is Heart-glow. Call it mere sentiment, if you will, but it is the feeling which often directs great achievements."

AMONG those who registered early at the booth was the director of the federal census, Mr. S. N. D. North, the man who is keeping count of the people. His name appears on our book in strong,

flourishing characters that indicate the broad and genial spirit of the man. He looked over his glasses and facetiously remarked that he "hoped that book would contain as many names as he had in his department." He certainly gave us a hint that the million mark is not far off. Anyhow, there will be few people in St. Louis this Summer who will not know that the National moves in harmony with the spirit of the times. We have not merely exhibited the mechanical production of the magazine, but we have also transported the spirit of the home office to the Exposition grounds.

THE badge habit at the Exposition is pronounced by one of the foreign friends as a purely American fad. To see the thousands of people who go about the grounds wearing the National badge is a joy to us; it is now familiar at every turnstile, and is regarded almost as a badge of honor. A large proportion of the badges distributed at the booth have been given to boys and girls, and it is good to see the pleasure it gives the little ones to wear our badge. Then there is no rest for the parent until the little toddler has coaxed a subscription for the magazine. The boys and girls are what we want, for twenty years hence they will be the men and women that will be the real force in the nation. If we meet the requirements of the children now, we shall meet those of the men and women in the future.

DURING the past month the National has recruited an army of several thousand boys, who are selling the magazine in all parts of the country, and earnest little missionaries they are. Sales are constantly increasing. During the past three months we offered a prize to the boy who should sell the most magazines—the prize being a trip to the World's Fair as a guest of the National. This was won by Master Rev-

erdi W. Scott of Springfield, Missouri, whose record of 360 sales was really one to be proud of. Reverdi is a bright boy of thirteen, with black hair and eyes—and a business boy every inch of him. He had never been away from home before, and his telegram miscarried, so that he arrived in St. Louis twelve hours before we expected him; but he was



REVERDI W. SCOTT
Photograph by Sweet, Springfield

equal to the emergency. Master Reverdi spent the night in the railway station and next morning reported promptly for duty at the Liberal Arts Building, with a smiling face that won all our hearts. He began work right away, and nothing in the Fair interested him so much as the National. It was only by

constant urging that we succeeded in getting him out to see the sights. This is his own story of his visit:

Dear Mrs. Chapple:—I want to write and tell you that I had the best time I ever had in my life while I was at the Fair. It seemed like I had gone to fairyland the first night I saw the lights shining on the roof of the buildings.

I am proud to be connected with the National; it was the biggest thing I saw at the Exposition. Everybody seemed to know about the National. The big policeman told me where to find it, but said I could not get in after half past seven, so I stayed in the depot all night and had a good sleep.

I had four rides on the Ferris wheel, and I call it fine. I had every single thing I wished for. You and Mr. Chapple were so good to me that I did not want to go home, and cried when it came time to come back. I hope I can go again.

My customers all like the National, but I think they will like it better still when I tell them about what a good time I had. I learned a lot that I will never forget, and it beat all the circuses I ever saw or heard of to see the things on the Pike. I liked the Government building, too, and I expect some day to go to Washington with Mr. Chapple and see the real things there.

I think I had the most fun in the Fishery building. It was good to see how the fish could move around in the water in the glass cases. I believe I know how to catch bullheads now—it is all in knowing how to fix your bait. I am going to work hard for the National so as to get another trip. I like all the National Magazine people and am glad that I am one of them. I went home wearing the badge, and everybody asked me what it meant, so I said it stood for Joe Chapple and the National Magazine; and then I bounced them for subscriptions. I got six going home on the train and collected for them, too. Some of them wanted badges, and I hope you will send them. They said they wanted badges for their little boys.

Hoping to see you again some time,
I remain,
Yours truly,

Reverdi W. Scott.

LAST month I promised to give you in this number my personal impressions

[Continued on page 756]

of the national political conventions in Chicago and St. Louis. I could write a book of "personal impressions" about them, but the man on the safety valve tells me I have already overrun my allotted space, describing the lights and shadows of the World's Fair, so I'll try to compress into a page or two some fleeting glimpses of the two conventions.

Arrived at the Chicago convention, as usual, without my ticket. Tried first doorkeeper with the query, "Are you a subscriber to the National Magazine?"

"Naw! Go on with ye," was the response.

I went on. Next doorkeeper looked better natured. "Do you happen to be a subscriber to the National Magazine?" Reply short, but up to date:

"You can't butt in here." So I didn't try to "butt."

The third man was busy tearing off coupons. I ventured timidly, "Do you know Joe Chapple?"

He turned quickly, whisked my head around for a profile view, said brusquely, "Bet your life. That's the trademark. Get in quick."

I got in quickly.

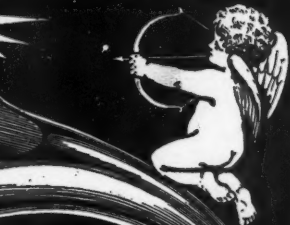
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Fifty years is not a long period as time goes in these days, but what a contrast between the Republican convention held in Chicago in June, 1904, and the "Wigwam" convention of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was first nominated. The severely business-like air which characterized the modern gathering might have given the impression that political enthusiasm was out of date, but on the third day excitement grew warmer with the hot June weather, and proved that the "old time" political emotions are by no means extinct. The perfect organization of the convention reflected great credit upon Secretary Dover, the national committee and Sergeant-at-Arm: W. T. Stone.

Enthusiasm certainly dwells in the bosom of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, whose

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strongly marked character and angularity call up memories of Lincoln. The opening address given in pleasant conversational style by ex Secretary Root was vocally unequal to the wide expanse of the Coliseum, and it was refreshing to hear the ringing tones of Mr. Cannon's voice reaching the farthestmost parts of the gallery, and his left-handed gesticulations added to his charm. "Uncle Joe" won the hearts of all, and aroused an enthusiasm among the delegates directly in front of him which radiated through the vast audience. After introducing a speaker and wielding the gavel as he might have handled a pile driver, the distinguished Illinois statesman would turn about with a "waltz step" and fluttering coat tails and pass back to his seat with a grace worthy of a French dancing master. Every seat was taken, and the mammoth portrait of Senator Hanna over the speaker's rostrum smiled down benignly upon the assembled throng, in which many a heart cherished tender memories of dear old "Uncle Mark." Surrounding the hall, amid clusters of flags, were portraits of President Roosevelt.

The tall, slender form of ex-Governor Frank Black of New York, with his clean cut and somewhat angular features, and staccato but ever interesting epigrams that flow so freely from his lips, his modest dignity and conserved force, which made up a personality not soon forgotten, ushered in the climax by placing in nomination Theodore Roosevelt for president.

The scene that followed was one to be remembered. Boys whistled and shrieked, swallows twittered and ladies gave the Chatauqua salute. It was a thrilling tribute to the character of the man as the people know him to be—heartly, wholesome and genuine. Staid business men and manufacturers, in fact, everyone seemed to give full vent to the pent up political enthusiasm that must burst forth every four years.

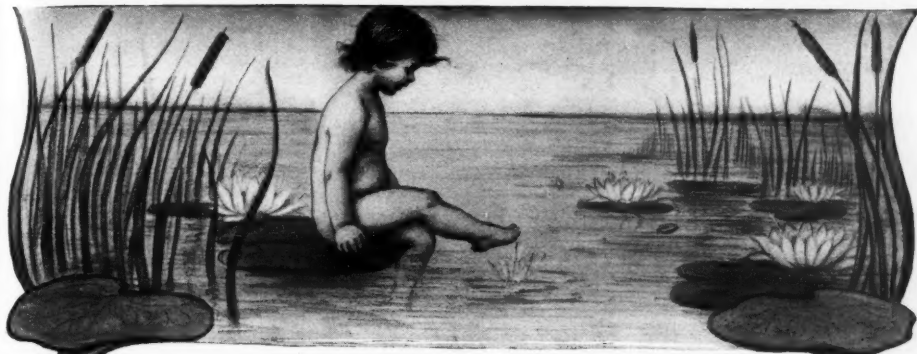
In the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel Senator Fairbanks appeared in prince albert and straw hat, bowing as serenely as if at a church social. Always kindly in his greetings, though reserved and cautious, he would talk of the weather, of science, of mathematics, of the World's Fair—anything, in fact, except himself or politics. He doubtless realized what an unguarded word might mean at such a time, for an ill timed expression has been known to change the fate of a party or statesman. The dignified statesman from Indianapolis coolly fanned himself as he received the honor second only to one which the American people can bestow. He impressed the onlookers as being a man of genial personality, despite impressions to the contrary.

* * *

Dramatic and picturesque to the last degree was the democratic national convention at St. Louis. The hotels at convention time are worth studying. The headquarters are conspicuously placarded, and the rooms are, for the time being, converted into conference halls. Seated on the bed, the washstand, anything that may be handy, are senators, congressman, leaders and delegates, puffing cigars at a vigorous rate. The floors are strewn with papers; there may even be a bottle somewhere in a corner. Bills are fixed and unfixed and the game is played upon rumor and counter rumor.

I know one hotel room where sat the sphinx who held the whole situation in his grasp. It was Senator David B. Hill, his deep set, steel gray eyes expressing implacable determination, who sat with an emotionless air that might have suggested anything rather than convention strife. He said that the campaign which he had inaugurated for Parker in the South had given him a firm grasp of the situation.

Just after the adjournment of the opening session I met John Sharp Williams, his collar wilted down, his curly hair wet with perspiration, his gold-rimmed



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spectacles bedimmed with the same moisture. His hearty hand-grasp and cordial manner are always appreciated by the crowd, and on this occasion he was quite the hero of the hour.

* * *

The all night session—can I ever forget it? In the rain outside stood thousands waiting for admission. The building commissioners had ordered that not another person should be admitted, regardless of pass or badge. The great auditorium was crowded to suffocation. I noted Senator Hill where he sat, his bald head shining above the other heads like the rising sun. In the next few minutes the political wrecks and derelicts were revealed.

Speakers before a convention impress the hearer with one important point: the orator should have a voice like a Pike spieler. It is not the depth of the voice, but the carrying quality that counts. On this occasion even the chairman was compelled to make his announcements through the voice of another. So, young man, if you are an aspirant for oratorical laurels, get a voice. Follow the methods of Demosthenes, talk against the wind if necessary, but cultivate a voice like thunder. No matter about ideas. Everybody cheers the man who can be heard.

There was no lack of good speaking in the all night session, but the most dramatic moment was when Bryan,—heroic in defeat,—proved that he had lost none of his powers as an orator. Just before sunrise the vote was taken which declared Judge Alton D. Parker the nominee, but it was probably not anticipated that the distinguished jurist would receive the news in a bathing suit, while returning from his morning plunge in the Hudson.

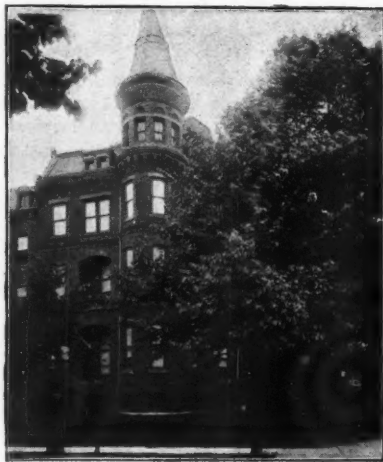
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After the excitement of the convention had died away, I met William J. Bryan coming out of a telephone booth at the

Sherman House in Chicago. He wore the St. Louis panama, a colored shirt, and carried an overcoat with the air of a man who was bent on doing something.

"We got what we wanted in St. Louis," he said with a smile. He looked a little tired; his deep blue eyes were rimmed with red and there was altogether an air of weariness. He had been speaking frequently, filling Chataqua lecture engagements.

"Bryan had the hearts of the democrats in St. Louis, but Hill had the



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stomachs hungry for office," remarked a bystander.

The sage of the Platte said nothing, but kept his eyes and ears open. When I suggested that his support of Judge Parker lacked enthusiasm, he simply referred me to his published interview and smiled a philosophical smile.

I shared the general public impression that the all night fight in the resolution committee at St. Louis was on the gold plank, but Mr. Bryan said:

"The discussion on that plank was brief, as the decisive vote indicated; the long struggle was on the tariff, trust, income tax and labor questions."

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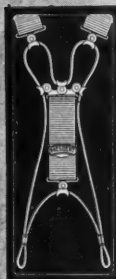
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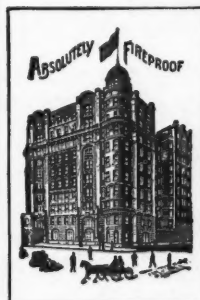
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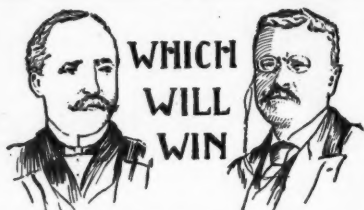
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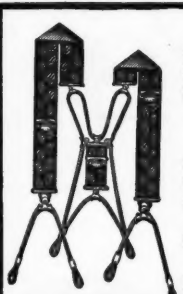


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DEPT. F. NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston

See President Suspender Adv. in this issue

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Eradicates all unclean conditions which may become sources of disease

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5/6

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Send \$5.00 with order, and if Gun is not satisfactory on receipt it can be returned and money refunded less cost of expressage. If whole amount is sent with order a Victoria Canvas Case is included.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE goes to new and unexploited fields for advertising. As a proof of this assertion, the comparatively few advertising pages in the National Magazine stand in evidence.

We have been devoting our combined energies to circulation building, believing subscribers are of greater value to advertisers than advertisers to subscribers, although co-operation is of mutual advantage to each.

The growth of the National's circulation is like an immense vineyard in which the healthy vines are firmly rooted and the luscious fruit is now ripening for the market. 173,549 (last count) subscribers already "Know Joe Chapple and his National Magazine." You are quite likely one of these—Let us introduce you and your goods to the 173,548 others.

The National Magazine offers to its advertisers the special advantages of duplicate space in its souvenir editions of 55,000 copies or more, printed and published complete in the Liberal Arts Building at St. Louis, without extra charge. These editions will continue to be published in September, October and November, or until the close of the Fair.

Over 58,000 alert advertisers are exhibiting and exploiting their goods on the Exposition Grounds. The great tidal wave of attendance has just begun. If you are an exhibitor, it is essential that you have an announcement in the only magazine "printed on the spot." If you are not an exhibitor, it is absolutely necessary to have this much representation or quasi exhibit in the advertising pages of the only magazine ever printed on Exposition Grounds.

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In the language of the Pike Spieler, "Take the Elevator and get off the Earth."

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Chicago — 302 Trude Bldg.

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Mr. Walker has personally written the entire magazine. A great part of this was dictated to his stenographers while standing in the aisles of the exposition buildings — while the impressions were of the freshest.

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THE LARGEST AND MOST INTERESTING THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN

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— AND —

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME, Price \$1.00

The latter periodical is the new Woman's Journal which has attracted so much attention from its first issue, early in 1904. A handsomely illustrated journal treating of home life, with reference not to the namby-pamby, but to the latest, most scientific, and most approved methods of living.

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It matters not if you are unknown—if your story is worth reading here's your Stepping Stone to Success—but no story will be considered at all unless submitted according to the conditions printed in **THE BLACK CAT**. Of newsdealers for five cents, or of us.

Every State of the Union contains men and women who achieved fame and fortune through **THE BLACK CAT**, which pays nothing for name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price in the world for clever, original short stories, and which pays not according to length, but according to strength, and pays promptly upon acceptance. **THE BLACK CAT** was the first to buy stories of Jack London. Then he was entirely unknown. To-day he is one of the most successful short-story writers in the world. Many similar cases are a matter of record.

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Nearly every human brain contains some new idea, bright thought, or clever story that is marketable—that is worth cash to some one. The trouble is to find the market—to find the particular some one. **THE BLACK CAT** opens a cash market for you if your head contains a clever story. What life does not contain at least one tale worth telling? Hidden in the brains of the readers of this advertisement are the stories which will win \$10,600. Does your brain contain one of them?

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.....
Cut along this dotted line.

\$10 Coupon. The Black Cat \$10,600 Story Contest

We will pay ten dollars cash to the person who will send this coupon to some friend and induce that friend to send to **THE BLACK CAT** a story that will win a prize in its \$10,600 contest closing October 15, 1904.

The person who cuts out and sends the coupon to a friend must write his own name and address here

.....

The friend who writes the story must write his name and address here

.....

and must send us the coupon with his story. *Only one coupon may be enclosed with a story.*

No story will be considered at all unless submitted strictly in accordance with the conditions which appear in **THE BLACK CAT**—of newsdealers everywhere for five cents, or of us.

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TRIAL JAR

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FREE

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The tablets are small, and being agreeable to the taste, they are eaten the same as candy. During the process of chewing them the throat is thoroughly cleansed and relieved of soreness and irritation.

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Write for Book N.

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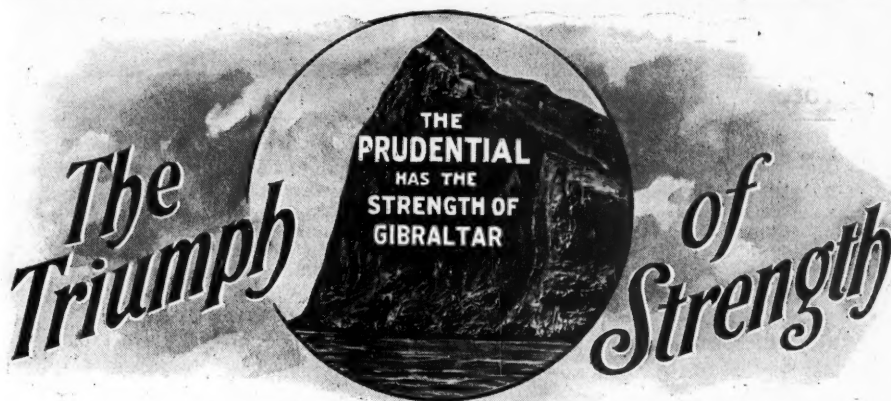
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Keeps the mouth and the
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All *Shawknit*
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insuring great

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uppers with undyed
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for comfort and dressy
appearance.

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leather shade.

Styles

9 S-2. Dark tan. New
leather shade.

3 S-8-D. Navy blue.
Very nobby with black
Oxfords.

2 S-0. Light cardinal.
Very swell with patent
leathers.

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Ask for Catalogue and "Evidence of Quality."

THE A. B. CHASE CO., Dept. N, Norwalk, Ohio., U. S. A.

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and Always
Good."

Learn the 100 ways

Yacht Club Salad Dressing

can be used in more than a hundred ways in the making of salads, sandwiches and sauces, and with fresh vegetables, cold meats, fish, hash, baked beans, and similar dishes. Yacht Club Salad Dressing is so delicious it can be eaten on bread alone. It adds a most taking zest, an appetizing relish, an unequalled flavor to all it is served with.

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This splendid recipe book by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill of the Boston Cooking School Magazine, tells about the hundred ways. Simply send us your grocer's name and address and you will receive it.

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Send Six Cents for Sample

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PINK OR WHITE

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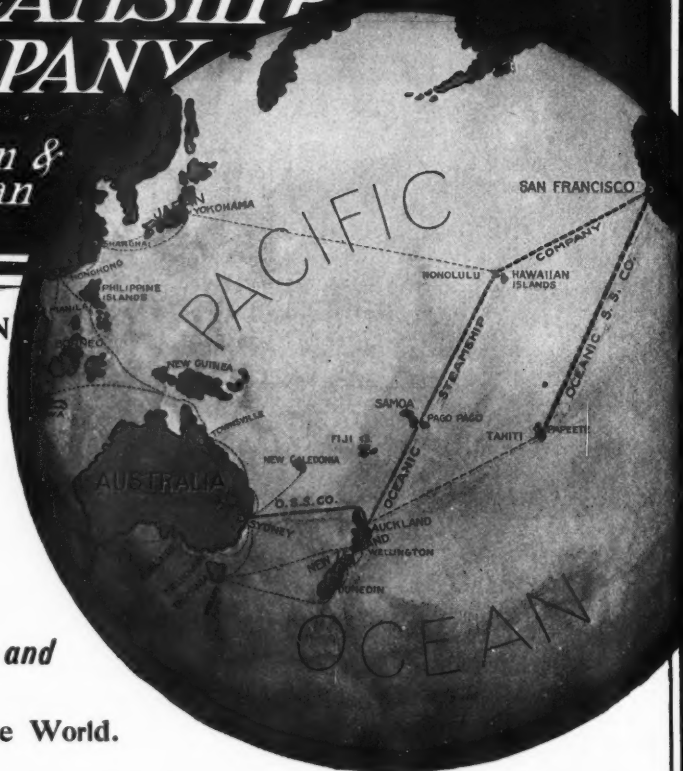
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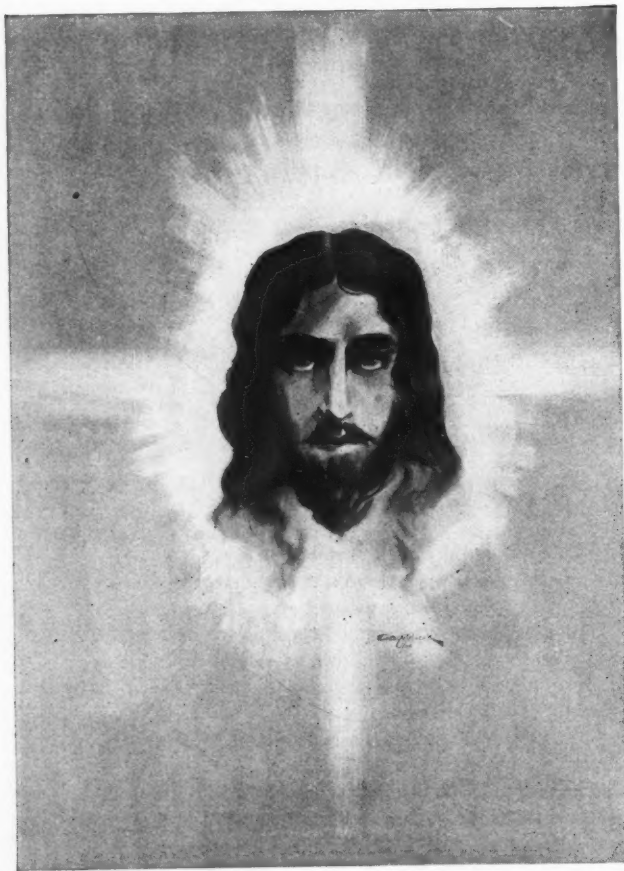
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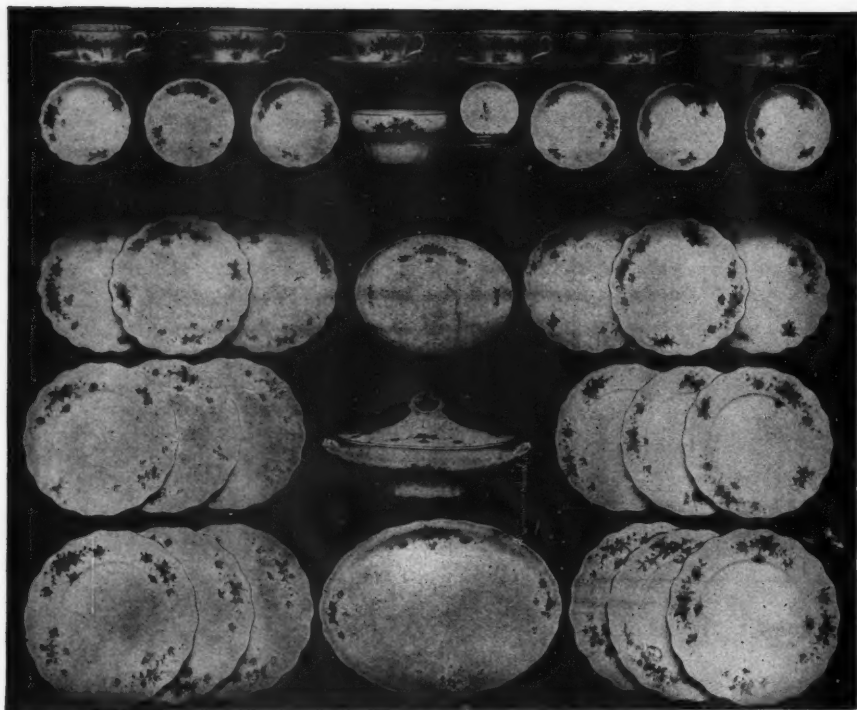
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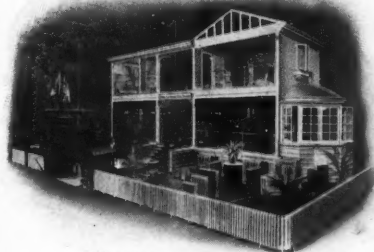
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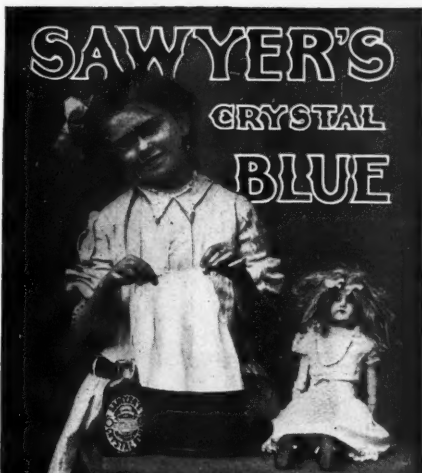
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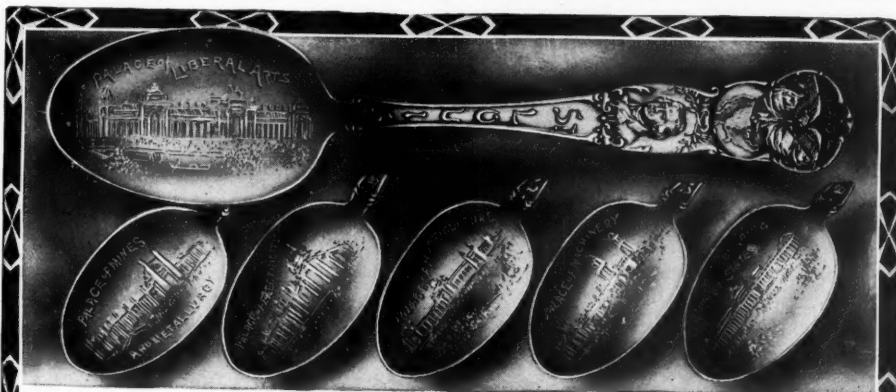
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3.68	" " " "	So. Dakota.	1.76	" " " "	Minnesota.
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(See Department of Agriculture U. S. Government Report 1903—pp 760-831.)

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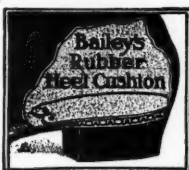
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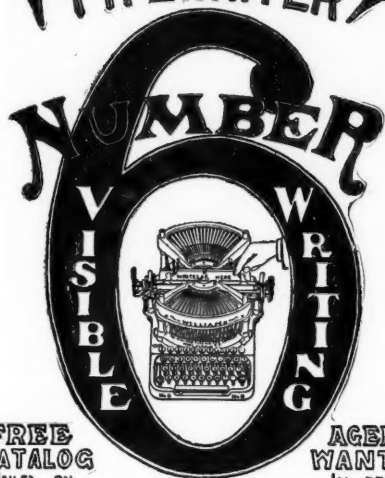
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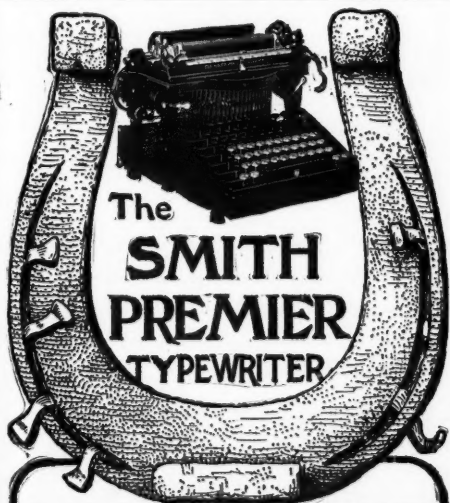
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In a handbook published by the State, in 1895, Prof. W. A. Henry, Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, said: "The writer makes the prediction that some day *Northern Wisconsin will rank as the foremost cheese district in America, if not in the World.*"

A bulletin published by the State in November, 1903, being a "Preliminary Report on the Soils and Agricultural Conditions of North Central Wisconsin," by the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, says, page 39: "Clay soils of this formation constitute throughout, good, strong land, very productive and durable. Because of its good drainage, every acre of it can be utilized for farm crops, and it gives every promise of being equal to the best and richest agricultural portions of the State or of the Northwest. *All farm crops succeed well, grass and clover is an abundant crop, and dairying and stock raising is wisely becoming the chief source of the farm income.*"

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while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS.
It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS,
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Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, O., demonstrated before the editorial board of the **EVENING POST**, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, the power of his remedy to cure the worst forms of kidney diseases. Later a public test was instituted under the auspices of the **Post**, and five cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes were selected by them and placed under Dr. Mott's care. In three months' time all were pronounced cured, Harvard University having been chosen by the **Post** to make examination of the cases before and after treatment.

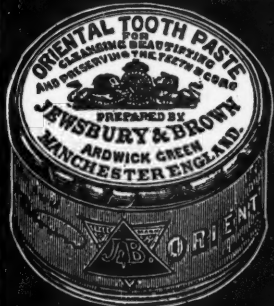


Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble, either in the first, intermediate or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treatment will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to **IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 146 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati Ohio.**

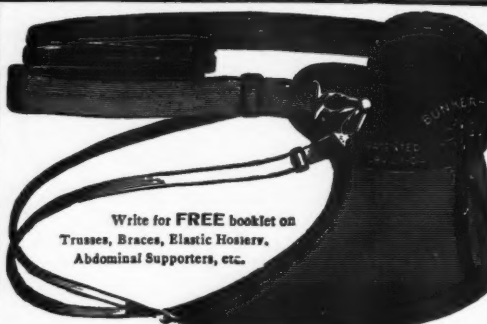
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ORIENTAL
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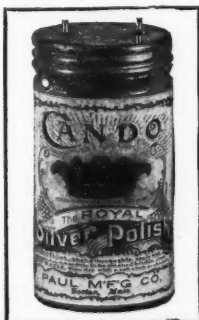
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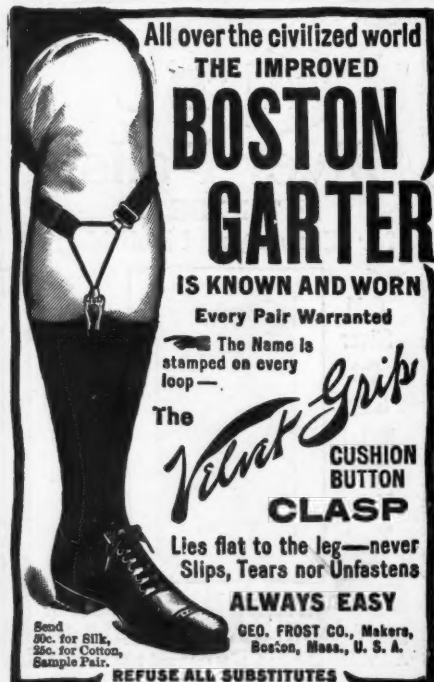
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